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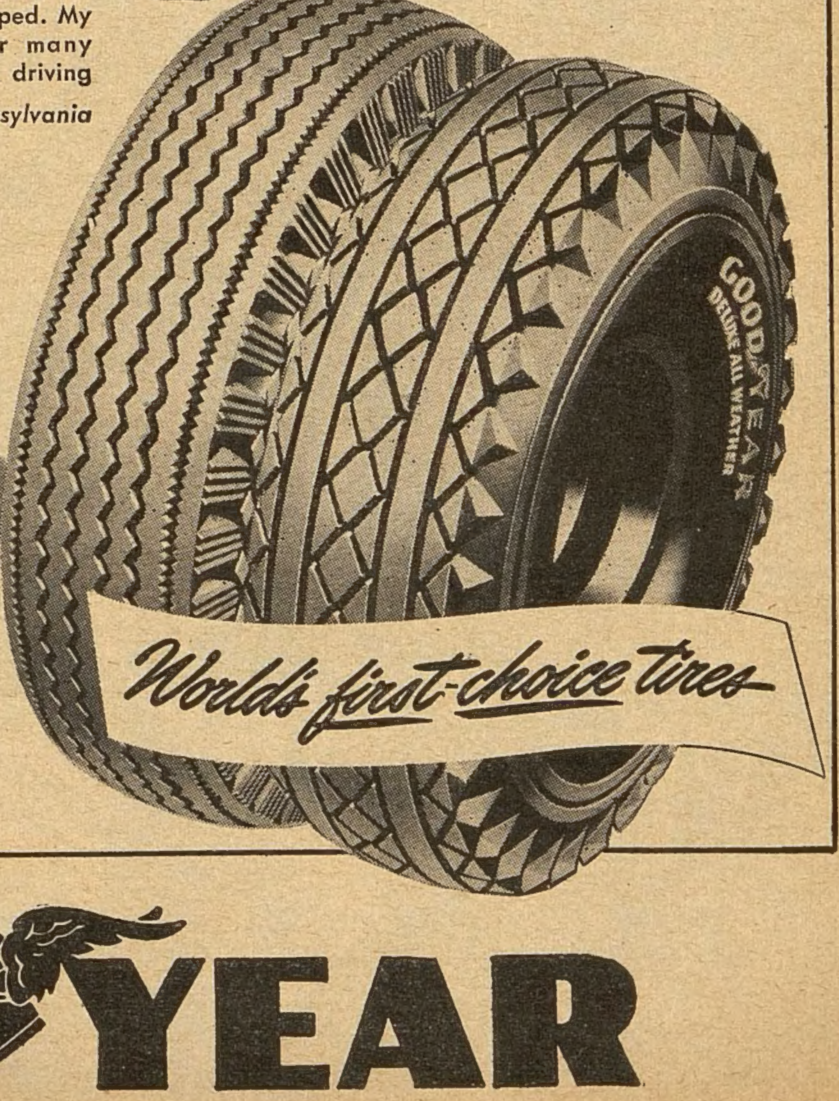

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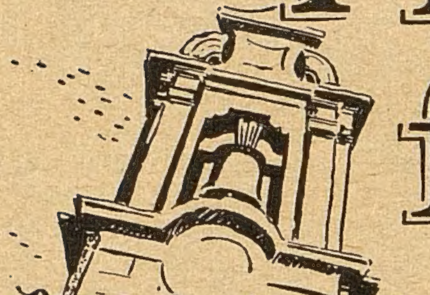

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THE FIGHTING 77th

San Francisco, Calif.—I received your check for my article, I'm Proud to Belong (April 21), which I promptly turned over to the Red Cross of the division for the reason that the officers and men furnished the material for the article, and for the reason that the Red Cross has done a marvelous job for the division.

I deeply appreciate your taking the article, because it is having an effect on the division already.

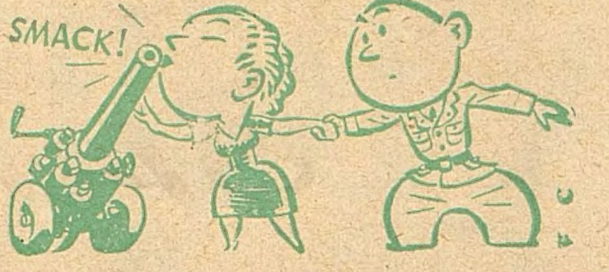
Thank you for doing something for the officers and men of my division.—*Major General A. D. Bruce.*

Columbus, Ga.—Major Bruce's article made me feel such a real glow of pride that I had to write you, because, you see, *I'm* proud to belong, too!

My husband, Captain Hugh F. Wright, was assigned to the 902d F. A. Batt., when the 77th Division was formed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He went in at the very beginning and has been there all this time.

The article gave me such a clear and vivid picture of the accomplishments of our boys that I felt as if I were right there with them through each campaign.

Major Bruce mentioned South Carolina, Louisiana, Arizona, Virginia. I remember them, too, and so do the other Army wives who came along. We struggled along beside the boys through their training, encouraging and giving wifely advice. We listened to the problems and got to know an M1 rifle almost as well as our husbands. We went along to Louisiana and listened to the tales of swamp life. We managed to survive that blistering hot summer in Arizona, too. We went to Camp Hyder and ate Sunday dinner. We remember stories about Chocolate Mountain, the Bulldog Course, and that mountain pass. We left sunny Arizona and went to Virginia's snow. We shivered when we listened to the boys talk about their marches into West Virginia. We remember, too, the feelings we shared at our farewell parties, and we all remember that last Sunday morning when we told them all good-by.



Thank you for publishing an article that told us of our men and how they have acted so nobly in combat and at rest camps. We expected them to do just that, but it helps so much to hear it from their commanding officer, because we know he gives praise only when praise is due.—*Mrs. Hugh F. Wright.*

IN BLACK AND WHITE

Jasper, Minn.—I want to answer John K. DeLoach (May 12 Vox Pop), who resents our commentators' practice of painting the enemy black and ourselves lily white.

Yes, I'm sure most Americans are tired of atrocity stories. But do you think we are as tired of hearing about atrocities as the suffering people of Europe were of enduring them?

Maybe our leaders are not infallible, but they are infallible enough to have administered the most thorough defeat Germany has ever received. And, given time, they will do the same for the Japs.

It probably seems to our enemies that our abilities in the arts of war are matchless, in spite of Mr. DeLoach's opinion.

Our enemies are not stupid in most ways, although they used to say the democracies were too decadent to fight. Our enemies are cowardly when defeated. The Japs blow themselves up rather than be captured; the Germans surrender in droves when they get a chance. I don't see how there can be any doubt of their brutality after hearing of the horror camps our armies have captured. Our enemies certainly haven't got racial superiority, which fact I hope will sink into their consciousness some day.

There is no need of painting our enemies black. They are already.—*Jacqueline Tweton.*

FOR RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM

Fort Eustis, Va.—I would like to take this opportunity, as a G. I., to congratulate Mr. Booth Tarkington on answering No to the question, Should We Have Compulsory Military Training? (April 28).

If we are to maintain the freedom that our forefathers fought and died for, we, as American citizens, are going to have to realize that in our midst, whether we like it or not, we have an element of people who want to dominate not only industry, commerce, and the government but also the individual himself.

A military-training program, if considered essential to the defense of our country, could be carried on like R. O. T. C., but extended to every high school in the country, large or small.

The young men who would not go for such a proposition would not benefit from the training anyway. Where would they wind up in the case of compulsory training? In the stockade or jail for agitating against force.

I say that compulsion would have a tendency to start many a young man on the wrong track in life in general. It would create in this group a grudge against the government.

As I understand it, our forefathers founded this government by uniting the thirteen colonies mainly for protection. In other words, as a servant to the people constituting the said colonies. It was given authority to create, pass, and enforce laws for the benefit of all. Our government was not created to be a master of the people themselves, to give authority to a few to dominate individuals.

Has it not been but a comparatively short time ago that we all expressed our horror because Germany was teaching militarism to the young men in schools? Have we changed our minds today about compulsory militarism?

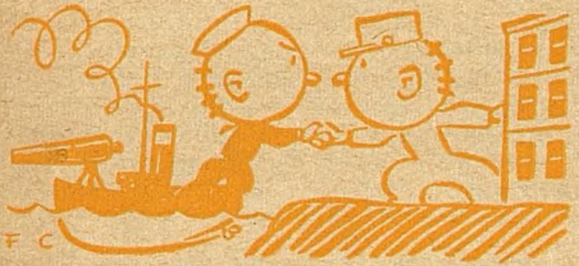
I'm not for enforced military training. I want to stay as free as possible as long as possible. That's what I consider the responsibility of the civilians in the United States while we are off fighting—to keep us all free.—*Pfc. C. R. R.*

MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SERVE

MARYVILLE, MO.—The letters by Jule Johnson and Harry A. Wheeldon (May 12 Vox Pop) about conscientious objectors made me go back to read the original article, They Also Serve, by Morris Markey (March 31). I wish to commend you for your understanding in publishing that article.

I realize that there are two very different ways of seeing this war and many ways of serving one's country. And there will be many heroes never heard from.

I have two sons—one is serving in the Navy; the other is a conscientious objector serving as attendant in a mental hospital. Though these boys have pursued very different courses, they are the best of pals. Each is tolerant of the other's views. Each believes the other one to be answering the call as he sees it.



I am glad Mr. Markey wrote that article, because I think it will help clarify the minds of people in regard to the C. O.s. I find the public in general quite ignorant of the many phases of the Civilian Public Service program.—*Mrs. G. A. Baldwin.*

FORGOTTEN G. I.s

FORT SUMNER, N. M.—With twenty-one years of hard service behind me (training and schooling youngsters to be soldiers, six years in C. A. E., nearly seven years' foreign service, and now in the A. A. F.), I resent the attitude of Cpls. H. M. and E. O. N. (May 12 Vox Pop), who suggest sending U. S.-based soldiers, who were unfortunate enough to be left behind, into the Army of Occupation.

We can't all be heroes, but don't think it wasn't a man-size job to take boys like them and make out of them fighting material, capable of carrying arms without shooting themselves, much less winning medals.

In fact, we have given our lives to the job. We had done ten thousand miles of drilling and hiking before they ever knew what K. P. was.

To go overseas is my greatest ambition—not to go as an extra duty, as the cor-

(*Continued on page 8*)

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on woman's wrist — $9.00
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(*Continued from page 7*)

porals suggest, but to be sent because I have earned the break.

It is we old-time soldiers who are the forgotten men. That we can take, but cracks from men like these corporals add insult to injury.—*M/Sgt. W. B. D.*

COOKING WITH GAS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your March 10 issue carried an article, Coming Up: The One-Woman Kitchen. Commenting on the latest kitchen developments, this article says: "Our old acquaintance the cooking range will undergo a radical face-lifting after the war, and cooking will be like falling off a log, only easier. Smooth streamlined electric ranges will have automatic time and temperature controls for top-of-the-stove and oven cooking."

Apparently Liberty's editors totally disregard the fact that automatic time and temperature controls have been available on gas ranges for a good many years.

Liberty's editors also fail to realize that 20,304,000 families cook with gas, and that only 2,750,000 families use electricity as the chief cooking fuel. Where the housewife has a choice, she selects gas 20 to 1.

Perhaps Liberty's editors, for some reason, feel that their readers are only interested in electric appliances.—*James I. Gorton, Association of Gas Appliance & Equipment Manufacturers.*

Our mistake! We should have left the word "electric" out of the paragraph quoted.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LOOKING FORWARD

BRONX, N. Y.—May I say how much I enjoyed Harrison Forman's article, Who's Fighting Who in China? (May 19). Not often enough, but from time to time, I find that Liberty prints forward-looking and progressive articles. For me, and many of my friends, this makes Liberty a weekly must! Civilization should move ahead. We've all paid enough in sweat and blood, and we feel your magazine is alert to the truth and new trends.—*George Morton.*

HUNTER'S X-RAY EYE

GOTHA, FLA.—I wish to congratulate Paul Hunter on his excellent editorial, We're All Poorer When None of Us Can Get Richer (May 5).

This is the clearest X-ray of the American situation that I have ever seen held to the light.—*Helen O. Sullivan.*

THE DEMAND COMES FIRST

DECATUR, ILL.—In response to the letter in Vox Pop by R. A. Leitch (May 19), who wants the people to legislate, I can say that after practicing law since 1903 I never knew of a law enacted by Congress or a legislature until there was a demand for it. Congress is representative. So are legislatures. The law does not pretend to precede popular demand, but tries to follow it.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Here They Come

THEY'RE SUDDEN DEATH TO JAPS!

After Bataan, an American Colonel and a few unarmed Filipinos hid in the hills . . . began a saga of heroism unrivalled in the pages of glory!

'BACK TO BATAAN'

Story of the Philippines 'Invisible Army'

SEE!

Fall of Bataan! March of Death! Guerrilla raids! Yank landings! Prisoners of Cabanatuan liberated! And 1000 other thrills!

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Screen Play by BEN BARZMAN & RICHARD LANDAU

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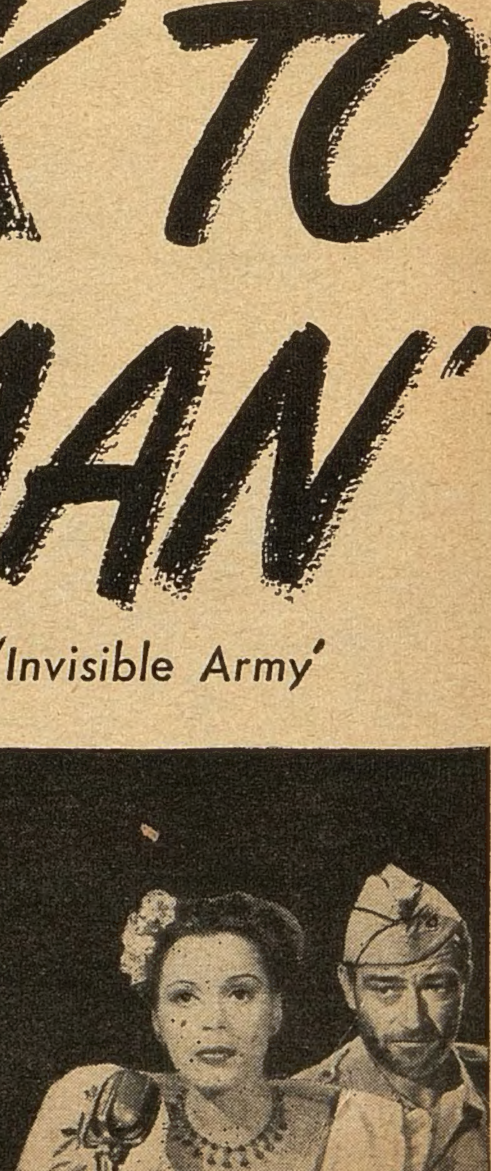
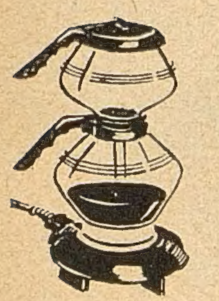


Try this . . .

for better coffee, *today!*

No matter what kind of coffee maker you use, be sure it's clean—*really clean.* Scrub with soap and water. Rinse thoroughly. You'll be rewarded with fresher-tasting, more flavorful coffee!

Watch for this—and get better coffee "tomorrow"—*automatically!*



You'll glory in the new G-E Automatic Coffee Maker—the *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker.

- *No chance for mistakes!* Markings on the bottom bowl measure cupfuls of water accurately. In the top bowl, place a level tablespoonful of coffee for each cup. Then . . .
- *Set it and forget it!* When you're ready for your coffee, it's ready for you. *Always delicious,* whether you're making 2 cups or 8. (G.E.'s exclusive Brew Compensator sees to that.) *Always hot* . . . stays hot till you pour it!

Be on the lookout for this new G-E coffee-making marvel—coming, as soon as war demands permit! General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR FUN: *Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. Other G-E programs are "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.* For Victory—Buy and Hold War Bonds.

AUTOMATIC
Coffee Maker
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Automatic

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from page 8)

Otherwise we would not have had a Declaration of Independence nor a Constitution. When the demand arises, there must be some authority to congeal it into law. I believe that what Mr. Leitch means is that the masses are not organized and cannot maintain lobbies, whereas special interests can, and sometimes special interests lead legislators to believe that there is a demand which really concerns only a small minority.—*J. W. Montgomery.*

WHO vs. WHOM

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Referring to Harrison Forman's interesting article, Who's Fighting Who in China? (May 19), why not "Fighting Whom"? Or is being ungrammatical a *must* in article titles?—*Lt. Com. C. G. Kazanjian.*

It's not a must; it's a natural.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WARREN WONDERS

NEGAUNEE, MICH.—As a mechanic in an iron ore mine, I am wondering what kind of gadget the miner is drilling with on your April 28 cover. I've never seen or heard of such a machine. It may exist, but it doesn't look right to me.—*John H. Warren.*

Everything's on the up and up. According to the Bituminous Coal Institute, the "gadget" is a power-driven drill, used in more advanced coal mines.—VOX POP EDITOR.

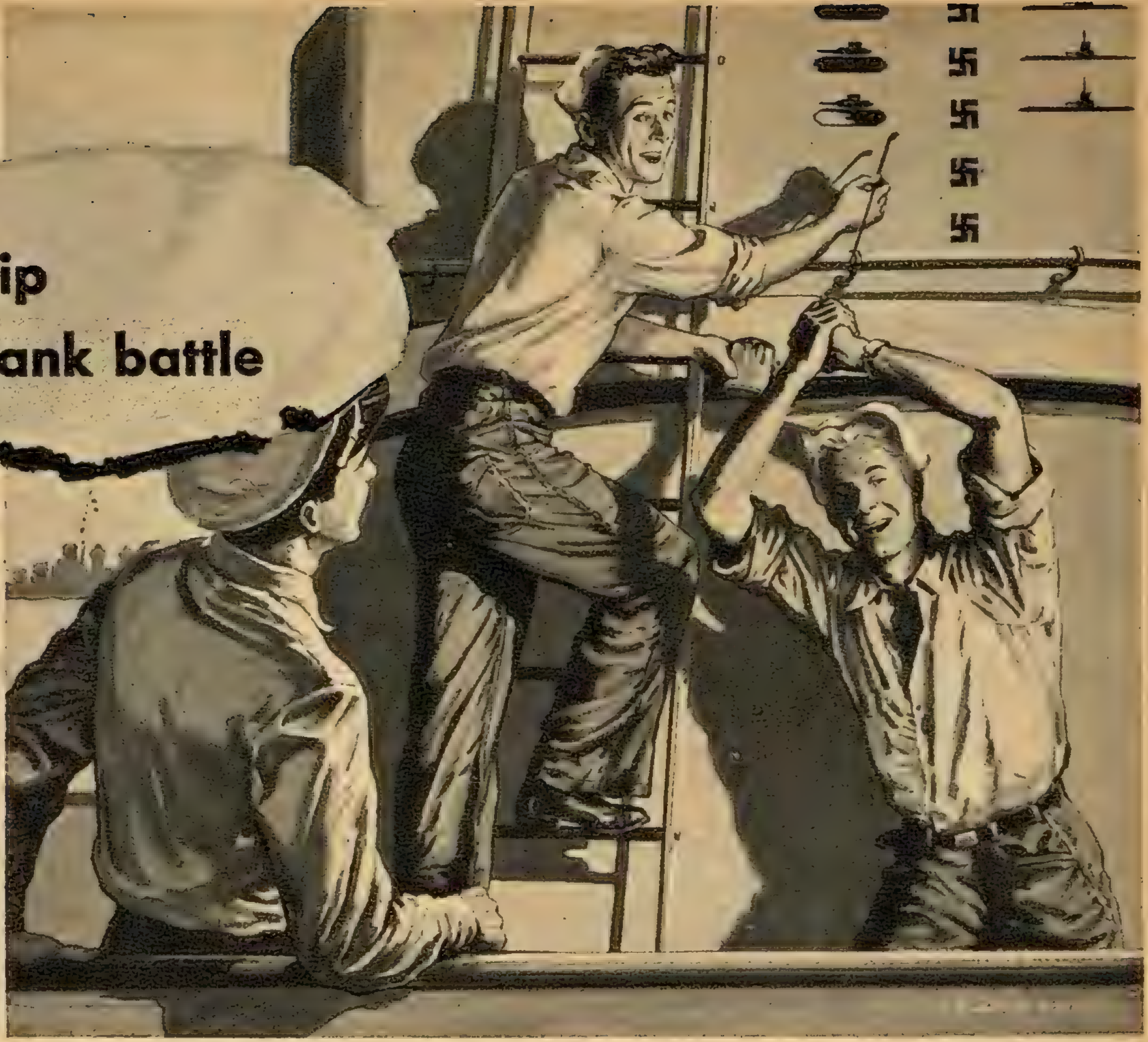
LET'S PLAY FAIR

BLETCHLEY, BUCKS., ENGLAND—Allow me to congratulate you on your excellent publication. I have an uncle, a New Yorker, who sends my wife and me regular consignments of American magazines, and that's how it happens that I was so late in reading Will H. Connelly's article, It's a Radio War (December 30).

There is a consistent tendency on the part of the American press to play down the British contribution to the war, and Mr. Connelly's article is a case in point. The so-called "Gibson Girl" semi-automatic transmitter-receiver he claims to be the development of the Army Air Corps. By no means! In fact, we were using that type of wireless before the U. S. A. was in the war. Also in regard to radar equipment. Radar was (and is) purely an English discovery, and all the equipment (such as the "Gen-box" bombsight, and long-range radar for warning of aerial attack) dependent on radar has been developed by British organizations and brains. The computing gunsight, I think you will find, is also one of our jobs. And how about rocket projectiles? I recently saw some newsreels of American attacks on Pacific islands, and I should imagine that your chaps would have had a pretty sticky time of it if it hadn't been for the preliminary attacks, in which R. P.s played a big part.

Please don't misunderstand me. We're very grateful in many ways for the contributions you have made to our common cause, but do let us have a little credit for our part, too, won't you? After all, we'd been fighting for quite some time before Pearl Harbor, so it isn't unreasonable for us to be a bit ahead of you in regard to warfare. Our bombers can still carry and deliver bombs of a weight which no other aircraft can lift, the 20,000-pound bomb. And the Lancaster, of course, and our special fire bombs made quite a mess of Festung Deutschland years before Superfortresses ever dropped any on Tokyo.—*Sgt. C. A. S. S.*

How a U. S. Warship won a tank battle



It happened during the invasion of Sicily . . .

U. S. troops had landed. Before they could get tanks and artillery ashore, Goering's Grenadiers staged a savage tank attack.

Suddenly, five-inch shells began bursting among the surprised Nazis. Tank after tank was picked off with deadly accuracy, and the remaining tanks scurried for cover. Goering's Grenadiers had suffered a sound thrashing.

And somewhere out in the Mediterranean the jubilant gunners of a U. S. destroyer polished up their 5-inch "DP" guns—and decorated their ship's trophy panel with silhouettes of Nazi tanks!

"DP" is the Navy designation for *Dual Purpose.* Those five-inch guns can fire at surface targets, but they are equally deadly antiaircraft weapons.

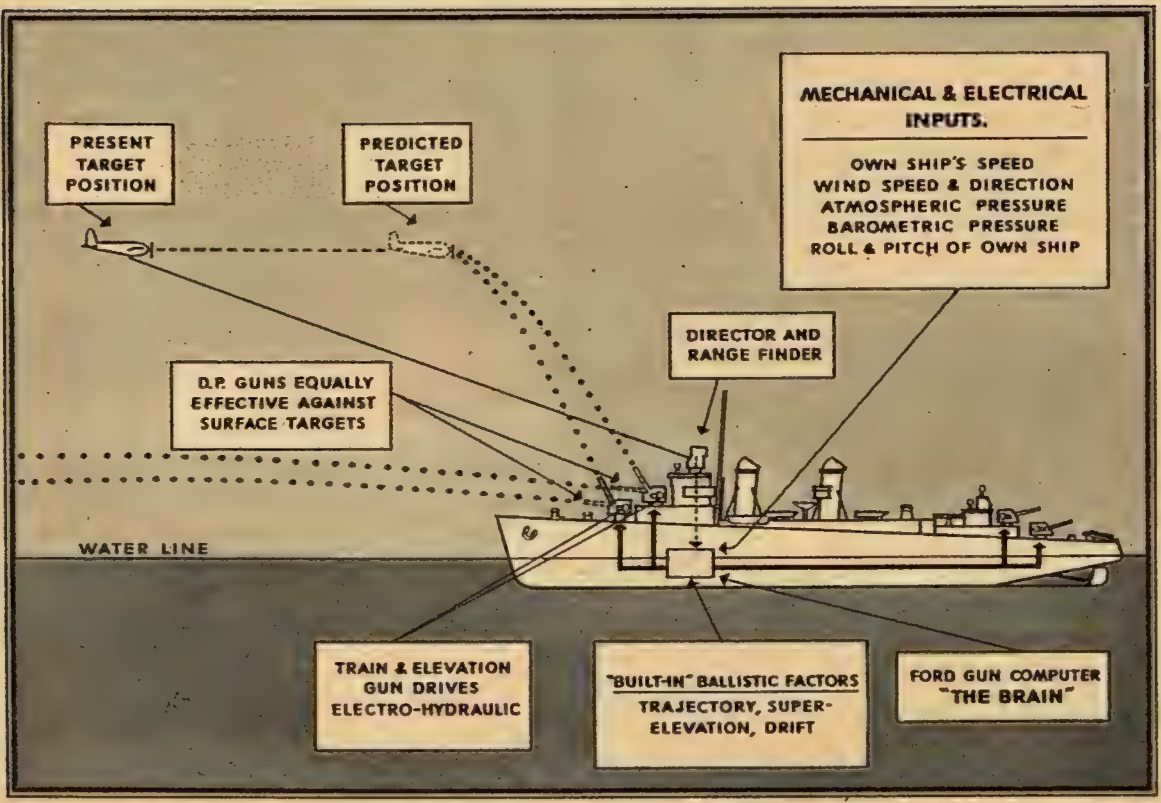
The secret of their ability to perform either task with devastating efficiency is the Navy's system of fire control, based on a number of precision instruments and controls. The "Brain" of the system —an incredibly nimble, accurate, and tireless one—is the *Computer,* located far below decks where it is protected by heavy armor plate.

The Computer was developed over a period of years by the Ford Instrument Company, a division of Sperry Corporation, working closely with Naval engineers. In use, this device receives a bewildering aggregation of fire-control data from a Rangefinder, a Director, and other precision instruments.

In a split second it automatically solves mathematical problems that would occupy a mathematical wizard for hours. The solution of the problem is transmitted to the ship's batteries through the "brawny arms" of Electric Hydraulic Gun Drives which train and elevate the guns and keep them on the target.

And that is why gunners of the U. S. Navy can lay a string of hot bursting, high-caliber projectiles along the path of an enemy bomber or torpedo plane . . . as well as pick off a tank miles away on shore.

That's why our Navy is the fastest, straightest-shooting Navy in the world!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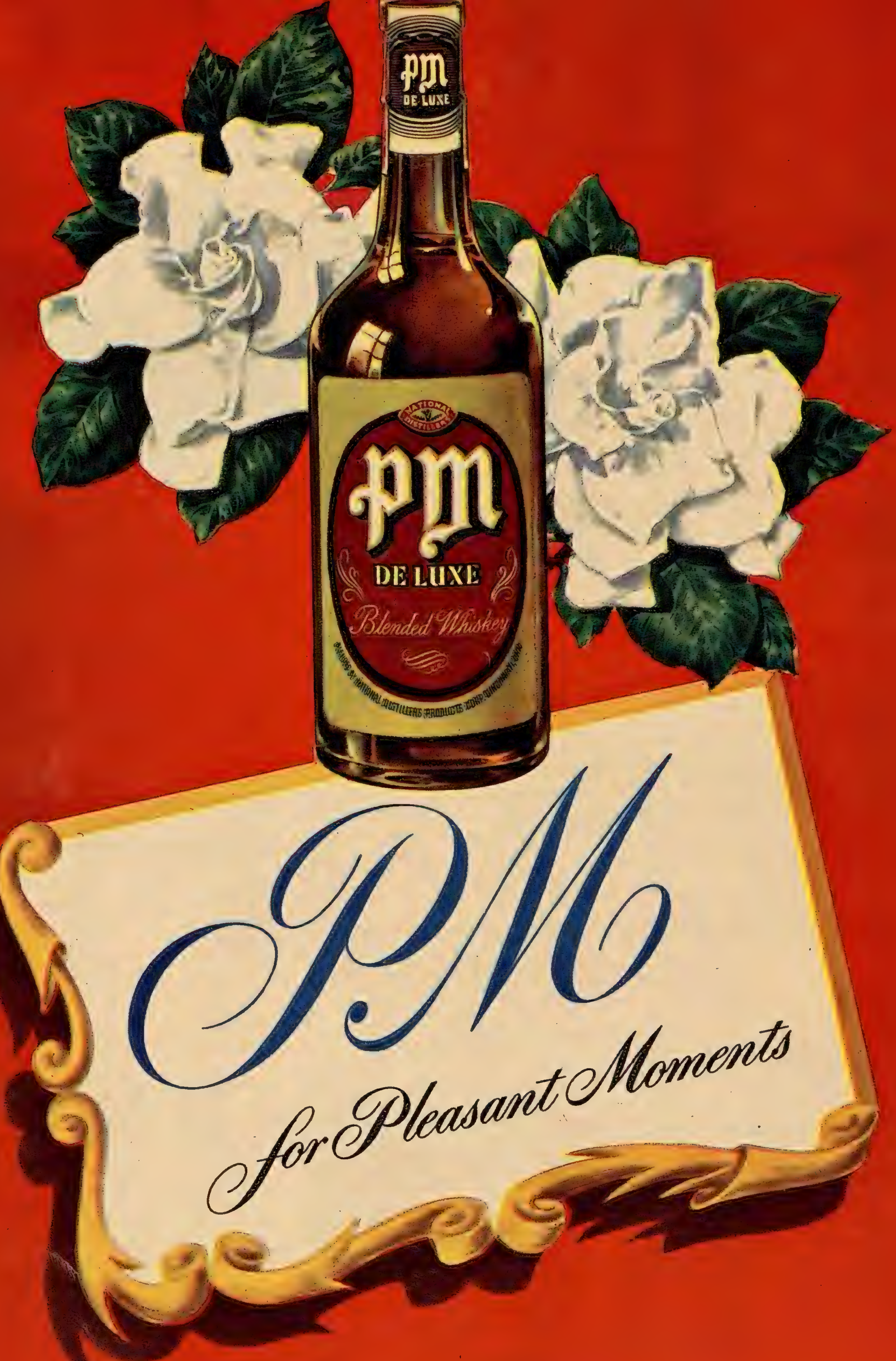
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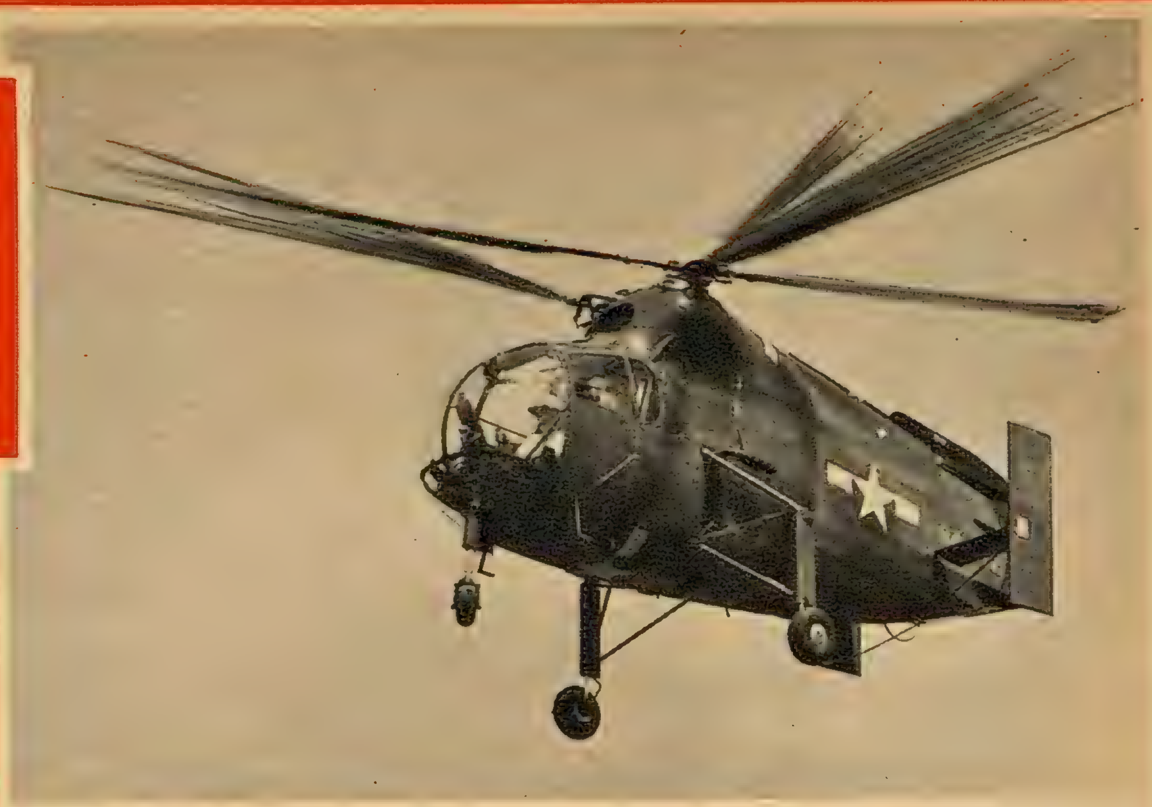
ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Coming up: surprising helicopter projects! . . . How soon can John Q. Public afford flight instruction and an airplane of his own?


KELLETT AIRCRAFT PHOTO

This Kellett XR-8 helicopter, an experimental development for the A. A. F., can rise and descend vertically, hang motionless, fly sideways or backward.

ANOTHER Army helicopter project has been made public. This time it is Kellett Aircraft Corporation of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, that is building a number of different models for the Air Forces. Only one of these can be discussed, but it is one of the most interesting helicopters yet unveiled.

The new Kellett model has a novel synchronized (intermeshing) rotor system by which the blades of the two-place XR-8 are arranged in two sets of three blades each and overlap as they rotate in opposite directions, somewhat in the same manner as the blades of the housewife's egg beater.

This design eliminates the necessity for a tail rotor to counteract torque. The XR-8 is very maneuverable, can rise and descend vertically, can hang motionless in flight at average altitudes, and fly backward or sideways as well as forward.

XR-8's First Emergency Landing

The Kellett machine first flew last August in a small back-yard area adjacent to the plant at Upper Darby near Philadelphia. Since then the helicopter has engaged in numerous tests and cross-country flying and has even had one emergency landing. A sudden spring thundershower caused the pilot to land in a cemetery in a heavily built-up suburban area. He waited until the storm had passed and resumed his flight without further incident.

The XR-8 is strictly a military experimental model and will not be produced commercially, but the same intermeshing blade arrangement will be used in future models.

The current machine has a fuselage length of 22 feet 7 inches, with a rotor span of 40 feet. Its height is 11 feet. Empty weight of the craft is 2,320 pounds and gross weight slightly under 3,000 pounds. It is powered with an air-cooled 245-horsepower engine.

Headed by W. Wallace Kellett, long a recognized leader in the aircraft industry, the company was interested in autogiros before the war and sold quite a few to the Army in this country and to several foreign countries. When the Army began evidencing interest in helicopters, it was natural that this experienced rotor-blade company should turn to this kindred field.

Because of military secrecy, Kellett is unable to disclose some of its other helicopter projects. Suffice it to say that—from your On the Beam Editor's own observations—there are some surprises ahead.

Private Flying as a Budget Item

How much does it cost to learn to fly, and to buy an airplane and maintain it? From time to time we've given you on this page some estimates of operation costs for private airplanes, and in the main these have indicated the costs will be relatively low.

On the other hand, there is no escaping the fact that the first prewar private airplanes to go on sale will be on the expensive side compared with prewar prices, and that it still costs money to take flying lessons and keep your plane in good condition.

A survey as to the postwar civil flying outlook was made recently among the members of the Aeronautical Training Society. The answers are interesting because these training schools operate forty-six of the largest peacetime bases in twenty states. Most of them are old-timers in the business.

They all feel, of course, that postwar flying is going to increase materially, but they believe the public should be cautioned against expecting an immediate boom in operations. Volume flying will bring down costs, but until the volume is attained the costs will remain fairly high for some items.

Take, for example, cost of learning how to be a competent private pilot. First-class commercial flight lessons cost about ten dollars an hour for dual instructions and seven dollars solo when the student does not own a plane. Ten hours of dual instruction, of which two must be after solo, are required by present federal civil air regulations for conventional-type training planes, plus thirty hours of supervised solo instruction before the student can be licensed as a private pilot.

For the simplified, spin-resistant, two-control planes, nine hours of dual instruction, of which two must be after solo, are required, and an additional twenty hours of supervised solo are required before a private pilot's license is granted.

The survey of operators showed that the average light-plane owner who uses his plane about twenty hours a month will pay ninety dollars a month for gasoline, oil, storage, maintenance, and overhaul of his plane. This does not include insurance and depreciation.

These operators believe a two-place airplane should sell for about $1,400 and a four-place plane at $3,000, but they expect actual prices to be higher than these, and the advance word from airplane manufacturers indicates the expectations are justified. There will be attractive installment financing arrangements, of course, but few planes will be priced below $2,000.

How much it costs to own and operate a private airplane is one of the most controversial subjects in civil aviation. In many respects the airplane is cheaper to operate than an automobile, but there are other factors to be considered. Everyone in aviation knows that in due time a real utility airplane will be built for a low figure—a plane that can fly, land, and take off very simply. Perhaps it will be a type of helicopter. Everyone also knows that volume production will bring plane prices down, and, by the same token, local maintenance and servicing will be cheaper too.

Some of the old-timers who lived through the lean days of the '30s, however, think the public should not be "oversold" on the prospect of a boom that will be deflated after a while.

Bong, Topmost Ace, at Wright Field

Perhaps you wonder what happens to some of America's top aces once they are returned to the United States after serving their time in combat flying. Well, we can tell you about one of them anyway. Major Richard I. Bong, the ace of aces with forty Jap planes to his credit, is now assigned to the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. His vast experience and know-how is being utilized by the Command which bears the direct responsibility for design, engineering, manufacture, supply, and maintenance of all A. A. F. equipment throughout the world.

You can bet that Major Bong will offer valuable assistance to the completion of the war against Japan, only instead of flying in combat he'll be helping out in the nation's great practical aeronautical laboratory where ideas are put into practice and tested.

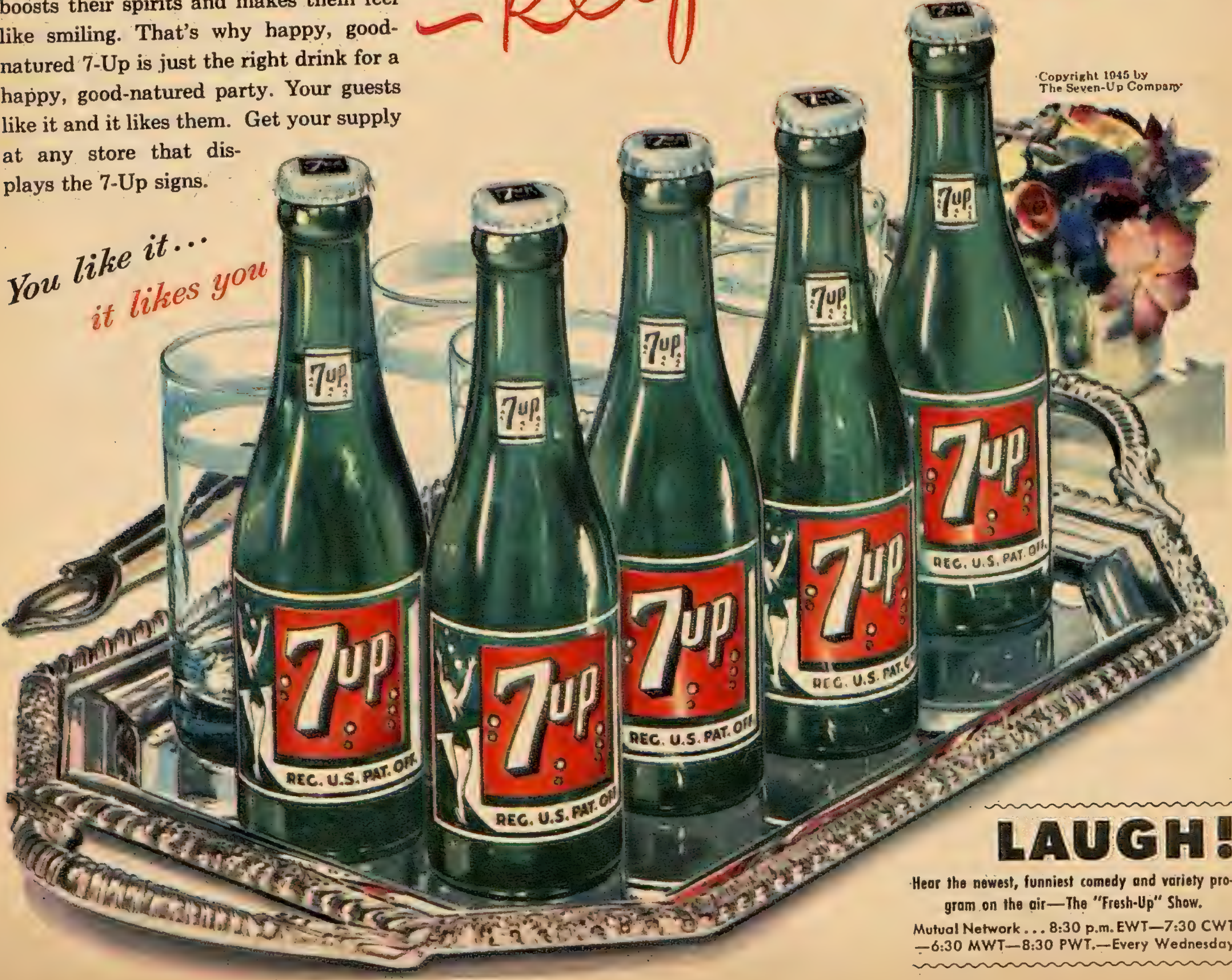
Your popularity as a hostess depends upon the mood you create . . .

To be a popular hostess, always invite guests of similar interests and tastes, plan your party accordingly, and always remember that your mood sets the mood of the party.

"Fresh up" —keep smiling!

If there's any one thing that *everyone* likes, it's the clean, crisp flavor of chilled 7-Up. Americans of every age and group like the "fresh-up" it gives them . . . the tingling, wide-awake feeling that's to be found in every sip. They like the way it boosts their spirits and makes them feel like smiling. That's why happy, good-natured 7-Up is just the right drink for a happy, good-natured party. Your guests like it and it likes them. Get your supply at any store that displays the 7-Up signs.

You like it . . . it likes you



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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

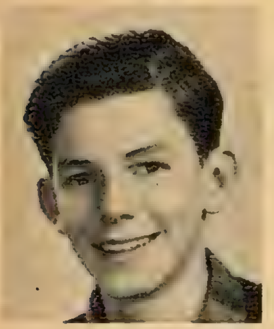
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

WHILE writing Yellow Magic, a book about penicillin, J. D. Ratcliff picked up the material for his current article, KEEP YOUR EYE ON STREPTOMYCIN. The editor of Science Yearbook, he has a degree in mining engineering from West Virginia University. After serving a journalistic apprenticeship with United Press, Newsweek, Time, and Fortune, he started free-lancing in 1938 and is now a top science author.

A MARINE SEES A MENACE

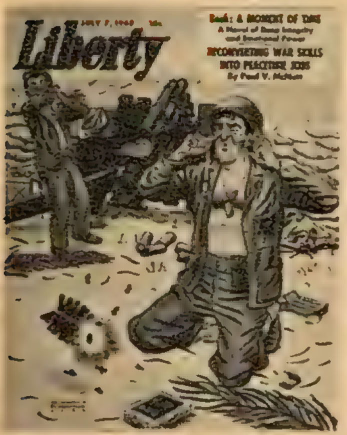
SINCE his graduation from Yale in 1927, Guy Richards, the author of THE AMERICAN MENACE, has been an explorer, a seaman, and a Marine officer. Now, with combat experience at Tulagi and Guadalcanal (to name only two) under his belt, he's in the Philippines as war correspondent for the N. Y. Daily News.

BUSINESS MAN, JR.



VICE-PRESIDENT of MILLWOOD MADE DOGGIES, Charley Slack is a sixteen-year-old high-school junior with business on his mind. He dabbles in magic and plays the bassoon in the N. J. All-State school orchestra, but his real claim to fame, he says, is his height (he's 6'6").

NEXT WEEK



THE great demobilization is on. But what about the ex-soldiers who want to use their new war acquired skills in civilian trades? Let Paul V. McNutt tell you about the plan for RECONVERTING WAR SKILLS TO PEACETIME JOBS. . . . Are you a WATER MORON? Maybe you're one of the thousands who are going to drown next year. Take George Weinstein's advice and learn how to win lifeguards and influence your own life span. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, A MOMENT OF TIME, by Sydney R. McLean, is a poignant story of old New England.

HARD... MEDIUM... SOFT
the best brushes have
DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

Most folks know about nylon for stockings. But have you heard about Du Pont nylon for toothbrush bristles? Today, nylon bristles are a feature of all leading brands of brushes. And with good reason! You can get a brush with soft bristles, medium, or hard (whichever your dentist advises). Your nylon brush will last longer, clean better, even *dry* faster. The bristles neither fray, split, nor become brittle. And they're definitely more hygienic.

For mouth health—for economy—for a bright, attractive smile—you'll want Du Pont nylon bristles every time. But nylon is on the war-critical list, and only a small quantity is available for toothbrushes. So take care of your present brush. Someday soon there'll be lots of nylon bristles for brushes of all kinds: paint, household, hair, and industrial.

And when a new toothbrush becomes a "must," be sure you ask your druggist, "Does it have Du Pont nylon bristles?" (The best brushes do!) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

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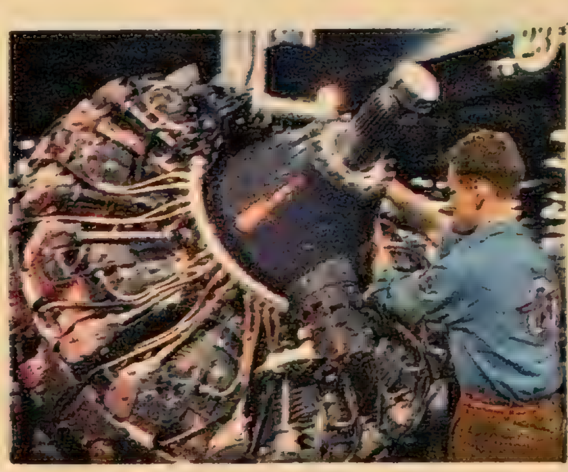
WASHINGTON	LV. 11:35	
MIAMI	LV. 5:50	
SAN JUAN, P. R.	LV. 12:45	7 HRS
GEORGETOWN	LV. 9:10	27½ HR
BELEM	AR. 5:15	35 HR
BELEM	LV. 2:00	44½ HR
NATAL	LV. 2:25	69½
ASCENSION	LV. 1:30	
ACCRA	LV. 11:55	
MAIDUGURI	LV. 6:	
KARTOUM		

Where do you want to go?

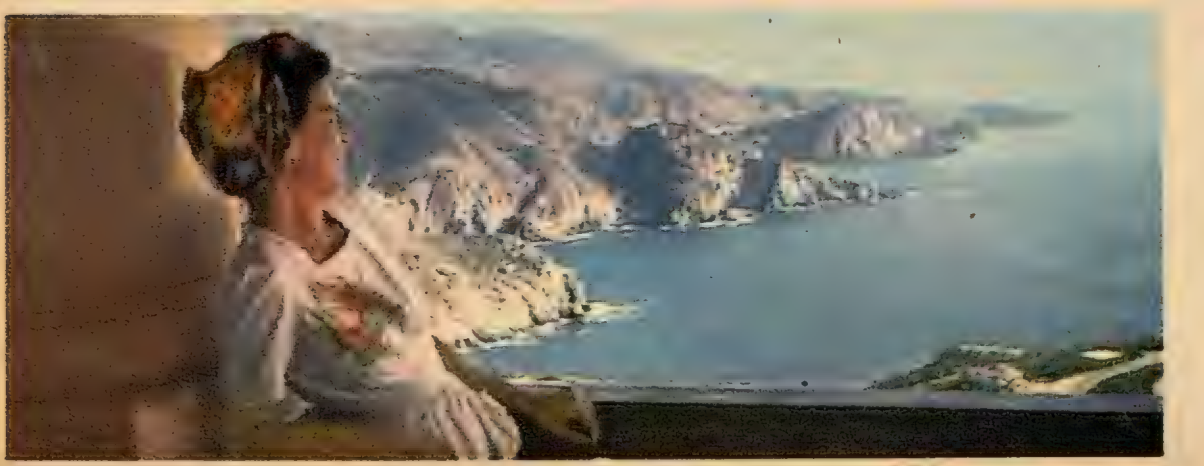
If you're like some twenty millions of your fellow Americans, you're getting set to fly as soon as you can after the war. How soon will this be? Where will you be able to go? What about comfort? And cost? Here's what an American airman who has flown all over the world can tell you:



1. "No place worth seeing will be out of reach . . . The main routes are being flown daily — more than 110,000 miles of them. Key airfields are fully developed — hundreds more are in the making. The finest flying equipment ever designed will be ready for use soon after the war ends.

2. "The peacetime versions of the big twin-engine Curtiss Commando, for instance, will carry 36 to 45 people with all the comforts of a drawing room . . . soft, roomy seats — plenty of space — an attractive powder room — complete dining service—they'll be tops in luxury travel . . .

3. "And as for speed . . . well, multi-engine transports can cross the country in six hours. That gives you some idea of the concentration of power in their Wright Cyclone engines — the same dependable engines that power the B-29 Superforts and the giant Martin Mars.



4. "Vacations in Mexico, in Rio, on the Mediterranean, by air, may seem fantastic right now. Yet 27 airlines are already planning to take you to the markets and the playgrounds of the world at a cost well within your reach . . ."

FIRST IN FLIGHT

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AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

The United States has achieved the global power for which Caesar, Napoleon, and Hitler tried and failed. This article pictures us as other nations see us—

The American Menace

BY GUY RICHARDS

WHEN the smoke of battle lifted from the remnants of the Japanese task force fleeing Mindoro last December 27, it was evident to every nation that the United States of America had achieved the first global power in the history of the world. Two weeks later, from more than 800 ships, this power expressed itself fully by pouring ashore on the Lingayen beaches, half a world distant from American beachheads in southern France and Italy. And as the Philippine sun outlined our new might, it cast a shadow that would better have slanted from the figure of Genghis Khan or Caesar, Napoleon or Adolf Hitler. It was the shadow of a menace, a shadow such as every military figure casts in proportion to its stature.

Most Americans, naturally peace-loving, have scarcely noticed this new shadow. But make no mistake, it has been noticed with consternation and awe in every enemy, Allied, and neutral capital of the world. For in these capitals are professionals who know that the basic requirements for world power have at last been assembled by a single nation. It is well to remember that the United States has not only perfected triphibious power, or sea, land, and air power; we have demonstrated that we can deliver it anywhere. Not even a strong navy, a strong army, a strong concentration of land-based aircraft, can keep it from coming ashore and setting up shop for further expansion.

Thus the three big questions, headache-provoking for other nations, are:

1. Will America keep and use her triphibious force?
2. If she does not use it for military conquest, will she use it as a threat to assist the economic and diplomatic conquest of the world?
3. Will some other nation some day copy the formula and employ the result for world domination?

It is the purpose of this article to show how in three years we have broken the shackles of all but one of fifteen classic limiting points of warfare, and to show what this means from the point of view of other nations.

Why is this moment, in 1945, the time to bring up the subject of the American menace? The answer is that no such thing as the American menace existed, so far as the professionals are concerned, until the Philippines were invaded successfully from staging areas beyond effective range of America's land-based aircraft. Never before had any nation's forces come from a great distance, virtually outside the reach of land-based tactical air, using only what could be carried in the hull of a ship, and blazed their way ashore against strong naval, air, and ground opposition.

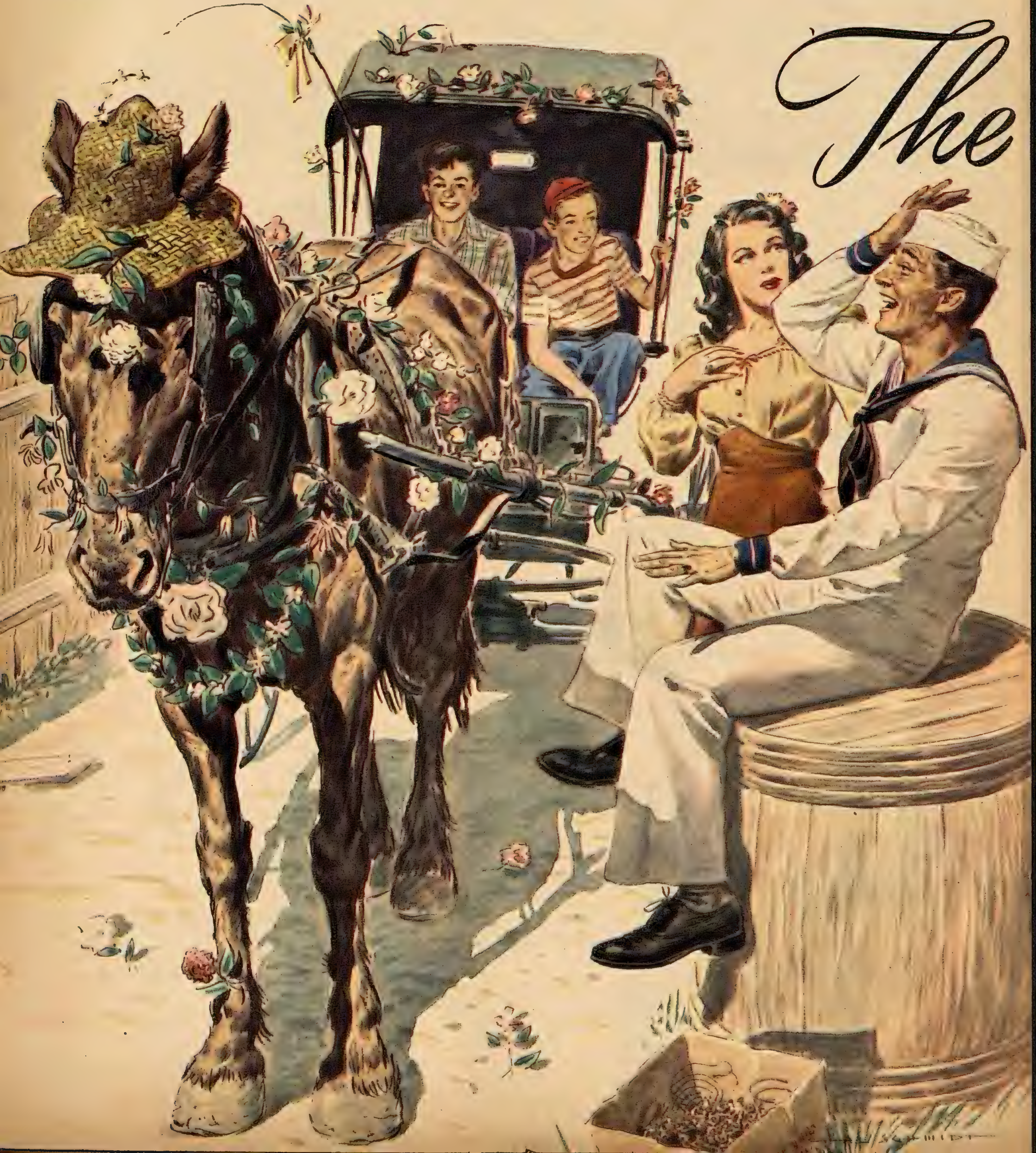
That happened in the Philippines. The reverberations are still shaking the world's

(Continued on page 87)

Anyone who sells a faithful old horse to the fertilizer works for nine dollars deserves what she gets. Anyone who pays nine dollars to save the horse deserves what she gets, too—which, in Melanie's case, was everything she wanted—love, fame, fortune

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL SCHMIDT

The



Bone-Yard Special

BY MORAN TUDURY

THE three horse lovers went homeward along the levee road, with Melanie holding Old Leon's rope halter and Romulus and Remus riding in style on his bare back. They moved without haste or hurry, allowing Old Leon to set his own gentle pace. Melanie had worried about getting him home safely ever since leaving Zuzu Ducrot's barn, an animal so aged and worn.

She realized with astonishment that he was probably as old as herself—which was quite a pleasant age for a girl but, naturally, not the same thing at all for a horse.

She was pleased to see how his ears twitched in amusement over the antics of the boys. But it frightened her to realize how closely disaster had grazed Old Leon this morning. Did Old Leon realize it, she wondered—how near he had come to being sold, for nine dollars, to the Acadian Fertilizer Works?

Every time Melanie had passed Zuzu Ducrot's barn she had stopped for a visit with Old Leon. But she had never had the slightest idea that she would buy him from Zuzu—not until today.

"Melanie, you better tell this *cheval* good-by," Zuzu had warned her. "The man is coming to take him away—to make fertilizer for growing plants quick. This is a sad day for us all, yes."

The announcement had sickened her; it was exactly as if she had learned that Joe Roget was being ordered overseas from his Coast Guard station on the Gulf.

"I'm sorry to sell him," Zuzu explained. "But what can I do—a man that's got seven kids to feed? Nine dollars is plenty in a big family always wanting to eat. I got nothing left to feed Leon, anyhow. And if I don't sell him, my wife is going to leave me—children and all. I tell you, Zuzu Ducrot has a bad time, yes."

Everybody knew that wife of Zuzu's, Mimi Ducrot. All Mimi had her mind on was money, money, and more money. If her family really were hungry, there wasn't much excuse for it. This was a Cajun one-family town; everybody in it was a Ducrot. Even the town bore their name. Mimi's father had left her money, but she probably kept it locked away.

"If there isn't any money for feeding Leon," Melanie asked, "then how can you keep your other horse—the Cajun pony outside there? Doesn't that one eat, too?"

"Are you telling me *that's* going in the Buggy Parade? . . . Well, I guess I understand. You're doing it to make people laugh. Aren't you, Melie?"

"Him?" Zuzu asked. "I tell you, that pony eats better than me. Mimi says that is different—the pony is special. She's going to drive him in the Buggy Parade. She's going to win the twenty-five-dollar prize. She says so herself. She bought a new dress for the occasion and I got to clean up the buggy. I got plenty of worries, me—married to a fine proud woman like Mimi. You know what that means around here—the Buggy Parade."

Melanie knew. On the Cajun calendar in Vermilion Parish no annual event was considered more important or fashionable than the Buggy Parade. In business or pleasure, the buggy was the backbone of Cajun life. No automobile ever made could compete with it when it came to combating the sticky clay and deep clawing mud of Louisiana's back roads. Some people said that half the buggies manufactured in America were sold in southwestern Louisiana, and Melanie was ready to believe it. Even the Acadian Drugstore had its own hitching rack.

It was Pierre Ducrot, proprietor of the parish's biggest buggy shop, and Mimi's first cousin, who annually sponsored the Buggy Parade. It was Pierre Ducrot who offered the twenty-five-dollar prize for the best horse and buggy entered in the parade.

HOWEVER, not Mimi Ducrot and the Buggy Parade, but Old Leon concerned Melanie now.

"Keep him for me, Zuzu," she said. "I'll be right back with the money. Nobody's going to use Old Leon for growing plants. Things grow fast enough around here, anyhow. You can hardly keep the grass cut."

Then she hurried home to get the money from her trouble jug, running all the way.

Never had there been a time in her family when there was no trouble jug. *Grandmère's* had been kept under a plank in the parlor; its savings had bought *grandpère* a rowboat and shrimp net; later on, a meerschaum pipe and wheel chair. Melanie's own trouble jug stood on a shelf in the kitchen, and she had never forgotten her grandmother's words of caution. "A trouble jug isn't for just little everyday troubles, *chérie,*" *grandmère* had said. "It's for big-big trouble when it comes along." So Melanie didn't hesitate. If it wasn't trouble when somebody was going to be sold to the fertilizer works for nine dollars, then when would real trouble come? That settled that, she thought.

She returned to Zuzu and paid him the money. Then she and her brothers took Old Leon home.

But as they walked homeward, instead of being soothed, her feelings received a fresh shock. In her surprise she halted so suddenly that Old Leon snorted, and Romulus and Remus grabbed hurriedly for his neck and tail to keep from falling. Melanie stood stock-still, stunned with the circumstance she had so tardily remembered. Joe! she thought. What have I done now?

So completely had her concern over Old Leon's doom filled her mind that she had forgotten it was not her own money, alone, that was in the trouble jug. A large share had been Joe Roget's money.

From the time when Joe entered the Coast Guard he had been pleased by the trouble jug. "Let me put something in for luck," he had said, dropping a quarter in. Another time, at a dance: "When you get home, Melanie, put this in that jug, too," and it was a dollar he gave her. Actually he had had more money in it than she had.

"We have a little something for when the time comes to buy a ring," Joe had said. "One day I'll get my orders to go away, then we'll want to be married quickly. A few dollars will look like a million when we need that ring. *Ma foi!*"

But the money was gone. . . . Melanie shook the trouble jug and the few coins remaining made only a thin and tinkling sound.

SHE led Old Leon into the barn and watched moodily as the boys slid down. No horse had occupied this barn for years, not since the time when *grandpère* used to drive his own buggy. The boys were backing Old Leon into the shafts of *grandpère's* buggy now and pretending to drive him. Far older even than Old Leon, the buggy was equally timeworn. In its flat top, holes yawned; the isinglass window had long ago vanished. Gone, too, was the buggy lamp. What harness remained was broken and green with mildew. Melanie regarded this spectacle of departed glory which seemed a proper setting for her present sad thoughts.

Then her mother came out. A long struggle to keep them all fed and sheltered had sharpened *maman's* ways, so Melanie was not surprised by her reaction to Old Leon.

"Don't tell me you're thinking of putting that horse in the Buggy Parade?" *maman* said. "Not that old broken-down *cheval?*"

Melanie said, *"Maman,* this is Old Leon—the one who used to pull Zuzu Ducrot's ice-cream wagon. Zuzu was going to sell him for nine dollars to the fertilizer works. Imagine!"

Long trained in scenting worry and trouble, *maman* sighed. "So you busted open that jug and took Joe Roget's nine dollars out of it," she said. "The nine dollars for the ring I've been hearing so much about. What's Joe Roget going to think, you taking the ring money to buy a broken-down old *cheval?* If you ask me, honey, soon you won't even have a horse. That's mighty little horse right now. . . . Here's a letter from Joe." She took it from the pocket in her apron and handed it over.

The sight of the letter frightened Melanie. Joe usually wrote only once a week; his next letter wasn't due for four days. It said: "I am getting three days' leave starting Friday, then we will be on our way to win glory. If you want, I will get the license to be married. I know this is war-

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Gal from Cal.

YOU'D think a girl would be content with stardom as actress and singer. But not Helen Gahagan Douglas. She developed a social conscience —and look at her now!

by Helen Weigel Brown

VERSATILE, this Helen Gahagan Douglas, California's Democratic freshman in Congress. The world has hailed her as a superb actress and accomplished singer. The late Heywood Broun once called her "the ten most beautiful women of America." Actor husband Melvyn Douglas, now an Army major, says she's tops as a wife. Friends and neighbors say she's a conscientious and devoted mother to her two children, Mary Helen, six; and Peter, eleven. Congressman Voorhis says that as a politician she can fight for her convictions like any *six* men. Her three secretaries say that as a boss she's great.

One loudly dissenting note was heard last fall when Helen, after many misgivings, finally started campaigning for election to Congress from California's Fourteenth District. It came from son Peter, who commented, "Mom, you're mad—stark mad."

Her current role of political crusader surprises Helen as much as it does her drama public. Helen made the hesitant approach to the role of political Atlas—shouldering the weight of "the masses." "I kept resolving to get out on the average of once every thirty minutes," she confesses. But when she found herself committed to campaigning for a seat in the House, she went at it like a Lucy Stone.

"A first-rate job takes first-rate perspiration," she stated, and has been proving ever since that she believes it.

Helen comes more honestly by her soapboxing talents than by her acting.

"I spring from a long line of people who were always making speeches for some cause or other," she says. But there were no actors in her family. Born in Boonton, New Jersey, Helen, one of five children, was raised in Brooklyn. Early in life her dramatic impulses collided with her education. Aged fourteen, tall and mature for her years, she took to speechmaking for World War I Liberty Bond drives, which entailed cutting her classes at Berkeley Institute for Girls. One afternoon she delivered a rousing talk from the steps of the New York Public Library which won her a big hand and some appreciative whistles —just as her astonished mother passed by. The family that evening decided that Helen should be sent off to boarding school where she couldn't get out so easily to make speeches.

In 1920 Helen entered Barnard College in New York, majoring, of course, in dramatics. She left there after her sophomore year when the author of a play titled Shoot saw her in an amateur production and asked her to try out for the lead in his show. Shoot died almost before the trigger was pulled, but a week later Henry Hull had her playing in Manhattan, likewise no prize package.

Whatever they thought of Helen's first two plays, the critics did take notice of this serious and beautiful girl who was so completely at home on the stage. William Brady and Owen Davis, seeing her in Manhattan, snatched her up for the star role in Dreams for Sale. New Yorkers still remember this overnight sensation, which made Helen an actress for keeps. Star roles followed in quick succession during the next six years—in such well-remembered plays as Young Woodley, Trelawney of the Wells, Chains, Diplomacy, Molnar's Fashions for Men, and many others.

Suddenly, in 1926, the successful actress decided she wanted to be an opera singer. For two years, with typical deadly earnestness, she practiced, talked, ate, and slept opera. Then she started on a career which carried her across Europe in a triumphant concert tour. During the second season's tour, her father fell seriously ill. She canceled her contract and came home. After his death, and before she could return to Europe, she was offered the star role as the opera singer in David Belasco's Tonight or Never. In this she sang three arias and played what the critics called "the most ardent love scenes on record" opposite one Melvyn Douglas.

"Those scenes were easy," she reports. "I'd fallen in love with him ten minutes after I met him."

They were married one Sunday afternoon, and went back to work in Tonight or Never on Monday. When the play closed, two months later, they headed for Hollywood and the movies.

In 1932 the Douglases took a trip around the world. It was on this vacation that Helen first became aware of conditions that were already disturbing her social-minded husband. They saw Fascism threatening

Europe. They reached China just after the bombing of Shanghai in 1933. In Japan, despite their cordial reception by many prominent citizens, they were shocked to find the spirit of aggression flourishing.

"That trip," says Mrs. Douglas, "was the beginning of my real interest in social problems in our own country."

The Douglases returned to America a month before their first child was born. Later they both went back to the theater and motion pictures, but both also devoted more and more time to California's civic affairs. Their home, modest by Hollywood standards but spacious and invitingly informal, became the meeting place of many civic and political groups.

In 1937 Helen was invited to sing at Germany's Salzburg Festival. This trip completed her conversion from actress to politician. She saw Fascism tightening its grip. Horrified, she hurried back home and canceled a Vienna concert for the next winter. Then she and her husband joined every anti-Fascist group they could find.

ABOUT this time the Okies began to arrive in California. "They were sick, and starving, and unwanted," she relates.

That did it. Helen became a woman with a Big Cause. She crossed the country to find out what Washington was doing about the migratory workers.

Then she began stumping with all her dramatic fervor and a new fire in her eye. She crusaded for every piece of legislation on social reform that came before Congress. She organized clothing drives and nursery projects for the Okies; gathered in cash donations, drummed up contributions from bakers, grocers, and butchers, who blinked in amazement when this glamorous Hollywood star descended on them. She and her husband even got their playwright friend Dan Totheroh to write a play, Children of the Road, around the Okies' plight. When it was produced in New York, a leading critic wrote: "I don't believe that the conditions described in the play exist; and if they do, I am not interested."

This attitude Helen found in many quarters. She went direct to state and national politicians and demanded action. She crossed swords with a lot of them, but made friends of many others, including the Roosevelts and Henry Wallace.

By 1940 Helen Gahagan Douglas was a bright new star on California's political horizon. Although hers is a Republican family from away back, she went all out for the New Deal. That year she was appointed to the Democratic National Committee and her husband became a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Between 1941 and '44 she held many political and social-welfare appointments, state and national.

Came campaign time in the fall of '44, and Tom Ford, Democratic representative from California's Fourteenth District, balked. "I'm through," he said. "I'm fed up with being a member of the majority party and seeing the minority run the House with the aid of the Southern reactionaries."

Mrs. Douglas' Democratic friends urged her to file for Tom's job. It took her a long time to make up her mind, but when she did, no holds were barred.

"Helen really went right into the smoke-filled rooms," says one California politician. Her opponents called her Communistic in her views on labor and the rights of "the masses." They called her a "carpetbagger" because she was campaigning in a district where she doesn't live.

The tyro candidate campaigned like a veteran. She got the unions and the Negro voters almost solidly behind her; she also got a large chunk of the white-collar workers and the well-to-do, besides many of her motion-picture friends. She was nominated over seven men, and rode into office some 4,000 votes ahead of her Republican opponents.

Settled in office, she has dropped none of this serious, almost grim, purposefulness which brought her to Washington. Some news reporters say she lacks a sense of humor. She has it, but the crusading zeal obscures it most of the time. The lady from California just doesn't think many things are funny these days. Washingtonians who have been present on the rare occasions when she entertains at home, however, agree that she does have a sparkling wit.

When she talks about social reforms, postwar jobs, and world peace plans—her chief topics nowadays—she hasn't the glib wit of Clare Boothe Luce. But the earnestness and urgency in her speech make people sit up and listen. Her eyes, a lovely shade of blue, have a troubled look. The only dramatic trick she has carried over into politics is the adroit use of her voice. Consciously or unconsciously, she endows her words with an intense vigor and musical warmth that make them persuasive.

IT is said up on Capitol Hill that you could count on your fingers the congressmen better versed in world affairs and social economics than Helen. She devotes a lot of energy to her work on the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Freshmen representatives, particularly women, are rarely named to the major committees, but Helen was appointed early to this powerful group and is one of its most active members.

She keeps three secretaries furiously busy. One of them, Evelyn Chavoor, has been with her off and on for the past ten years, as personal secretary and research assistant. Her second secretary met Mrs. Douglas, then resigned as secretary to another congresswoman because she liked the idea of working "for such a stimulating and inspired person."

Miss Chavoor lives with the Douglas family in Chevy Chase, where they've rented a modest furnished house. Major Douglas, who resigned from his dollar-a-year job with OCD to join the Army as a buck private in 1942, is now in the China-Burma-India theater. In their manless household, Helen and Miss Chavoor and the two children manage with one colored servant who has stayed by them faithfully since they first came to Washington.

Helen's office desk usually looks like that of an executive just back from a long vacation. Her secretaries call it "Hurricane Deck." It never seems to get cleared, although Representative Douglas and her staff toil through many an evening.

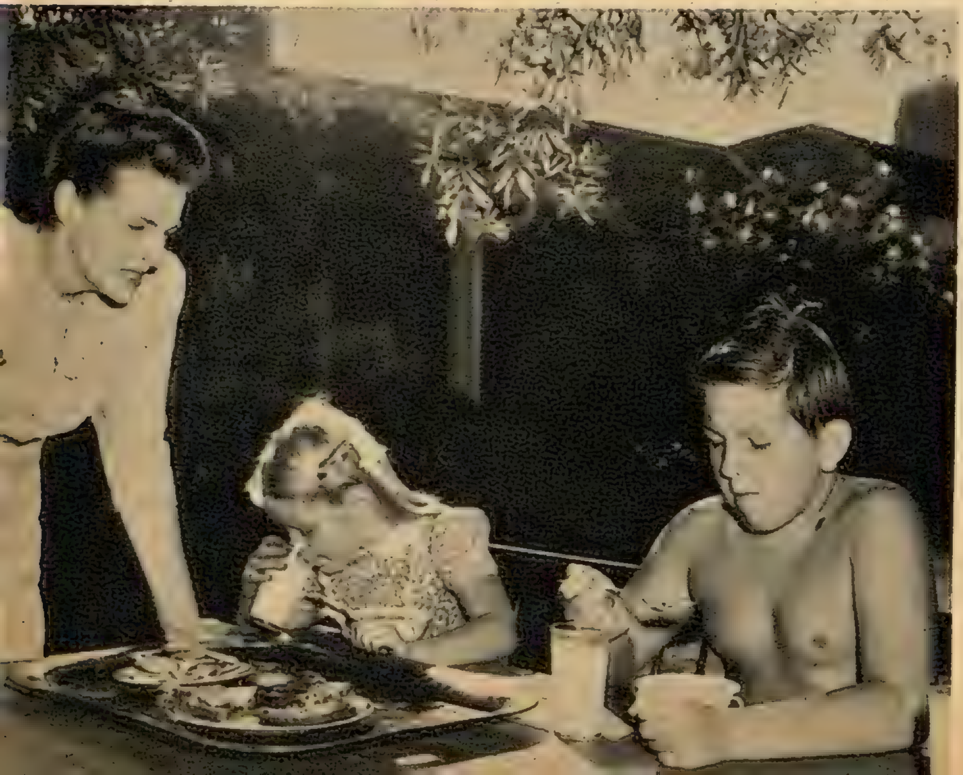
HER phone rings unceasingly, like that of any new congressman, but she answers each call as though the caller were an old friend. She leaves her desk to greet visitors in person. She agrees that her present job behind that desk and on the floor of the House makes her two-a-day theatrical era look sissy.

In her politics she is strictly New Deal and an apostle of the submerged and minority groups. Upon President Roosevelt's death, her comments to the press emphasized the world's loss of a great and able leader. Privately she said, "The 'little man' has lost the best friend he ever had, in Franklin Roosevelt."

Her loyalty to the President was based upon close personal friendship as well as her all-out agreement with his policies. She had never voiced publicly any serious disagreement with her chief. Another Democrat challenged Helen on her seeming blindness to any Roosevelt fault.

"How can you—a woman as intellectually independent as you—refuse to see his faults?" he asked her.

(*Continued on page 86*)

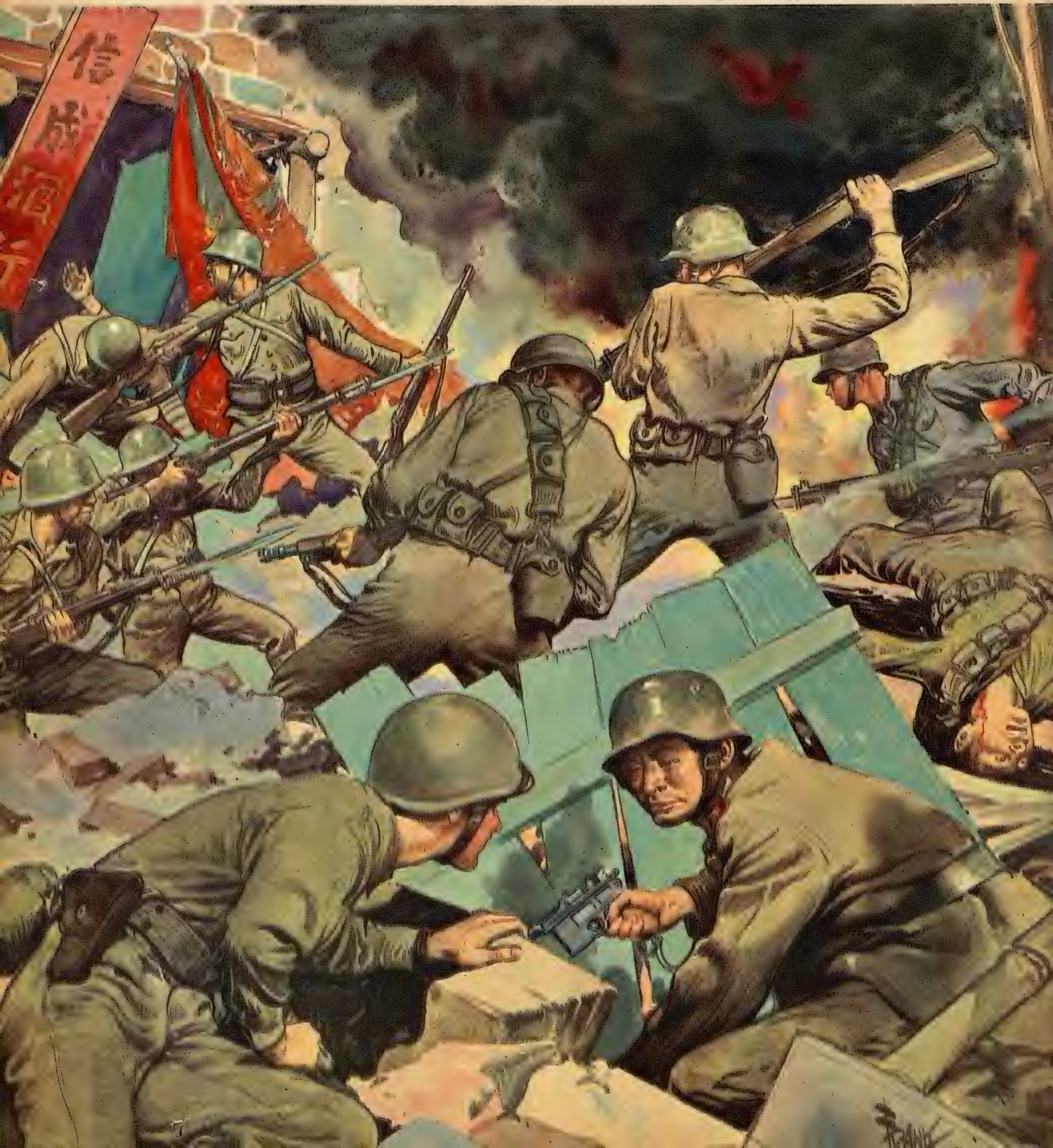


The Douglases at home—Helen, Mary Helen, and Peter. Major Melvyn Douglas is serving in the China-Burma-India theater.

Distaff side of the House Foreign Affairs Committee—Reps. Bolton, Rogers, Helen and Emily Douglas—with Chairman Bloom.

The ways of the East are mysterious—in war as in peace. So Captain Vincent discovered at the Place of Serene Enlightenment, when he learned that patience is a military virtue of high value

The fighting was from one wall to the next; a bitter hand-to-hand. It was the only thing that told in our favor.



Colonel Fo Holds the Bag

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

I HAD the distinct impression that my superiors expected me to turn in a gloomy report, and I think that was the impression the General intended me to have.

"It's a question of getting the facts!" he insisted. "The Chinese have been fighting for a very long time and against very long odds. If you find them dispirited, don't try to gloss it over. If you find apathy or disaffection or incompetence among the officers in the field, say so. Lord knows, they don't need apologists, after all these years of standing off the Japs alone! You are to give us your estimate of them as troops in being, and don't bother to remind us of what they have been through. You may find them personally congenial, but that is irrelevant, too. We want to know how good they are as fighting men now, so that is what you are to look for. Any questions?"

"Do the Chinese know why I am being attached to one of their commands, sir?"

The General grunted. "I don't know; they may have their suspicions. Officially, you are observing the Japanese forces, gathering data for—please God!—future use. You have no other duties. You come and go as you please. Your interpreter is a Lieutenant Sen Yee-mat, and he will take his orders from you. He's from Intelligence at Chungking, and before the war began he kept a shop in Canton. Speaks better English than I do, by the way. So off you go, captain, and I'll expect you back in a month!"

He stood up and put out his hand. "Be careful about the water you drink, and remember that your job just now is not to kill Japs. But I've already told you what your job is. Good luck with it!"

To have a job involving any kind of movement and activity was, in itself, good luck. The General, with his eye on the future, stood the long waiting well. But we, his juniors, could not match the General's vision, and we chafed at the plans that were not so much blueprints for action as remote speculations, that, as one of my disgruntled comrades put it, began with a question mark and ended in mid-air. The report I was to make might only add to the prevailing uncertainty, but before I handed it in, I should have the chance to see a little action though I might not take part in it myself. So I greeted Lieutenant Sen with a cheerfulness and warmth that, as he later admitted, surprised him a great deal.

He did not say so, but I think this evidence of a sunny nature on my part was a relief to him, too. Lieutenant Sen was under my orders, but I was under his conduct, and he did not know just what to do with me or how to do it. The Chinese saw no reason for attaching me to one of their commands. The General had had to insist.

"Why should they object?" I asked Lieutenant Sen. "Observers are not that unusual, are they?"

He looked embarrassed. "But there is so little to observe!" he said. "We have no tanks, little or no artillery, not enough of anything, except men."

"Yes, but it is the Japanese I am going to observe!" This was a lie, but I wanted to see what he would say to it.

"Then I suppose our officers think you might have saved yourself trouble by asking them what the Japanese are like and how they fight. It is only a supposition, of course; I do not know. In any case, I can assure you that the feeling has nothing personal in it."

HE smiled and bobbed his head at me. Sen was always doing that, whether from spontaneous good will or because he had once been a shopkeeper.

I said, "Tell me something about this command we are going to join."

"An infantry brigade, three regiments. Colonel Chu is acting brigadier by right of seniority. We have also Colonel Pai and Colonel Fo. Colonel Fo is quite a young man, very zealous."

"I see. And just where is the brigade now? What is it doing?"

"I do not know exactly where it is," Sen admitted. "It moves about, dogging a mobile Japanese force. It has been doing that all summer, living off the country and more often than not out of touch with headquarters. We know that the brigade must still be fighting, for otherwise the Japanese would have broken through and cut the railway."

"Is this brigade considered picked troops?" I asked.

He seemed troubled. "They have been in action a long time," he said evasively. "At least they have done what they were assigned to do, to keep the Japs from the railway. In this kind of fighting, of course, we must often improvise, do what we can do, not what we should like to do. Much has to be left to each commander on the spot." He glanced at me and spoke with an edge of malice: "But when we join the brigade, Captain Vincent, perhaps you will find time to observe our troops as well as the Japanese!"

I nodded, trying to preserve a noncommittal expression. Lieutenant Sen, at least, had guessed the true nature of my mission, and he was not too happy about it. That was instructive.

WE overtook the three regiments in half-deserted country, the location of which I withhold. For two days we had been riding on ponies that the lieutenant bought at the last fully inhabited village along our way, and the sights of those two days were sharply bitten into my memory. Evidently the fighting had swung back and forth through this district a good many times, until even the tenacious peasants had given up and drifted away. The very few we saw bolted like rabbits at the sight of men in uniform, and the scattered fields of ripening crops that held those few to that perilous earth served only to emphasize the general neglect and desolation.

I am not unduly impressionable, but that two-day ride left me with a queer sort of helpless bitterness and anger. I kept glancing at Lieutenant Sen, but his face was always impassive. He was more silent than usual, but that might have been because the management of his pony took up much of his attention. As soon as we had caught up with the brigade, he was as talkative as ever.

That first evening Sen had a lot of talking to do in his capacity as interpreter. We went first to pay our respects to Colonel Chu, and he made us stay for dinner and sent for his two brother colonels.

Chu was a fat jolly man, immensely tickled to have an American officer attached to his command as observer, eager to discuss anything and everything but the progress of his part of the war. When I spoke of that, he looked gloomy and begged Sen to explain to me all the handicaps under which they had to fight. It was not a question of courage or loyalty but of the equipment that made a Japanese battalion the equivalent of a Chinese army! A Chinese commander had often to avoid combat in order to keep his force in being. Colonel Pai assented to all this. A matter of necessity, he said; not of choice.

They must both have been in their mid-fifties, though the life they led had kept them physically active. Colonel Fo was at least twenty years younger, and his outlook was much more sanguine than that of his elders. When his turn came to speak, he praised the natural hardihood and endurance of the Chinese soldier and, winning a cautious agreement from the others, went on to declare that they were superior to the Japanese, too, in native shrewdness, in the ability to play upon the enemy's preconceptions, in the wise man's willingness to appear ridiculous and the brave man's readiness to take a chance. Whatever the disparity in equipment and training, they were free men, and the Japanese were not!

He made it sound very eloquent. I wish I could recapture the variety of expressions on the faces of his listeners. Chu looked indulgent and as if he remembered from his own youth the capacity for such enthusiasm. Pai watched his junior, and it was an easy guess that he was considering what use to make of this generous feeling. Lieutenant Sen's face lit up while he was translating Fo's words for me, but grew sober again almost at once. It might be true, he seemed to be reflecting, but it wasn't very practical, and he didn't want me to take it too seriously. Presently, pleading the fatigue of our long journey, he got me off to our quarters and tucked into bed.

One should always guard against first impressions. But everything I saw and heard while I was with the brigade went to confirm the opinion I had begun to form

(Continued on page 65)

A drop of streptomycin in bacterial growth, and the germs shrivel and die. Clear fluid ring is zone cleared by streptomycin.

Keep Your Eye on Streptomycin

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

THIS is a preliminary report on what is potentially the biggest medical news since penicillin. Months may elapse before the whole story can be told. On the other hand, next week's newspapers may be headlining the glamorous story of the new drug, streptomycin.

Besides being a discovery of tremendous importance in its own right, streptomycin appears to open the way to conquest of *all* infectious disease! It offers research men a method of finding cures for everything from hog cholera and Dutch elm disease to human tuberculosis.

Dr. Selman A. Waksman of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, Rutgers University, whose work led to penicillin, discovered streptomycin. Russian-born, he came to the United States in 1910, graduated at Rutgers, took his Ph. D. at the University of California.

As a young instructor, he became engrossed with the magic of the soil. A cubic centimeter of dirt—a dab the size of a pencil eraser—contained a vast population of microbes; 25,000 to 50,000 fungi; up to 500,000,000 bacteria; half as many actinomycetes—creatures midway between fungi and bacteria. For this teeming population life was a fang-and-claw business. These microbes attacked each other and anything else that came their way. They attacked plant debris to make soil-fertilizing humus and protein to liberate soil-enriching nitrogen.

Earth was suspected as a source of epidemics, but search for the microbes which cause them failed miserably. They simply were not to be found in the soil. True, a few microbes were found—such as the ones which cause gas gangrene, tetanus, and a few other ailments—but none that start the devastating epidemics. Then one research man hit on a conclusion whose prophetic importance can't be exaggerated. He noted that the bacterium of typhoid fever survived as long as fifty-one days in sterile water. But in polluted water the bugs would be dead in a matter of hours! Something, possibly an enemy microbe, was killing them off!

The soil gave us penicillin. Now it has yielded a new drug that seems to knock off the bugs that penicillin will not touch

One of Waksman's former students, Dr. Rene J. Dubos of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, picked up this lead. Somewhere in the soil, he reasoned, there must be a specific enemy for the pneumonia microbe, the streptococci, and the staphylococci. His long search led him eventually to a chemical secreted by a common soil bacterium. He named the chemical tyrothricin. It couldn't be injected into the blood, because it tended to destroy red blood cells. But tyrothricin was a top weapon against infection lodged in such body cavities as the bladder, sinuses, and chest. It also performed brilliantly in cleaning up boils, carbuncles, and ulcers, some of which had persisted for years.

It was this work which spurred Sir Howard Florey of Oxford to start reinvestigating an almost forgotten medical curio named penicillin, derived from a common soil fungus. Florey's investigations succeeded brilliantly.

The soil became the researcher's happy hunting ground. Waksman, more experienced than anyone else in the field, turned his whole laboratory staff of eight people over to a purposeful search for the magical chemicals he believed were produced by fungi, bacteria, and actinomycetes.

It was plodding, methodical work. There were several approaches to the problem. You could follow the soil "enrichment" method used by Dubos, in which cultures of lethal microbes are poured over a pot of soil each day. The hope here, of course, was that if the soil contained an enemy for your lethal microbe, the enemy would thrive and grow on the diet. In time it would be present in large enough quantity so it could be readily identified.

But this method was tedious and time-consuming. A quicker approach was to put a fleck of soil on a plate containing a thriving growth of bacteria, and see if anything in that soil started mass destruction of the bacteria. If it did, then you tried to identify the killer. A third method was to take a pea-sized clump of soil and dilute it with sterile water—say 10,000 or 100,000 times. Then you washed this puree of mud over a small glass dish containing agar, a favorite microbe food. Since the microbes in the soil had been diluted so many times, they would grow in distinct colonies—instead of in confused mass. Then you simply searched for anything that seemed interesting.

It looked as if this work was going to have smashing success right at the start. On one of the plates Waksman and an assistant, H. B. Woodruff, noted a soil microbe which was an incredibly potent weapon against bacteria. It was *Actinomyces antibioticus*. Waksman christened the killing chemical it secreted "actinomycin."

This stuff was almost unbelievable. As little as one part in 100,000,000 would stop bacterial growth! And it was active against nearly all bacteria which cause human diseases. It even killed off some of the fungi which cause skin infections. From first appearances, actinomycin looked infinitely more promising than penicillin.

Everyone felt very rosy indeed about this actinomycin stuff, this slayer of microbe dragons. At least, they did until they tested it for toxicity on living creatures. Then it turned out that it would fell an animal as easily as a microbe. Figures indicated that a thousandth of an ounce would kill a man—making it at least six times as deadly as cyanide.

This setback only served to accelerate the work. Waksman and his group plowed ahead, digging pails of soil from fields around the laboratory, coming in with buckets of manure, compost. They made plates of these soil samples by the tens of thousands. When they found an interesting soil microbe which seemed to have germicidal ability, they would isolate it. Then from it they would isolate the chemical juice responsible for its killing power.

Techniques were improving all the time and speeding up the work. Eyes widened one day when a colony of lavender-colored microbes showed up on a culture plate. There was a wide area of destruction around the colony, a halo of clear fluid, where other microbes had been destroyed. The microbe causing the destruction was *Actinomyces lavendulae*. The chemical it secreted was named streptothricin.

Had this substance come before penicillin, it would have been hailed as one of the all-time great scientific accomplishments. Coming after penicillin, it has had to accept a lesser role. At the same time, it would do many jobs on which penicillin was powerless. For one thing, it attacked a whole class of bacteria untouched by penicillin—microbes which cause such intestinal ailments as typhoid fever, paratyphoid, dysentery. It also offered promise in controlling wound-infecting bacteria beyond the reach of penicillin.

Streptothricin was barely out of Waksman's laboratory when it was superseded by another antibiotic—his top accomplishment to date. This new drug, discovered only a few months ago by Waksman and one of his assistants, Albert Schaltz, was christened streptomycin.

THIS drug is secreted by a soil microbe called *Actinomyces griseus.* Two original strains were found: one in a heavily manured field, the other in a swab taken from the throat of a chicken!

Even at the outset it was apparent that this bacteria destroyer was in a class by itself. It had far greater activity over a wider range of microbes than did streptothricin. Most important, it was hardly toxic at all. Animals used in the experiments could take relatively enormous doses with no ill effect.

The guiding rule in all this work was to find drugs to do the jobs penicillin wouldn't do. Undulant fever fell in this class. Heretofore there had been no weapon against this disease, contracted from unpasteurized milk or cheese. While undulant fever has a low death rate of itself, it debilitates people, makes them easy prey for other diseases.

Under the name of Bang's disease, this sickness takes a costly swipe at the animal world. It is the No. 1 problem of cattle breeders—costing them an estimated $30,000,000 a year. Having no means of curing the sickness, federal and state governments have had to resort to the same weapon they used against bovine tuberculosis—slaughter of infected animals. More than 2,000,000 cattle have been killed in the eradication program in the past decade.

Streptomycin was ranged against the microbe of this costly sickness. On culture plates, it put on a magnificent show of wholesale destruction. Next, Waksman and his collaborators moved on to living creatures. Their test medium: fertile eggs containing living embryos. Using a dental drill, the researchers cut away fragments of shell, dropped undulant fever microbes inside. Half the eggs also got streptomycin—and contracted no disease. Streptomycin turned in similarly fine results on this disease in guinea pigs.

The next test was on paratyphoid fever, another disease not touched by penicillin or sulfa drugs. Twenty-four mice were infected. Of these, fourteen acted as controls. They got no streptomycin and were

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Dr. Waksman inoculating broth with the soil microbe which produces streptomycin.

SOIL ENRICHED WITH LIVE T.B. GERMS
Schatz

Examination of soil impregnated with germs often yields the microbe that kills them.

The Joint is Jumping

M. P.s listen to reason. Sure they do! The trouble is they don't know how to reason reasonably

BY S/Sgt. DUANE DECKER, U. S. M. C. R.

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

WE sure were having one awful time of it right after we got through The Operation and went back to this island for a little rest.

The trouble was, hardly a day went by that at least a couple or three of our men didn't wind up in the brig. Things were simply terrible.

I asked the First Sergeant. I said, "I guess that brig must be a pretty busy place."

"Busy!" the First Sergeant roared. "Why, the joint must be jumping!"

Now, this brig was down there in the town of Orototo and those M. P.s had named it El Gizmo—the Institute of Self-Improvement. But that could not have been a very accurate description of El Gizmo, as I did not notice any of our men come back from the place looking as though they had improved themselves very much.

I guess you know this situation was gradually getting the First Sergeant plenty doped-off. He said, at the rate we were going, our company would soon hold the all-time brig record of the Marine Corps. And he didn't say it with very much pride in his voice, either.

Well, the more doped-off the First Sergeant got, the worse things became for me, as I see a great deal of the First Sergeant, particularly between the hours of 0800 and 1600, me being the company clerk.

This was a very strained situation for me also, on account of I had been a pfc. going on three years now, and was entertaining visions of a quick jump to corporal, having managed to send twenty or so Shambos to their just reward on The Operation during my spare time from the clerking. But with the First Sergeant doped-off the way he was now, it began to look to me as though I would maybe get my hash mark ahead of that second stripe.

SO I wanted this brig mess to end in order that the First Sergeant would get back in a more receptive mood again. He was completely baffled by what was happening, though. I mean, practically all our men told the First Sergeant the same story when they got out of El Gizmo and came back.

They claimed they hadn't been drinking tuba or aggie or any of that native stuff and hadn't been even disorderly, but had just been locked up in El Gizmo for no good reason at all. No wonder, they said, the joint was always jumping. As the First Sergeant put it, if Billy Rose ever watched the turnstiles click at El Gizmo, he would turn green with envy.

But the day the First Sergeant really blew his top was when two of our men named Charlie and Treetop came back from a brief stay at El Gizmo, and the First Sergeant demanded to know why they had been put there.

"So help me, First Sergeant," Charlie said, "all I did was ride a borrowed bicycle through Orototo. I will admit I had my shirt off and had tied it around the handle bars. But that does not explain why I got shoved in the brig on six charges."

"*Six!*" the First Sergeant screamed.

Charlie nodded. "They sure threw the book at me," he said. "Out of uniform, out of bounds, A. W. O. L., no trip ticket, insubordination, and possession of a stolen vehicle."

The First Sergeant made choking sounds and turned to Treetop, who is six feet four inches tall, which is, I guess, how come he got that name. Treetop looked very disconsolate.

"And what's *your* story?"

"Well," said Treetop, "as you know, First Sergeant, marines are not allowed to travel through Orototo on foot, although it is perfectly O. K. to go through in any kind of a vehicle."

"So you had to walk through, eh?"

"Oh, no, not me, First Sergeant," Treetop said very quickly. "Me, I'm cruising through Orototo in a jeep, when all of a sudden I acquire a flat tire. I get out of the jeep to look at the tire, and while I'm looking, up steps this M. P. and tells me I'm breaking the law, as I'm on foot in the center of Orototo."

"Then what did you tell *him?*"

"I told him," Treetop said, "that, as he can plainly see, I merely have a flat tire which I have got out to look at and make sure she is really flat."

"Yeah?"

"So he tells me I am not supposed to have flat tires in Orototo, and the next thing I know I am locked up, tight as a bug, in El Gizmo."

"Well, it beats me," the First Sergeant said. "And all you guys can't be lying about these M. P.s. It sure beats me."

"First Sergeant," I said, after Charlie and Treetop had left, "maybe somebody should go have a talk with this M. P. outfit and thrash our trouble out."

The First Sergeant just glared at me. "One-Stripe," he said, "did you ever try to thrash out any trouble with an M. P.?"

"Why, no, First Sergeant," I said, "but, after all, they are human beings, just like you and me, and—"

"Why don't you go pound that up your nose?" the First Sergeant said, and he walked off in disgust.

Well, it looked to me as though the First Sergeant had far too low an opinion of M. P.s to sit down and talk to them, and there was no other way to get to the bottom of our company's troubles. And all of a sudden I decided that if I was ever going to acquire more than one stripe, I would have to show a little initiative. And this was my chance. That is how come I went down to Orototo on my first afternoon off to thrash this thing out with the M. P.s.

I could not get a jeep, but managed to pick up a ride with a Seabee, Seabees being people who are always at the right place at the right time with the right gizmo.

When I walked into the Sergeant of the Guard's, I found him sitting at his desk picking his teeth with a jackknife and scowling. When he saw me, he stopped picking his teeth but kept on scowling. I told him who I was and what my outfit was and then I began to explain what my business with him was.

"Sergeant," I said, "my outfit is a very peace-loving group of marines, all fine boys having just got through The Operation and, up until we hit this island, rarely having much official business with M. P.s."

He only grunted and looked at me as though he had heard all this many times before.

"Consequently," I said, "I and the First Sergeant do not comprehend why so many of our combat-weary boys wind up in El Gizmo."

He shrugged. "They break the law is all."

"But why throw the book at them for some little thing like not wearing a shirt?" And quickly, having such a fine opening, I went on to tell him the case histories of Charlie and Treetop.

"I remember *those* guys," he said. "Well, I will tell you. To understand why your outfit gets into so much trouble with our outfit you will first have to hear a little of the background of this M. P. company here."

"I am very anxious," I said eagerly, "to hear anything that will enable greater harmony and co-operation to spring up between our respective companies."

SO I listened to him. And in ten minutes I had the scoop—the answer to all our troubles. It was just like I had said to the First Sergeant—it's a simple thing to thrash out a problem once you sit down and talk like human beings instead of just beating your gums in private like marines always do.

The thing was, this M. P. company had been overseas nearly three years and had been stuck on this rock for over a year. As a result, their nerves were terribly frayed and they were in no mood to take the slightest bit of wising-off from anybody.

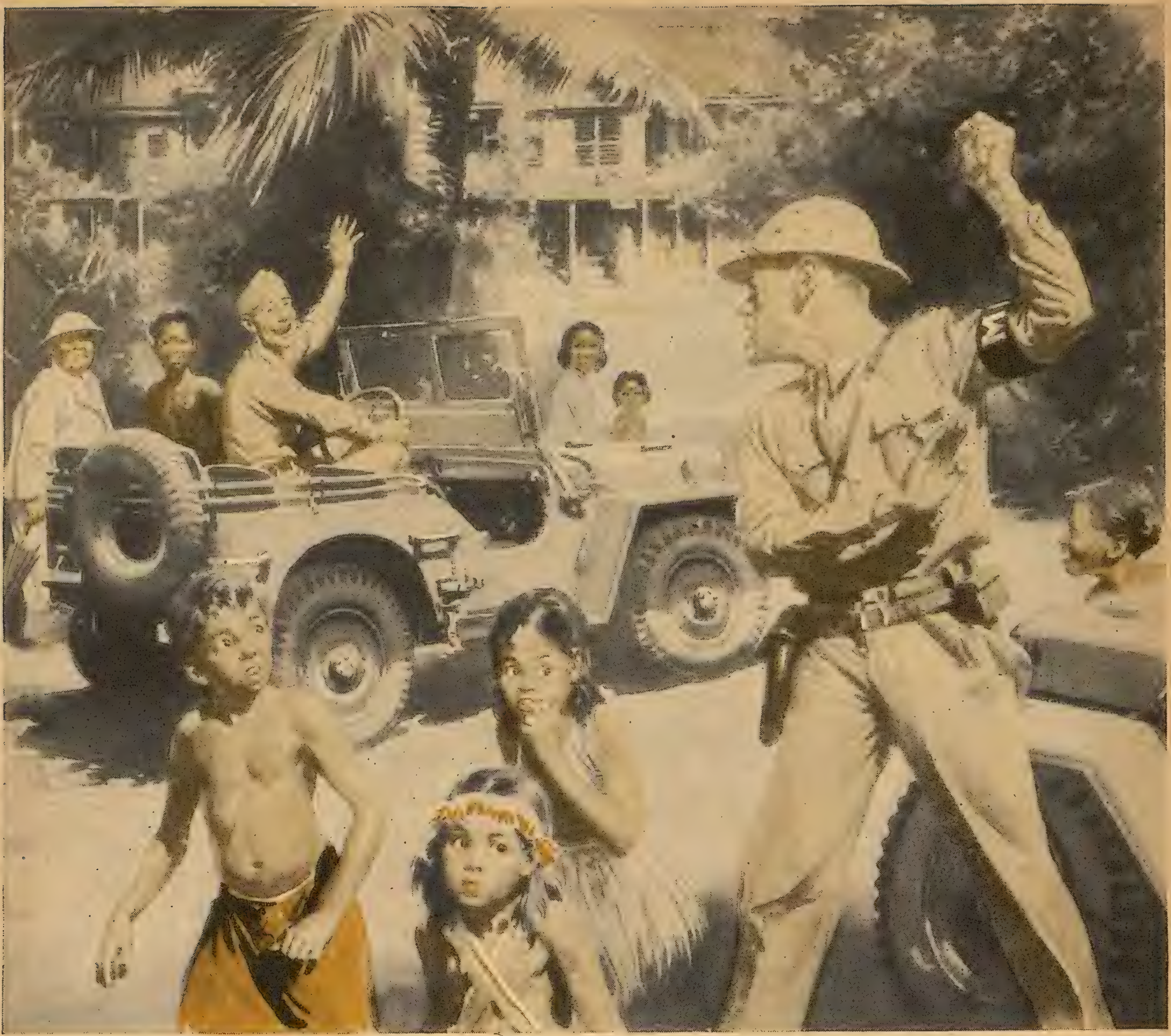
"That is why, for instance," the sergeant said, "your man on the bicycle got hit with the book. The M. P. who brought him in only wanted to warn him to put his shirt on when he stopped him."

"Yes, but—"

"Your man made a crack about M. P.s being chicken specialists, guys that made a career out of running in the enlisted peons for the hell of it. Then he tried to pull his rank on the M. P. Well, that kind of stuff to us, after three years in these boondocks, is just like a red flag is to a bull, see?"

"What about Treetop?" I said. "The one who had the flat tire in the center of Orototo?"

"*That* one!" the sergeant said. "He had been riding through Orototo every day,



"Every time he'd go by the M. P. on traffic duty, he'd holler, 'Hey, Dick Tracy' or 'Where can I get a ticket to the policemen's ball, officer?'"

and every time he'd go by the M. P. on traffic duty, he'd holler, 'Hey, Dick Tracy' or 'Where can I get a ticket to the policemen's ball, officer?' We do not take kindly to jokesters, see? We are marines, not cops. We did not volunteer for this duty. So we laid for that guy and we got him."

I began to feel fine. Our troubles were over. All our company had to do to stay out of the brig was to quit wising-off to this M. P. outfit which had become rock-happy. It was all very simple.

I said, "To sum it up, what are the main things our men should avoid doing to stay out of trouble with your company?"

"One," the sergeant said, "don't wise-off. Two, don't call us cops—we're marines. Three, don't even *suggest* that we are chicken specialists. Four—and this above all—don't try to pull any rank on us."

"Fine," I said. "I will see to it that our First Sergeant gives the word to our men."

"You do that," he said, "and you guys will have to commit murder to get locked up in this brig."

We shook hands heartily and I assured the sergeant he would certainly have no more trouble with our outfit now that we had the scoop. Then I left in a hurry. I could hardly wait to get back and tell the First Sergeant how I had solved our trouble. I figured I would get that second stripe in maybe a month.

Not having a jeep, I walked down the street to the road where all the traffic flows up our way. I stood there a couple minutes, jerking my thumb at passing vehicles, but they were mostly full. Suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around. It was an M. P.

"MAYBE," he said, "nobody ever gave you the word you *don't* go through Orototo on foot?"

"I got the word," I said pleasantly. "But I am just standing here trying to get a ride up to Island Command."

"Let's see your trip ticket."

"I—uh—haven't exactly got a trip ticket. I—"

"Then you're not on official business?"

"Well," I said, "it is sort of semiofficial. You see—"

He stared at my feet. I stared at them, too. I happened to be wearing my moccasins which I always wear on liberty as I like them much better than field shoes.

"Are those shoes G. I.?" he said next.

I began to feel a little bit doped-off.

"No," I said. "However—"

"So," he said. "Out of uniform as *well* as out of bounds, eh? A. W. O. L., no trip ticket—"

"Listen, chum—"

"*And* insubordination," he said.

My neck was beginning to swell. And suddenly I noticed that this big-mouthed M. P. didn't even have a single stripe on his sleeve. He was nothing but a lousy buck private and he was talking *that* way to a pfc.!

I said, "Listen. Why don't you cops quit being chicken specialists and learn a few things about the Marine Corps? Like how a buck private is hardly in a position to read off a pfc., being considerably outranked and—"

Well, I regret to report that that was as far as I got. Next thing I knew I was back in the Sergeant of the Guard's tent being booked on six charges. And that Sergeant of the Guard acted just as though he'd never seen me in his life!

As far as this El Gizmo is concerned, what they said about it is very true indeed. The joint is really jumping.

THE END

Budding tycoons of Millwood J. A.—Charley Slack, Chippy Wheeler, Lacell Stites, Bob Palmer, and Ken Underwood. Plus doggies.

Millwood Made Doggies

BY CHARLEY SLACK

The delightful adventures of a teen-age business man who joined a Junior Achievement company and learned all about how a business operates—by operating one

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT already had a good start in our home town, Glen Ridge, New Jersey, when Cliff and Ken and I met at the drugstore one afternoon before Christmas. Two companies already were set up and well on their way to success. I remember telling Cliff we should have gotten into Junior Achievement at the start. Kids we knew were becoming presidents and general managers of miniature business concerns; they were having fun and learning a lot besides.

Ken said it was something we'd missed, but Cliff, as usual, had an idea. Why not start a company of our own? He'd heard that all we had to do was see some people and get them to help us.

Junior Achievement was originated, we'd heard, to give young people from fourteen to seventeen a chance to learn about business by actually operating their own companies on a small scale. Horace A. Moses, chairman of Strathmore Paper Company, originated the J. A. idea in 1919. The first company was organized in Springfield, Massachusetts.

In 1924 a lot of companies were started in New York, and in 1942 national headquarters was moved to New York City. Because of thousands of requests from every state in the Union, an expanded national program was set up, with New Jersey a part of it.

Here's the way these little companies work: A group of teen-age kids, boys and girls, get together and organize a Junior Achievement company. It's sponsored by some local business organization which functions solely as a guiding hand. Real business executives from this real organization devote one night a week to acting as advisers.

To finance these companies, stock is sold to people in the neighborhood at fifty cents a share—the kids doing the selling. They decide what they're going to make or do, hold production meetings once a week, directors' meetings once a month, and stockholders' meetings once a year. They produce, sell, ship, advertise, keep books, declare dividends if possible, and, in fact, do everything a big company does. J. A. headquarters supplies the books and other paraphernalia of management.

The kids in the two companies already functioning in our town seemed to be having a lot of fun, so when Cliff suggested we start a J. A. company we began to make plans. First, we'd have to find a product—something to make. It was Cliff who suggested the fire alarm. That seemed a good idea to all of us.

The fire alarm was a device dad and a friend of his had worked out during the depression. They had shelved it when the war broke out. It's a simple little device, made up of a cable with heat-sensitive units every ten feet, to be strung up in the cellar or attic of a house. Whenever the temperature of any of these units reaches 150 degrees Fahrenheit, the thing rings a loud gong. When a fire breaks out, it warns people to get out of the house. It looked like an ideal set-up for us, because, thanks to dad and his friend, we would have assembly tools and enough materials on hand to give us a start.

We went to the North Side Association. They were a civic group in Glen Ridge and had already sponsored one J. A. company, the Millwood Products Co. They told us about Millwood and suggested that we join in with them instead of forming a new company.

It seems that the Millwood Co. was limping along on three cylinders because of the manpower shortage. Some of the fellows had gone into the service, some had graduated, and one had quit. They had only five members, and they would have to get more before spring to renew their charter, because a J. A. company has to have at least eight members. At the time, Millwood was making flexible toy wooden dogs.

Before we tried to crash Millwood Products Co., Cliff and Ken and I took a sample alarm to the regional director of J. A., Mr. Stoll. We told him how we planned to manufacture it and install it in homes around Glen Ridge. He liked the idea and in return he told us more about Junior Achievement and its aims.

MOST Americans, he pointed out, grow up to be business men or to make their living in business. He said the basic idea of J. A. was to give kids an understanding of what was involved in conducting business and at the same time furnish an outlet for their surplus energy. We learned what some other J. A. companies had managed to accomplish.

At the Millwood board meeting that month we demonstrated the alarm. They voted on us and let us in. They said they liked the invention. I really think, though, it was more because they needed a secretary and knew Ken was such a stickler for detail that he would fit right into that tough job.

At the next board meeting Ken was voted secretary, and I was made vice-president. Cliff still feels gypped. But the production manager is going into the merchant marine soon, and Cliff is a cinch for the job. Cliff's full of electricity and ideas. He solves all the technical problems about the alarm system.

The wooden doggies sold like hot cakes. We had no problem there. Anybody would shell out a dollar fifty to buy a dog. But when we tried to sell the fire alarms at around twelve fifty an installation, we ran up against a brick wall. People didn't want them. Prospective customers were very wary about letting sixteen-year-olds into their basements to staple up wires, drill holes, and connect electric bells. We must have gotten about twenty emphatic noes. We were worried. In fact, we were about ready to give up.

When Cliff came out with his plan at our board meeting in February we were ready to try anything. The plan sounded too big to some of the people we asked for advice. It sounded something like mass hypnotism to me. But when we saw our regular advisers, they called it the psychology of salesmanship; there was nothing deep, dark, and mysterious about it after all.

Cliff suggested that since our line had failed on the individual customers, why not try it on a group of people?

We got a test group together and gave a demonstration. We gave them the same line we had given to each one individually; we told them about how 70 per cent of deaths from fires occur when fires start downstairs while people are asleep upstairs. It worked like a charm, now that we'd got them all together, especially since Cliff had placed a few friends in the crowd to buy then and there.

After that, the orders began to come in. Not so fast at first, but at least they came.

One of the boys found out that the mayor wanted one, so we snapped up his order as soon as we could. After people heard about that, many decided they might want one. So as part of our advertising program we made a special attempt to sell systems to some of the people recognized as being very civic-minded. That helped us, too, because the orders began to come in faster.

Our fire chief endorsed the alarm, and the Glen Ridge weekly newspaper was willing to give us some free publicity. We used this as much as we could for a month. Whenever anything happened at the company, the paper carried it. This got people talking about our product. And we learned that when people, a lot of people, talk about any such thing, the talking gives them more faith and assurance about it.

Selling the alarm wasn't our only problem. We ran up against plenty in our installations. On the first job a little kid spilled our only box of staples down a hot-air duct. On one job we learned that iron staples won't go into cement walls no matter how hard you hit, but we used rubber tape around a steam pipe and made out pretty well. Most of our jobs were in homes with kids. We practically had to use child psychology to keep them out of our hair. We got plaster in our eyes and dirt all over us, not to mention the hundred-and-ten-volt shock Ken got—but we didn't tell people about that. It could have been dangerous to sales as well as to Ken.

EVERY now and then the question comes up: Have we really succeeded in Junior Achievement? Has it been worth the time we've put in? It's hard to measure success on such a small scale, but we have been able (after quite a bit of work) to keep our sales up to our production and our production even with our sales.

We've been able to fit all the operations of a company into our time so that they don't interfere with school and dates. Of course we don't expect to get rich. The most that a J. A. company can pay its employees is fifteen cents an hour, and we can't put in too many hours each week. But we're learning, too, about business, and about citizenship and about a lot of other things we weren't conscious of. Our advisers are aware of all these things, though. They know that this working knowledge we're getting will help us become better business men and better citizens, and better servicemen too, if need be. Besides that, we're ready to issue a 5-per-cent dividend to stockholders. So I guess you can say we've succeeded.

Of course we haven't stopped yet. We're working out an idea now to do a mail-order business with the alarm, on an install-it-yourself basis. People still say it's too much for us to try so soon, but I think we'll manage.

THE END

Millwood made doggies, but they liked Charley Slack's fire-alarm idea, and needed more help. So there was a merger and they made both.

Sales were slow at first, and on one installation a fellow was shocked.

PHOTOS BY CHARLES ELFONT

These gals are not panning gold or collecting sea shells—they're after the pearls that are found (sometimes) in fresh-water mussels.

You, Too, Can Be a Pearl Diver

By BILL WOLF

You, too, can go fortune hunting in your spare time. In fact, there may be pearls waiting for you in the nearest brook. Here's the low-down on a fascinating new hobby

ONE cold winter day, two of us, walking along a shallow stream near Philadelphia, spotted an unusually large fresh-water mussel on the bottom. It was the wrong time of the year for pearl hunting; getting the mussel would mean wet chilled feet. But the temptation was too great. We got it.

With a knife we cut down into the hinges and spread open the shell. We searched every bit of the flesh and shell and finally came upon it—a small pearl, delicate orange pink in color. In the pale winter sunlight it gleamed as only true pearls do. . . We forgot cold hands and feet and started looking for more mussels.

Our find wasn't especially valuable, because it was attached to the shell as fresh-water pearls sometimes are; but it might have been a free pearl of good shape and color; it might have been a big one, worth a great price. That ever-present possibility sent me wading a stream in midwinter and, in the past, has sent thousands of men and women scouring the nation's creeks and rivers in pearl rushes as dramatic as any storied search for gold.

The pearl fever of some fifty years ago is nearly forgotten, and today few know that some of the world's great gems have come from American streams or that Americans can still go pearling right here at home. Yet each year those few, professionals and amateurs, collect pearls worth about half a million dollars.

Unlike prospectors for gold, anyone who can get out into the country for a day can become a pearl fisher. There are few streams in the nation without pearl-bearing mussels. Often, when real fishing is dull, I put down the rod and hunt pearls. A Pennsylvania jeweler takes his daughter and son on regular pearl-fishing excursions nearly every week-end. Women take to it with remarkable eagerness, perhaps lured more by the hope of finding a gem to wear than by any dream of riches. In the Midwest, most of the pearls are found by professionals who gather mussels for the manufacture of buttons, a by-product of pearl hunting.

It's the only form of fortune hunting available to everyone, but, strangely enough, the field isn't crowded. It's wide open, and shortly we're going to see how this hunting is done; but first let's examine what others have found.

Any discussion of fresh-water pearls inevitably starts with one David Howell of Paterson, New Jersey, an obscure cobbler, remembered only because he once prepared a $25,000 dinner and started a pearl rush that lasted half a century.

Fresh-water mussels are edible, and one spring day in 1857 Howell decided to get a mess of them for the table. He shut up shop and went to Notch Brook, a small stream near the outskirts of Paterson. He took home plenty, steamed them as he would clams, buttered them heavily, and started to eat. As he lifted one of the mussels from its shell, he found himself staring at a tremendous pearl. Perfectly formed, it weighed 400 grains and would have been one of the world's greatest pearls, worth at least $25,000 today, if the cooking and grease hadn't ruined it.

History doesn't record what David How-

You've got to pitch right in there if you want your reward. This is no clambake!

Ah, there's one! Is it worth one dollar or a thousand?

ell did at that moment. Perhaps he wept and resolved to eat all his food raw in the future. We do know he talked too much, so that helpful neighbors joined him in a mad rush back to Notch Brook to see if it held more pearls.

Still unlucky, the shoemaker found nothing more, but some of the other searchers did.

A Paterson carpenter prosaically named Jacob Quackenbush one day uncovered a gleaming pink pearl of magnificent size, shape, and color. It was no 400-grain monster, but Quackenbush rushed with it straight to Charles L. Tiffany, of the New York jewelers, who bought it for $1,500. Pearls were low in value then. Tiffany, in turn, sold it to a French dealer for 12,500 francs, and eventually it wound up in the beautiful Empress Eugénie's royal jewels. Today it is known as the Queen Pearl and is worth some ten times the original $1,500 purchase price.

It's not hard to guess what followed. The small rush grew into a big one. Thousands poured into the Notch Brook section, coming by wagon and train from New York, Newark, Paterson, and other cities. Clerks, mechanics, and farmers quit their jobs and went rooting through the creeks of the region. Some schools closed to give the children a chance.

Many pearls were found, although none equaled the two major ones. New York markets bought $15,000 worth from the Notch Brook area in 1857. Today such a haul would be worth approximately $150,000; but today it's almost impossible to find a mussel in Notch Brook. The treasure hunters didn't even leave seed stock.

The fever spread slowly at first, reaching from New Jersey into Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Discovery of the southwestern Ohio field in the '70s sent it soaring. The Little Miami river produced beautiful pearls of rose-petal color, a delicate shade peculiar to that section. The rush swung south and then swept into the Mississippi drainage basin when the huge field was uncovered there.

In the Mississippi system, pearls were found first in tributary streams such as the Pecatonica in Wisconsin. Wisconsin pearls are especially lovely, sometimes pink, often purple, and occasionally a metallic green. In 1890 a London dealer paid nearly $60,000 for ninety-eight pearls taken from the Sugar River in Wisconsin.

By the middle '90s there were few spots east of the Rockies untouched by the fever. When the White River field was found in Arkansas, it caused a labor shortage. Cotton and other crops were neglected as 10,000 men, women, and children rushed into the streams to seek pearls. In Maine, summer visitors complained about the erratic behavior of their guides. These men, hired to take them into the woods fishing, spent all their time rooting through every likely brook, hunting mussels and ignoring the fishing.

When button factories moved into the Mississippi basin, legislatures began enacting laws to protect the lowly mussel. Many of the buttons on your clothing today are made from fresh-water mussel shells.

Gyp schemes appeared. Stock was sold in pearl farms which were to produce gems by artificial culture. This is quite possible, but it wasn't what the operators intended doing with the money they collected. Fraudulent pearls were made by rounding and polishing pieces of anthracite, and more than one credulous innocent paid a fancy price for a beautiful genuine hunk of coal. Pearl hunts were featured at country picnics, and speculators showed up in each new field, willing to buy unopened mussels as a gamble.

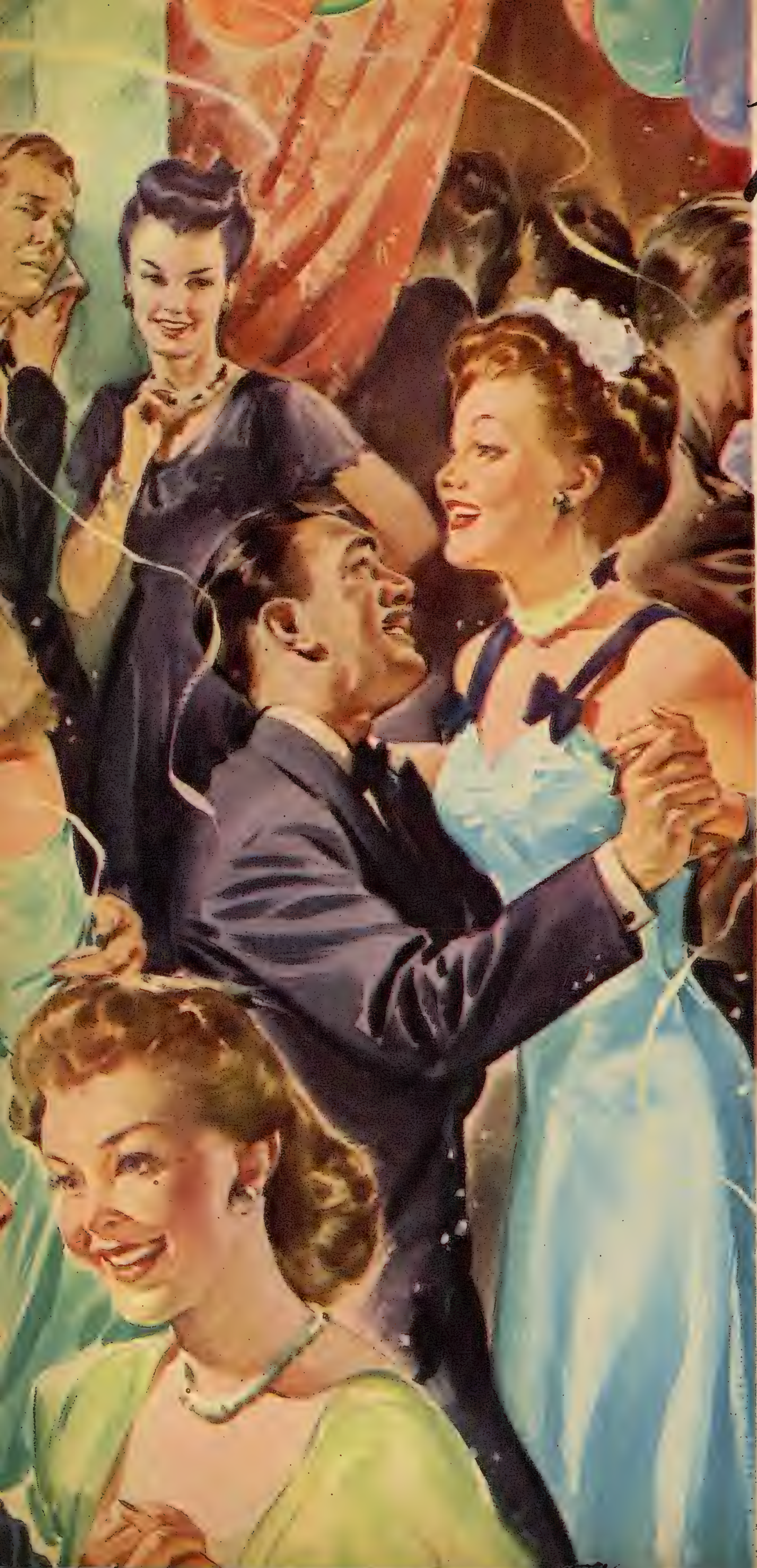
There were no mass migrations as in the gold rush, but intense local excitement was common. When pearls were found in Tennessee, hunters flocked there by the thousands. They lived principally on fish they caught. At night they held parties by torchlight, dancing, singing, and raising hell. The Tennessee field yielded the Sky Blue Pearl of Caney Fork.

When every likely creek had been combed, the fever started to recede. Many of the streams were almost cleaned out. Some still are barren of mussels, but others are coming back. Last summer I found a tributary to the Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania with an extraordinary number of mussels. A few hours' search produced a small pink pearl of "sweet" color.

In sporadic searching over twenty years I have never found a pearl worth more than some twenty-five dollars—and yet I know that more valuable ones are there to be found and I have known individuals who have found them. However, I don't think I would sell even a paragon if I found one, because I like to keep them. I had my unluckiest experience when I was a boy. I sold a palmful of pearls to an Ohio jeweler for five dollars, and now I know I was grossly underpaid.

The searcher must go prepared to wade. Shorts or a bathing suit are ideal. Wear old shoes or sneakers, unless you don't mind mud oozing between bare toes or rocks cutting the bottoms of your feet. The only other equipment is a bag or basket for carrying the mussels you find

(*Continued on page 80*)



Buffalo

"WOMEN in authority," said Mr. Chuck Eiler academically, "invariably overreach themselves. They should read Plato's Republic."

"Do tell," said Chlorinda (Chlo) Calder.

Mr. Eiler snorted and picked up six one-column layouts from his desk. "What's wrong with these ads?"

"The answer is 'everything,' dear-r," Chlo said sweetly. "No come-on, no punch, no sell. They're lousy."

Chuck, copy chief of the advertising firm of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, bounced in his chair.

"That tears it!" he shouted. "I was toying with the idea of doing you an alternate campaign. Now it's no dice."

Chlo wrinkled her nose. "Chuck darling," she said, changing her tactics without shame, "do you honestly expect me to sell these to Mr. Creedon?"

"You," Chuck said witheringly, "couldn't sell Hirohito the U. S. Navy. But the point is that you caught T. K. with his guard down and wheedled him into letting you handle this two-by-four furniture account. You became a—a contact woman and it went to your head. Now you want Pix and me to work exclusively on Creedon's, when it spends peanuts."

By Pix, Eiler referred to Pixsley, who was D., D. & D.'s top-flight art director. Before the argument over the Creedon ads developed, Chlo, Eiler, and Pixsley had been as the Three Musketeers.

"Listen, my girl," Chuck added, "about twenty million dollars' worth of billing is crying for my attention. So you just take this neat little packet to Creedon and ram it down his throat."

Tawny lights flashed into Chlo's long, dark eyes. "Now you listen to me, Chuck Eiler! I—" She ceased abruptly.

A species of blonde typhoon had dashed itself into Chuck's office. This was Miss Wintz, secretary to Chlo, who in turn secretaried for T. K. Dark.

"Now, Wintzy," Chlo laughed, "relax! What's the trouble?"

Miss Wintz made a splendid effort. "Anson A. Cruikshank is in Mr. Dark's office," she announced, "and you're wanted immediately." With which Miss Wintz regrouped herself and sped away.

"The restful type!" Eiler grinned at Chlo. "But as for you—if you paid more attention to secretarying and less to badgering creative people, you'd be on hand to greet visiting dignitaries."

Chlo blistered him with a look and departed. She was ready to fight Messrs. Eiler and Pixsley to the last ditch, but, for the nonce, she shelved Creedon's in favor of Anson A. Cruikshank.

Mr. Cruikshank was sole owner of the Corn Belt Harrow & Harvester Company of Napoleon, Nebraska. He was also, to

Chlo gazed across to where Pixsley was laboring with Louisa, like a little tug bringing in a liner.

Gals

Chlo Calder, beautiful brainstorm of the ad business, together with her accomplices Chuck and Pix, develop a new method of bringing home bacon and getting rid of beef

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

quote T. K., a “valued client.” But, in the opinion of D., D. & D.’s guiding genius, Anson A. Cruikshank spent too little for advertising. Moreover, he had persistently refused to sign any long-term contracts. To date, Anson A.’s theme song had seemed to be Don’t Fence Me In.

But recently Cruikshank had signified his intention of making one of his rare visits to New York, and T. K. lay in wait for him, fondly hoping to up his value to D., D. & D.

Chlo glided swiftly up the corridor, then made a dignified entrance into T. K.’s pine-paneled office.

Mr. Dark, round, ruddy, and graying genteelly, was behind his desk. Before it sat a small sandy-headed man gnawing the eastern tip of a sandy mustache.

Prowling restlessly about the room were two girls built along the general design of Pike’s Peak.

Chlo’s first impression was that Brunhild and Boadicea had gotten tangled up with the advertising business. Looking further, she perceived that she confronted a brace of chestnut-haired twins. Chestnut hues were discernible from under brown hats which Lilly Daché would have eschewed using to cover left-over vegetables. Beige ensembles draped the twins. The beige ensembles did little else for them.

“My Lord!” breathed Chlo inaudibly.

T. K. Dark remembered the social amenities. “Chlo,” he said, “I want you to meet Miss Lucretia Cruikshank. And her sister, Miss Louisa. And Mr. Cruikshank. Miss Calder,” he added, for the general edification, “is my secretary.”

“Happy to meet you, Miss Calder,” said Anson A. with a strong Middle-Western accent. “These”—he indicated the double order of Amazon—“are my daughters. They wanted to come along, to protect the old man from the wicked city, I suppose.”

“Father says,” Miss Lucretia seemed to feel impelled to contribute, “that we’re like two extra pairs of hands.”

CHLO’S dark gaze settled on Mr. Cruikshank. The little sandy man appeared ill at ease.

“It occurred to me, Chlo,” T. K. said urbanely, “that you might show Mr. Cruikshank’s daughters our shop while he and I talk.”

Lucretia and Louisa moved reluctantly forward. Chlo shot another glance at A. A. Cruikshank. That genius of farm machinery seemed on the verge of relaxing. In any case, he was pulling out a cigar.

Twenty minutes later Chlo reached for a figurative towel. She was licked. She had exhibited the Copy Department to the Misses Cruikshank. Miss Lucretia had gazed at the Copy Department with granite eyes and loosed off a “H’m!” Miss Louisa had said nothing at all. Convinced that it was merely a slow start, Chlo had shepherded them on to “Research.” Here Louisa had fetched up a noncommittal “So!” Lucretia had issued no statement.

Successively the Art, Media, Billing, Checking, Accounting, and Radio departments failed to wring more than a few withering sniffs from the Nebraska delegation.

But Chlo was anything except a giver-upper. She felt certain something could be found to interest the twin peaks. And then a minor wave struck her brain.

“Wouldn’t you like to have tea or coffee downstairs?” she asked.

Lucretia looked doubtful. “I think,” she said, “that we ought to see what father is up to. At times he’s got no more business sense than a coyote.”

In T. K.’s office Chlo had picked up the idea that Anson A. was uncomfortable. But he had shown visible relief at the removal of his daughters. Ergo, the daughters were the cause of his disquietude.

Furthermore, the Cruikshank girls gave her the impression that they lumped D., D. & D. in with the Shanghai water front. They seemed distrustful, suspicious. Under these conditions, their presence in T. K.’s office would be strictly pernicious. With Anson A. fidgety and nervous, T. K. would have little chance to sell him a bill of goods.

UNEXPECTEDLY Louisa saved the situation. “Oh, come on, Lu!” she urged. “Let’s eat something. I’ve been half starved in this town.”

“How do you like New York?” Chlo asked later, in the basement cafeteria.

Lucretia screwed up her face. Louisa looked as if she would have been enchanted to spit.

“Nasty little place,” sniffed Lucretia. “No room to swing a cat.”

Chlo said casually, “Oh, New York has its points. The opera, shows, night clubs—things like that.”

Louisa damned these institutions with successive finger snaps. “We wouldn’t give you a nickel for the whole smear. All we want is to get to the ranch.”

“Oh, do you live on a ranch?”

“We sure do.” Louisa trotted out the vernacular enthusiastically. “Summers, that is. It’s in Wyoming and you ought to see it. Out there a gal can breathe.”

“We”—Lucretia flung out an arm like the Atlantic cable—“don’t go for this town. We don’t know what to do with ourselves. That’s why”—grimness settled over her rugged features—“father is taking us home sooner than he thinks.”

“Father plans to stay here three weeks,” supplemented Louisa. “You watch, though.”

Suddenly Chlo was disturbed. It didn’t take a Dunninger to divine that the unhappy Cruikshanks were working on their father. Whether he willed it or not, he was to be wafted back to the open spaces where one rode horses and/or swung cats with impunity. For Chlo’s money, Anson A. was already on the train, and T. K.’s chances of an increased appropriation were on the way to go zip. Unless, of course, T. K. had already succeeded in getting Cruikshank’s signature on the dotted line.

Over the rim of her teacup Chlo cocked an appraising eye at the twins. They’re really quite normal, she decided. The trouble is, New York has given their egos a beating. Out in Napoleon, Nebraska, they’re doubtless Somebodies. But here they merely augment the flotsam and jetsam. And they don’t like it.

T. K. DARK bent bright blue eyes upon his tall slender secretary. The secretary had just escorted the Cruikshanks to the elevator.

“Most successful meeting,” boomed T. K. “Cruikshank didn’t commit himself, but I’ve softened him up. So here’s the way I’m handling this: He and his daughters are having dinner at my apartment tonight. That’ll be a prelude to my showing Cruikshank the time of his life. I’ll want you to get tickets for all the best shows and make night-club reservations. Then I’ll take him to Sachem’s Reef for sailing and we’ll get in some golf at Marshmoor. Betweentimes, I’ll explain what we want to do for his account. And if inside of two weeks I don’t get a decent appropriation out of him, I’m the rottenest salesman in New York.”

“Oh, well,” Chlo shrugged, “there are other walks of life.”

“What do you mean?” he barked.

“Just that. . . . Oh, T. K., I don’t think it’s going to work. Will you listen to me, quietly, for five minutes?”

T. K. listened, mouth open. “I don’t believe this tommyrot,” he said at last. “You—you’re conjuring up chimeras.”

“Could be,” Chlo admitted. “But what would you lose by doing as I suggest? It’s just trying to play safe.”

“Y—yes!” T. K. drummed on his desk. “Guess you’re right.”

Forthwith he stabbed his buzzer. Miss Wintz skittered in.

“Wintz,” ordered T. K., “go and get . . .”

Chlo didn’t wait. It was, she realized, a salubrious moment for fading.

AT two the next afternoon Eiler and Pixsley converged upon Eiler’s office. Their pace was not the zippy let’s-go-to-town gait popularly ascribed to rising young advertising executives. Rather it was a tortuous crawl that would have evoked titters from an aged snail.

In Eiler’s bailiwick they sank into chairs. But before either could release the profound sigh welling up within him, Chlo’s dark head popped in at the door.

“Hi,” said Chlo. “And where was our brilliant production team all morning?”

Eiler looked at her sourly. “If you must know, we were sitting on horses.”

Scarcely crediting her ears, Chlo sat down. “Horses?” she said. “This is fascinating. Tell me about it.”

“Don’t suppose we’ll get rid of you till

(*Continued on page 74*)

Uncle Sugar Mail

Men don't hurry through their mail. They relax, read the oldest letter first, and dream.

It's quite a step for the mail carrier who picks up at the East Coast and delivers in the Central Pacific. But what a welcome our seagoing sons give him when he gets there!

BY COMMANDER MATTHEW RADOM, U.S.N.R.

MAYBE you've seen pictures of men getting letters from home, their faces radiant. You've heard how important mail from home is to men out on the battle fronts or at sea. Or you've read how men react when they do or don't get mail. But you haven't seen, heard, or read the half of it.

On board ship there are two special times that all hands await hungrily—entering port and fueling at sea. Both of these events usually mean there is mail from home. On arrival in port, the mail orderly is the first man off the ship, for it's almost as important for us to send letters home as to get them. And just before we sail, he's the last man to return. But at sea we depend entirely on the tankers to bring us the mail and take our letters back on the first leg of a long journey home.

Early in the war, fueling at sea used to be a maneuver that no one particularly looked forward to. It was something we had to get over with. Now it has become a welcome respite (for most of us at least) because we know that the process will bring over the voice radio those magic words:

"I have Uncle Sugar mail for you."

The words "Uncle Sugar" of course mean U. S., just as "Able" means A, "Baker" is B, "Charlie" is C, and so forth. The signal flag for each letter of the alphabet has a standardized name whose initial is the letter desired. All nations use the same flags for the same letters by international agreement. Most of us get to know these flags quickly, particularly if we stand watch on the bridge or near by.

Even the engineers have learned the meaning of "Uncle" and "Sugar," although they won't admit that it's necessary to know what goes on topside; they say they can't be wasting time on such silly business as stringing up pieces of colored bunting.

Getting those precious letters from home to us must involve a lot of work. Not many of us think about it much, but the process must be efficient to the point of magic. I always look at the postmarks on my letters—we all do—and everywhere I hear cries of amazement and admiration. "Gosh, it only took twelve days to get here!" Sometimes, when we're in port, an occasional one gets through in seven or eight days, and men shake their heads in astonishment and admiration and agree with anyone who says "I don't see how they do it!" Well, even allowing for the extra day on account of the international date line, I don't either.

Just think of what happens when you write those words, "c/o Postmaster, San Francisco," on a letter, put an air-mail stamp on the envelope, and drop it in a mailbox. You start a fabulous magic carpet on its way, that's all.

For that letter has to be picked up, taken to the nearest post office, sorted, and finally sent to an airport. Most of one day gone. Then through the air maybe twenty-five hundred miles to the airport at San Francisco. Another day used up. Now we must get that letter to the Fleet Post Office, a large three-story building where hundreds of pert Waves work on a twenty-four-hour schedule. After that comes the complicated process of getting letters into bags for each ship. By now, three or four days have gone and still that letter is east of the Golden Gate.

Now the magic carpet becomes a huge Clipper or four-engined cargo ship of the air, headed for Pearl Harbor. More unloading, sorting, tagging, and loading again, for the ships are scattered far and wide, their locations known only to a select few. (The enemy would like to get his hands on those mailing lists, for they would give him a good indication of dispositions and strengths of our fleets.) And so two more days are used up. Check off five or six now.

It's a breathless moment as the mail swings

The final run then sends those precious loads over the trackless Pacific. Air mail doesn't get first priority, but the authorities know that mail is number one on the "Hit Parade" and they usually load the planes up to the last pound of weight limit with sacks of Uncle Sugar mail.

Those planes have to have fuel, and pilots have to have some rest on that long trek. So there are at least two overnight stops before the final glide-in on the blue waters of a far-off lagoon or the coral-packed runway on some Pacific atoll. If everything has gone off smoothly (as it usually does), we have used up only seven or eight days before the ships in that harbor have mail waiting for them in some Quonset hut near the beach. To get it, our ship's boats land at a pier the Seabees have built of coconut logs and coral.

Early in the war we had to wait for our mail until we returned to port. The fleet then operated largely from Noumea in New Caledonia, or Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. We'd make a dash out toward the Solomons to cover an amphibious landing or a convoy operation, be out two weeks or so, then back to port. Usually we had to fuel from tankers at least twice. There wasn't enough time to receive and sort the mail and get it out to us on the tankers.

aboard across that chasm of angry water.

But now it's different. There are vast stretches in the Central Pacific, and tankers have become our life line. Rarely can we take the time to go back to port for fuel. But men's spirits have to be refueled too, so now the tankers carry the mail as an added service.

On fueling day, which is really no different from any other day, all hands are up before daybreak and at their battle stations. Until it gets light we are silhouetted against the early-morning sky. That's the favorite time for enemy air attacks. But once our planes are up there, providing air cover, we relax and get along with fewer men at the guns. On the days when we expect to meet tankers, the telephone talkers wait impatiently to hear the news about mail; over the wires goes the oft repeated query, "Any Uncle Sugar mail?" Soon the commander of the tanker group comes on the air and announces which tankers or escort ships have mail and how many bags they have for each particular group of ships.

That's when the telephone wires really get busy. The word spreads faster than any rumor.

Usually a destroyer goes to the mail-carrying tanker, gets filled with oil, and takes on mail for delivery. To us, she is then the key ship. We never take our eyes off her. Finally it's our turn; she comes up astern and blinks, "I am ready to deliver mail."

The bo's'n's mate passes the word over the loud-speakers: "Stand by to receive destroyer alongside." That's one time when he gets all the help he needs and then some. Lines are made ready, the man with the line-throwing gun is poised, waiting for the signal from the bridge. Finally a loud bang, and through the air and over the bow of the destroyer goes a metal rod carrying a light messenger line. To it is tied a stronger line and finally comes a heavier rope which will support the breeches-buoy rig that will be used. A stout canvas bag is hauled over to the destroyer, and hauled back packed with those blue-striped mail sacks we know so well. All hands count the trips; each means about three bags of mail.

No sidewalk crowds scrutinize steam shovels or sign painters half so intently as our men lining the rails watch those canvas bags shuttle from one ship to the other. For there is the sea, sometimes a very rough sea, that slaps and dashes itself between the two ships. As the heavily laden canvas bags cross this chasm, we all literally hold our breaths, for the combers seem to want to reach up and grab those bags. Sometimes they dip dangerously low and, to a man, we reach out involuntarily as if to save them.

Finally the mail is safe on board and willing hands take it below to the post office. The mail orderly gets to work, usually with a couple of willing helpers to do the final sorting. He can't deliver the mail to individuals; that would take too long. We couldn't wait that long. Instead, the letters are sorted by divisions: the radio gang, engineers, deck divisions, etc. No one can go near the post office during that period of time, lest he should disturb the sorters.

Then at last the job is done and someone notifies the officer of the deck on the bridge. If there's a bugler, he sounds "mail call," and a sweeter song you've never heard. If there's no bugler, then the bo's'n's mate drones over the loud-speakers:

"Division mail petty officers draw your mail!"

They don't need to be told twice.

ALL over the ship it's the same story. Men get their letters and go off happily into corners to be by themselves. Not all of us are so fortunate. Some get no mail at all, and that's a feeling I don't think I have to describe. I don't believe I can in mere words.

Others have to stay on watch, and must wait until it's their turn to go below before they can know whether letters are waiting for them. When they find them, it's like coming into a nice warm room after being out in the cold for hours and wanting to thaw out. You don't rush into it. You get yourself comfortable in your own niche, and you arrange the letters by dates, the oldest on top.

Then you enter a world in which there are no warships, no Japanese, no ocean. Just you and a dream world thousands of miles away.

THE END

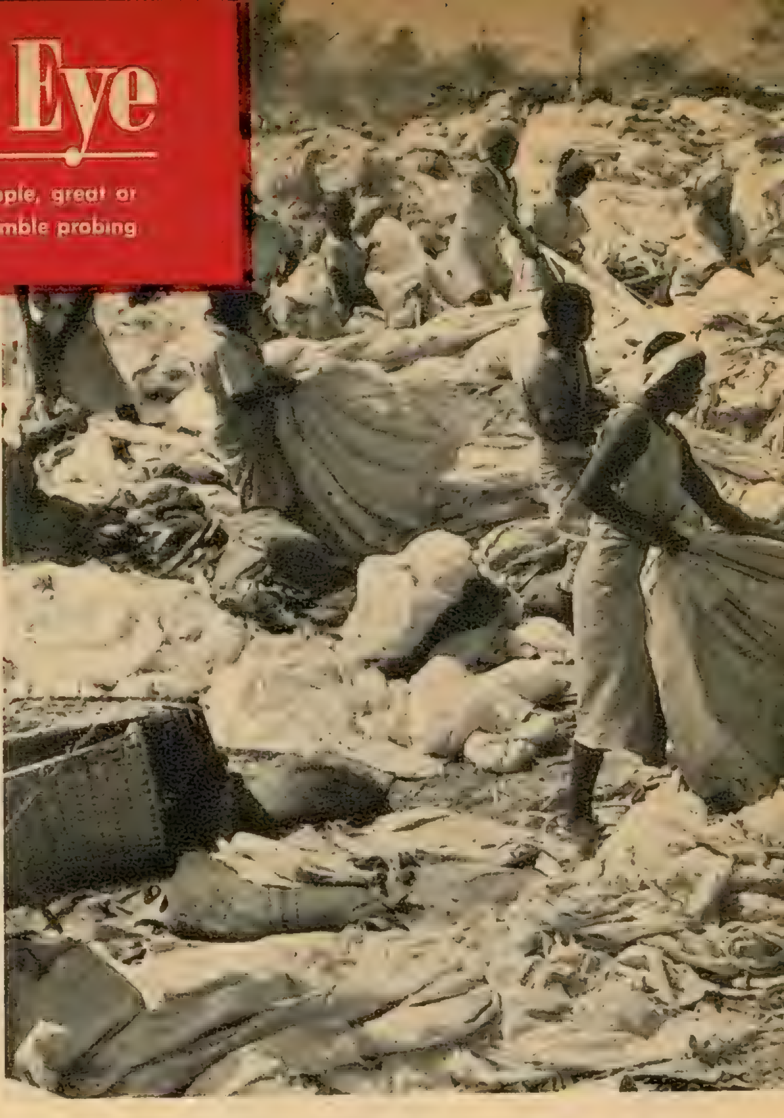
The magic carpet reaches the farthest man. This fleet post office delivered mail to Iwo.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

BONE IN HER TEETH—Making knots on convoy duty through Atlantic waters, this destroyer escort, Coast Guard-manned, writes in foam her V for Victory.

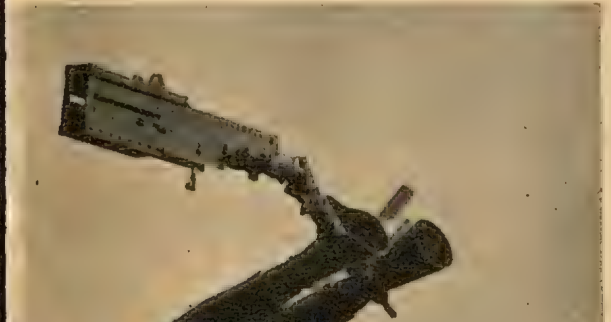
SEE HOW IT'S DONE?—Soviet Commissar Molotov, Henry Kaiser, and Averell Harriman tour the yards that helped keep Russia fed and armed.



TUAL SAVIORS—Col. John
n, 7th Division, and his order-
Pfc. Peter M. Gomez, are never
apart. Now on Okinawa, they
e repeatedly saved each other.

SILKEN FIELDS OF BURMA—British troops in Burma get most supplies by air. Here, natives untangle some of the 20,000 chutes already salvaged for future use.

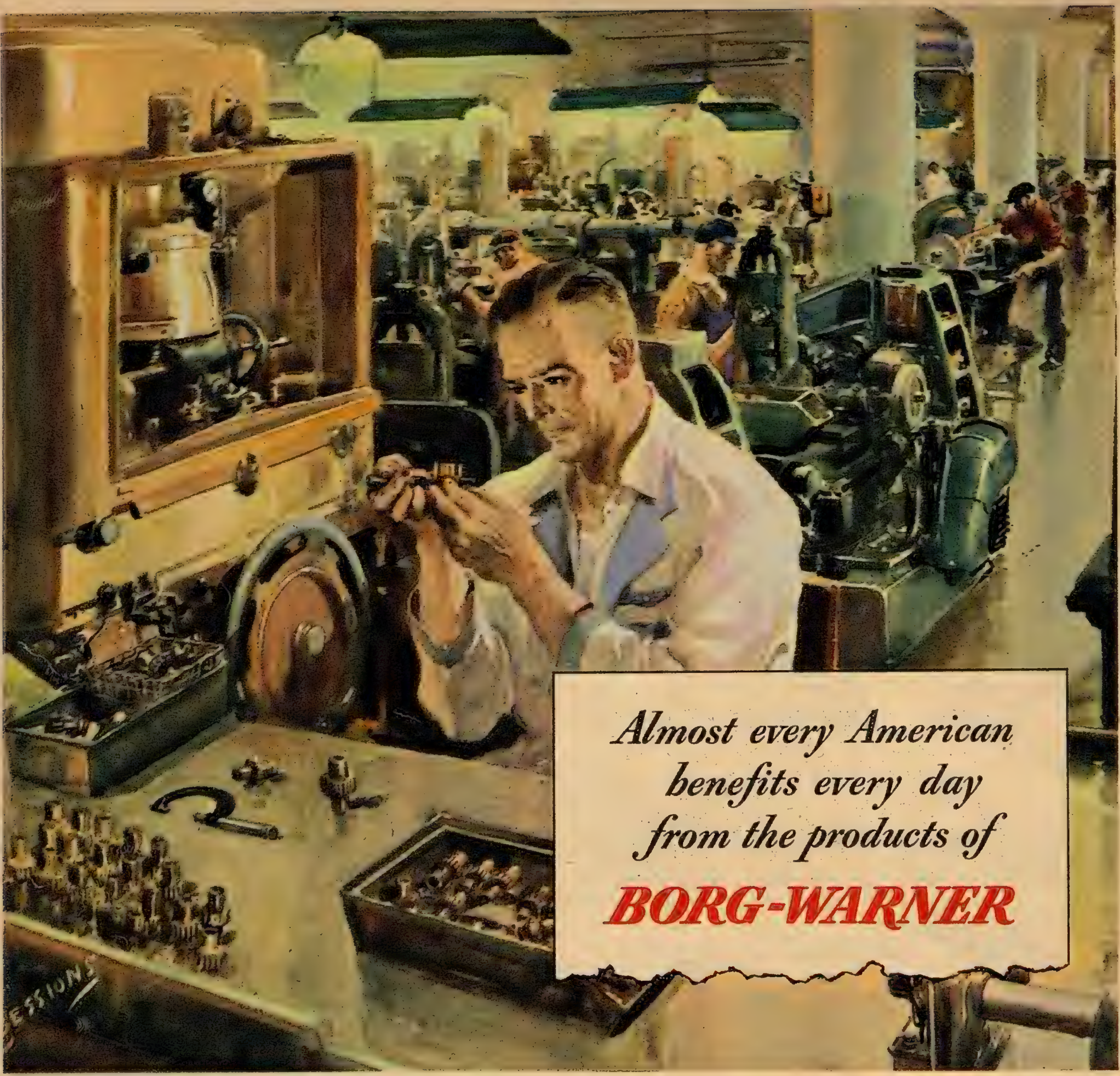
INTERESTING FORMATION—The geologic one, of course. Anything for publicity, so Hollywood shows lissome Rhonda Fleming of Spellbound taking the rocky road to stardom.



RAMMED FROM THE AIR—When a Jap suicide pilot threw his plane against this U. S. ship, he left one of his machine guns lodged in the muzzle of an antiaircraft gun.

ONE SEEN THE SALT?—Theodore M.
ders of Rockland, Me., collected a living
full of salt shakers. Total: 2,427 sets.

RYUKYU RUG-CUTTER—Marines enjoy an Okinawan folk dance named for the Japanese drink, saki. (One nip does it.) The boys even have slave labor running the captured juke-box.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SESSIONS

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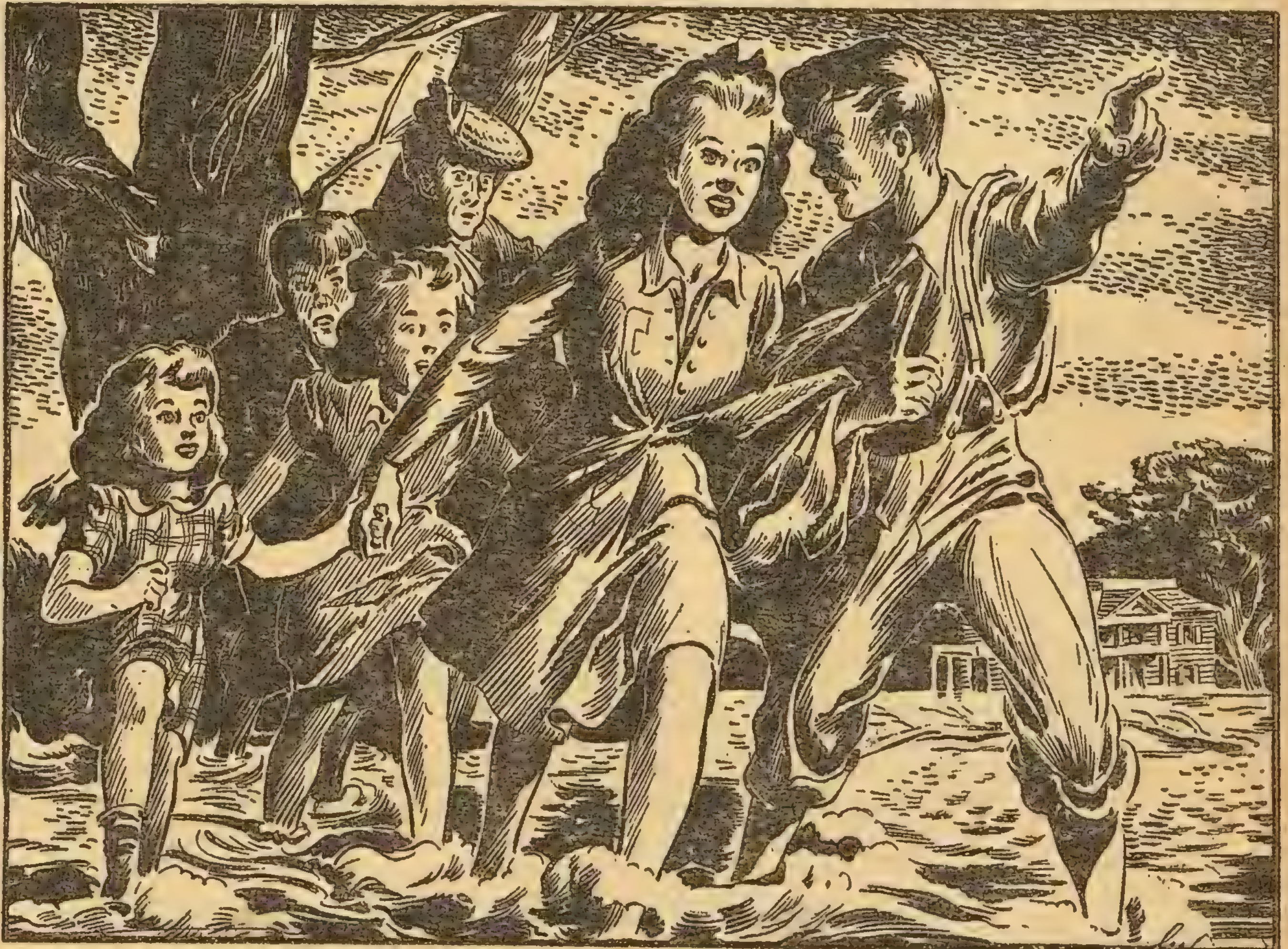
River Song

BY HARRY HAMILTON

The Mississippi shanty-boaters of Island 21 lived in a self-sufficient world of their own. But one of the dwellers in this private Eden, young Stag Holley, caught the virus of ambition. In an appealing blend of romance and humor, Mr. Hamilton dramatizes one of the most colorful phases of American life.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LUMEN WINTER



PEARL HOLLEY straightened up from her task of gathering radishes, lettuce, and early spring onions into her apron; the sound undoubtedly came from next door. "Lizzie, what in the *world* are you doing?" she called, then hurried around to the front door of the Garner house and looked in.

Lizzie Garner stopped for an instant, an ax poised high over her shoulder. "I'm cuttin' a winda," she replied imperturbably. "I been ding-dongin' at Si Garner to cut me a winda ever since I took out the winter glass. I ain't goin' to let another summer go by without bein' able to look at the river."

"Why don't you saw it?"

"Ain't got a saw," Lizzie answered logically.

"I'll lend you ours." Pearl went to get it.

The Holleys still lived on a shanty boat which floated on the broad bosom of the Mississippi River, but the Garners had long since pulled their boat out onto the dry land of Island 21, adding two rooms to it, so that it was now a house such as people lived in over on the Tennessee shore and, on the other side of the river, in Arkansas.

Pearl got the saw from her father-in-law's tool box.

"Thanks," said Lizzie. She seized it and set to work.

By that time other neighbors had come over to watch.

"Don't none o' you give me no advice," Lizzie said over her shoulder as she sawed vigorously. "I know what I'm doin'."

When she rested her back for a minute, Fern Miller took advantage of the silence. "Have you heard the news?"

Everyone called Fern and her sister Essie the Miller girls, though they were in their fifties. Fern was scrawny, but pretty in a faded, blonde sort of way; she thought of herself as being artistic and always regretted not having had an opportunity to learn china painting. Essie was tall, angular, and sour-visaged; she was two years older than Fern, a fact which her younger sister was quick to men-

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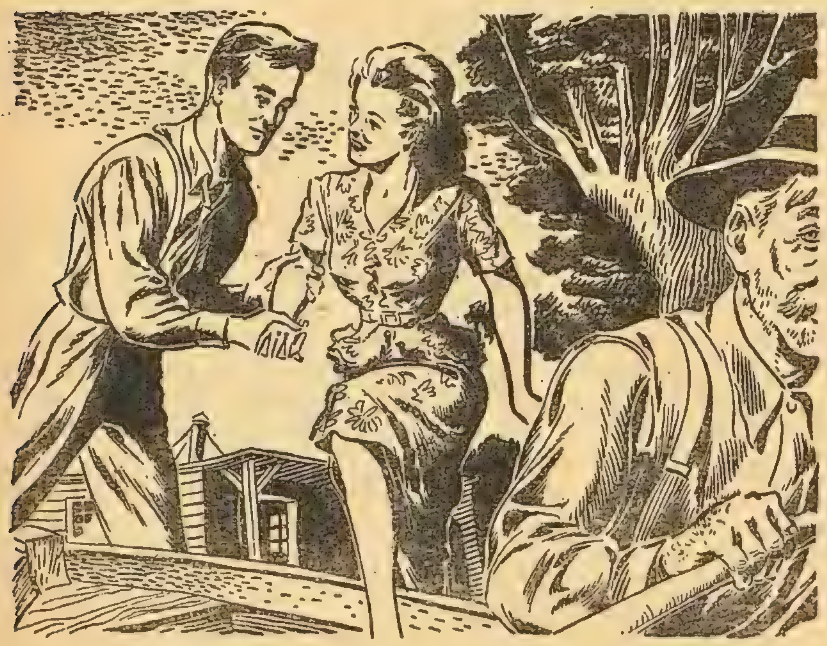
tion to strangers. They kept house in their shanty boat for their brother Harry, who, like his sisters, had never married.

"What news is that?" one of the others asked politely.

"Brother's finally given in: we're goin' to pull our boat out on land! First thing you know," Fern said to Pearl, "you'll be the only ones that still lives on a shanty boat."

"Looks like it," Pearl responded shortly. "Well, I've got work to do!" She went to her garden to gather the vegetables for dinner.

Pearl, too, had long ago picked out the place where she wanted her shanty boat to rest. It was a level spot between the Garner house and the river. She had made her garden there, but she had carefully left a spot large enough for the boat and for the room she planned to build onto it. She had planted sweet corn on the spot in order not to waste it, but she could quickly pull that up if her father-in-law should ever consent to make his shanty boat into a land house. At the moment it seemed unlikely. Newt Holley had spent all his years on the river, and there had been eighty-three of them. He liked to feel the motion of the river beneath him as he slept; it rested him just to know he could depend on the Mississippi always holding him up.



Pearl Holley was forty-six and the gray was beginning to show in her hair, but her face had no wrinkles and she didn't have to wear glasses to sew or read. Her eyes were bright blue, and she had a habit of wearing blue print dresses of the same color. She'd got that idea from her husband Ernie; before he died, everything he had bought for her had that shade of blue in it. Pearl was the mother of two boys. Lon was very like her, and Stag was so much like his father in appearance that sometimes Pearl caught her breath sharply when he turned his head a certain way. He was like his father in other ways too: he liked to travel and was seldom at home.

Pearl decided she had all the vegetables she needed for dinner. She crossed the plank which stretched from the shore to the shanty boat where she had lived most of her married life and for the three years of her widowhood. Dinner was ready when old Newt came in from the morning work of raising the seine and nets.

When Stag was home, the boys looked after the fishing, but when Stag had a trip to get out of his system, Newt took over his work without complaint.

When Newt was about seventy, he used to play a contraption he'd rigged up out of a banjo, a harmonica, a drum, and the Lord knows what all. He'd played it all up and down the river and even down in New Orleans one time, but now his hands were too stiff for fancy fingering, though he got the contraption out occasionally at a party or celebration of some sort. He could still tongue a French harp, though, in spite of not having a tooth in his head. There were some who insisted he could do a better job of it than Lon, but Newt himself admitted that Lon had it all over him.

People liked best to hear the two of them playing together, Newt carrying the lead and Lon sliding up and down the scale, sticking in a run here and ragging it a little there, doing things to the tune that made you laugh as if somebody were telling a joke. Stag could play the harmonica, too, though he was somewhat clumsy at it; he was better on the guitar, and at singing. When both the Holley boys got together, with Newt to carry the air, they were really something. Often they even played for a dance over in Tennessee or Arkansas and got paid money for it.

"WHAT happened to Lon?" Pearl asked, when Newt had washed up.

"Might know. He seen Dena an' had to stop fer a bit o' lolly-gaggin'."

"Lon don't make no fool of himself over Dena Garner!"

"Never said he did," Newt grunted. Everybody knew Newt Holley was a fool about his grandson Lon and that he wouldn't have said anything in criticism of him even if he'd known anything against him. "I sure wish he'd go ahead an' marry her an' git it over with."

"Dena's not goin' to marry Lon," Pearl said quietly.

"Why not?" Newt demanded.

"Because she's in love with Stag, an' Lon knows it."

"Stag——Stag! You want Stag to git everything!"

"I want him to get the girl that's in love with him."

"An' you don't want Lon to git nothin', huh?"

Pearl said calmly, "I don't want him to get the girl that's in love with his brother."

"Who th' hell does Dena Garner think she is, that Lon ain't good enough for her?"

"She thinks she's Dena Garner. An' nobody ever said Lon's not good enough for her. I said she don't love him—she loves Stag."

"She'd be drivin' her ducks to a poor market. He'd be out travelin' round most of the time, leavin' her at home, the way Ernie used to do you."

Pearl stood beside the stove, looking down at the navy beans she was about to put into a dish. "Yes, I guess he would be."

"You could tell her what kind of a life *that* is!"

Pearl looked directly into Newt's eyes. "I could tell her that she couldn't ask for no more happiness than bein' married to a man like Ernie—or Stag. Lon's my son an' I love him an awful lot—more than most mothers love their boys, because he's so much like me—but if I was Dena Garner, I'd be in love with Stag an' I'd take whatever he was willin' to give me! Oh, Lon'd make her a better livin', there's no doubt about that. She could count on him bein' right there when she needed him, but—" she stopped when she heard Lon coming across the plank.

He was deeply tanned from his work on the river. His eyes were brown and his hair was so dark that it looked black. He was a little less than six feet tall, with arms and shoulders well muscled from pulling the skiff every day, though he looked slim in his clothes. Lon was twenty-one, two years younger than Stag.

"The Millers are movin' their boat to dry land," Pearl observed, as they sat down to dinner. "Before long we'll be the only ones who don't actually *live* on Island 21."

"If we don't live here, I don't know who th' hell does!" Newt exclaimed. "We're the first o' the whole kit an' caboodle to tie up here."

" 'Tie up,' " Pearl agreed. "But that don't mean livin' here. Means we're just campin' here till we float off to somewhere else. The way it looks to me, we're the poor white trash of Island 21."

"I'd just like to hear somebody call me poor white trash!" Newt said indignantly.

THE fishermen on Island 21 caught fish in the mornings, and dressed them first thing in the afternoon. The fish were taken over to Pecan Point, Tennessee, to be packed with ice, and finally on to Tigertail, four miles to the east, to be shipped by train to the markets in Memphis, Louisville, Paducah, and even as far away as St. Louis.

It was late in the 1930s. There were rumors of European war in the newspapers and charges of betrayal at Munich, but Island 21 people were not interested in such things. They seldom saw a newspaper and they never heard a radio, as no electricity was brought over to the island from the Tennessee mainland. There were no places of business on the Island, only houses and a few shanty boats. It was necessary to buy all supplies in Pecan Point, and to go there to church; children were taken to and from school in a skiff.

Island 21, although almost in the center of the river, was high ground, so the floods seldom drove people over to the mainland. The Towhead, at the north end of the Island, was high enough that people could set up tents there when they were forced to abandon their homes. The Island was almost a quarter of a mile long, less than half as wide. The people who lived in Pecan Point looked down on the Island 21ers, considering them river rats; the Islanders in turn were openly scornful of the townfolk because many of them had taken relief during the depression.

AFTER dinner, when Lon and Newt had finished dressing the fish and had wrapped them carefully in gunny sacks until they could get ice on them, Lon walked toward the Garner house.

Dena came out. Although he saw her several times a day, Lon could never get over thinking, each time he looked at her, that she was not only the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but the prettiest one he ever wanted to see. Her hair was light brown, worn long to the shoulders, her eyes were dark blue, the lashes twice as long as they needed to be. She was tall and quite slender, with narrow hips, wide shoulders, and slim legs. She moved with swift, free grace. Her voice was low-pitched and somewhat husky; some people said Dena always sounded as if she had a cold. She had on a print dress she had made herself from a picture in a magazine. "Sorry I kept you waiting," she told Lon.

"No hurry. That sure is a pretty dress."

"Thanks."

When they reached the skiff, Dena sprang lightly in. She touched Newt on the shoulder as she passed him, then sat down on the stern seat. "Hi, gran'pap!"

"Better wait till you got a right to call me that," the old man grunted, though it was easy to see that he liked it. He took a pair of oars, and Lon, on the seat nearest the bow, took another pair.

At Pecan Point half a dozen men were sitting on the commissary gallery. Word went around that Newt Holley had arrived, and before he reached them, three or four times as many people had gathered. "Good," said Royce Williamson, who owned the commissary. "You brung Lon along to play with you."

Lon shook his head. "Nope. I've got to ice some fish an' get 'em down to Tigertail."

"While you're icing," Dena told him, "I'll go to the post office."

"Ask for us. Mom expects to hear from Stag."

Dena brightened perceptibly. "I sure will!"

Just as Lon was putting the last box of fish into the back seat of the car, which was Stag's by rights but which he never took with him when he went away—a silent apology for leaving his share of the work to Newt—Dena came back. "Not a thing for any of us," she answered. "Need any help?"

"No, thanks."

Dena got into the car. "Three weeks since you heard from him."

"Um h'm, 'bout that." Lon got behind the wheel. "Stag's not much of a hand to write."

Dena said suddenly, "I'm going away, Lon. To Dyersburg!"

"To live?" There was dismay in Lon's tone.

"Um h'm. I'm going to work in my Aunt Emma's millinery store."

"It's a wonder your mother'd let you go!"

"She don't know about it yet," Dena admitted.

"Oh, well, then—you just *think* you're goin' to Dyersburg!"

"No," Dena answered earnestly, "I'm going. Mama has held me in as long as she's goin' to! I hate to go away against her will, but I'm goin' away even if she takes the roof off the house! Gee, it would be wonderful if I was a man an' could travel all over the country, just wherever I decided I wanted to be next!"

"Like Stag?"

There was a radiant look in Dena's eyes whenever Stag's name was mentioned. "He has the best time of anybody in the world!"

"You're both like the fella in the song I've been tryin' to find some words for," said Lon. "This is the way the tune goes." He took a harmonica from his shirt pocket and drove with one hand while he played it. It was a curious sort of tune, mournful-sounding, but still it wasn't blues.

"I like that!" Dena exclaimed. "Have you got any words for it?"

"Just a few:

"Some fellas like to scramble,
An' others like to gamble . . .
But I come from the river
An' I've got to ramble. . . ."

The rattle of the car began to fit itself into the rhythm of the song that was singing itself in his mind, and suddenly more words came to Lon. He made a sound like the horn of the Ford on his harmonica, then another sound which was so much like its rattle that Dena laughed aloud. Then he sang:

"Rather be in this flivver
All the way to Hot Springs,
Than have one woman tie me
To her apron strings!"

When they reached home they found Pearl in a state of rebellion. The men on Island 21 had turned to that afternoon and moved the Miller boat out of the river and, by means of wooden runners, laid on the bank, onto dry land. Pearl had watched them morosely, quite aware of the triumph in the glances which the Miller girls bestowed upon her from time to time.

At supper she said grimly, "You can go on livin' in a shanty boat if you want to, but I'm gonna live on land, in a house with a roof over it, and I'll build it myself, if neither one of you wants to help me."

"What out of?" Lon asked.

"Boards—crates from the commissary! I'll flatten out tin cans for a roof, if I have to," Pearl told him. "It might not be a pretty house, but it won't be a shanty boat, neither!"

"Gonna make us do our own cookin'?" Newt asked.

"You think I'm jokin', but I'll show you!"

NEWT wandered away after supper, but Lon stayed to dry the dishes when Pearl had washed them. "I didn't know you hated the boat as much as that, mom."

"I never liked it! When I married Ernie twenty-five years ago an' he brought me to live on a shanty boat, my folks felt sorry for me. I didn't feel sorry for myself, because I loved Ernie. Maybe I'd've gone on livin' here without complainin' if ever'body else had stayed on their shanty boats, but times are changin'. When ever'body else has a home, I want one too. I don't want to have a finer one than anybody else, but I don't want to have a worse one than the rest, neither. The Millers are buildin' on *two* bedrooms! For three people. No, sir," she said with firm determination, "the time has come for me to quit livin' on a shanty boat."

"Maybe I can talk gran'pap into it," Lon said.

"I doubt it. Once he sets his head to a thing, it's *set!*" Pearl nodded vigorously. "Maybe I can shame him into doin' it, if I build me a house that looks like the devil an' start livin' in it."

Lon smiled. "If you want it to look like the devil, I guess between us we can manage that." Pearl did not join in his laughter.

After Lon had gone, she gave the dish towel he had used and tossed over a chair three vigorous shakes before she hung it behind the stove to dry; then she took off her apron, folding it carefully as a sign that her day's work was done.

Her gaze swept across the room: the cushions on the day bed on which she slept were puffed out properly, none of the pictures hung crooked, nobody had tracked mud in on the rug. She turned her attention critically to herself;

she had on the dress Lon had bought for her six years before with the first money he had earned pulling the school skiff. For two years it had been Pearl's Sunday dress, then her second best, finally a house dress, but still she always protected it with an apron. As she smoothed her hair before the wall mirror, she was not disturbed by the streak of gray in it; when a woman got to be her age, she had to expect to show it.

The instant she turned away from the mirror she forgot the reflection she had just seen in it. Involuntarily, as she always did at the end of the day, she glanced at two souvenirs which made her think of Ernie: there on the day bed was the sateen cushion cover he had sent home during the first year they were married, while he was roving about the world as a seaman on a freighter; it was electric blue with the letters "Greetings from Panama" stamped on it. In the cupboard, standing on its edge, was a cake plate which Pearl considered too precious for anything except birthday cakes. Ernie had brought it all the way from Rotterdam, Holland, without breaking it, twenty-four years ago. It had a motto in a language which Ernie said was Dutch, the translation of which he could not remember.

Neither of those places had turned out to be any better than Island 21, so he had come back. After the boys were born, he had stayed home for the rest of his life, though until the very end he had been restless, talking about places he was going to take Pearl and the boys to see.

Yes, she reflected: she had known happiness in the shanty boat to which Ernie had brought her as a bride, and bitterness and discontent. She had lived twenty-five years of her life in it and seemed likely to spend the rest of her life there unless she did something about it. Her mouth tightened to a thin line of determination: she was going to do something about it, let there be no mistake about that!

LON walked to the Towhead. The calm spring night felt like velvet against his face. Back in the willows a frog with a deep virile voice seemed to be laying down the law to the others. Lon saw his grandfather sitting on a log beside the river, and sat down beside him.

"Thought of a new tune today, gran'pap," Lon remarked.

"Let's hear it," said Newt.

Lon took the harmonica from his pocket and played. A steamboat came in sight, towing a long string of barges down the river from Cincinnati or Louisville. Its lights were blazing, and as he watched, more words came to him.

"Rather be on this steamboat,
  Bound for N'Orleans,
Than be one woman's dream boat,
  Buyin' her bacon an' beans."

Newt nodded. "You got a feelin' fer a good tune, Lon, an' how it ought to go. Some people play a tune the way the fella wrote it, an' I guess that's all right—anyhow, the man that wrote it'd think so. But there's others that can add somethin' to ever' tune they play, the way you do, Lon."

"Stag can figger out tunes, too," Lon reminded him. "He can think of ten times as many as I can."

"Uh h'm, he's good," Newt admitted. "Way he sings 'em makes 'em sound better'n they are, though. But seems to me like your songs've got somethin' Stag's ain't got: they got more *to* 'em, some way."

There was a companionable silence between them for a long time. "Gran'pap, what are you goin' to do about pullin' the boat out on the bank, the way mom wants it?"

"I ain't gonna do nothin' about it."

"Suppose she does build a shack out o' the crates and tin cans?"

"She won't live in it by herself."

"No, I'll live in it with her, gran'pap," Lon said quietly. "I'd rather live in it with both of you, but I'll have to live with mom."

Newt made no reply, but Lon could tell that he was deeply hurt. Finally he stirred a little. He took the harmonica out of his pocket and began to play softly the new piece. He had played all the notes exactly right, and on the second chorus Lon played with him.

Newt nodded his head. "Yep, that's a right good tune."

"YOU ought to go to church on Easter," Pearl told Newt. She and Lon were getting ready.

"I'll wait an' go next Easter."

Pearl and Lon crossed the plank from the boat to the shore just as "the Miller girls" and their brother Harry came down from their house to their skiff.

"How do you like livin' out on land?" Lon asked.

"Just fine," Fern said enthusiastically. "When I *think* of the years we wasted, livin' in a shanty boat!"

Harry Miller was tall and spare, his face angular and his eyes steel gray; his chin seemed heavy because he didn't smile much. He nodded moodily. "It's all right."

It was a warm April morning, with the scent of spring in it, that delicate fragrance compounded of blossoms, new grass, and freshly washed air. Birds darted from trees to fence rails, all of them so full of spring that they tried to outsing one another. The willows along the edge of the river had a new look of greenness about them.

The skiffs from Island 21 reached Pecan Point and were tied securely to the willows by the time the last bell rang. Lon stayed out under the chinaberry tree for a while. There was something about the spring that made you feel different from the way you felt at any other time of the year.

The inside of the church was dim after the brightness outside. His mother smiled at him as he joined her.

Dena played the organ, so she was one of the last to come down the aisle of the church after the service. As she reached the door, she stopped short, her hand at her throat: outside, under the chinaberry tree, Pearl Holley was folded closely in the arms of her son Stag.

Lon saw Dena standing in the open doorway and ran toward her, taking her hand. "It's Stag! He's home!"

"I knew where to find you on Sunday morning," Stag was saying to Pearl as Dena and Lon joined them.

"Hello, Stag," Dena said.

Stag turned. "Hi! It's Dorothy, isn't it?"

Dena tried not to show the sharp pain she felt at his mistaking her for her older sister. "No, I'm Dena."

"Oh, sure! When I left, you were a kid."

"Well, I had to grow up sometime," she reminded him.

Though she had not seen him in more than a year, she found that she remembered everything about him—the way his dark red hair was pushed back from his forehead as if he had run his fingers through it and let it go at that; his bright blue eyes which studied with intensity anything in which their owner chanced to be interested; his husky shoulders and strong hands; the firm mouth, somewhat stern in repose but almost boyish when he smiled. "When did you—"

She was interrupted by Lettie Williamson. "Well, Stag Holley! Where did you drop from?" Lettie made no secret of her expectation of being kissed, and Stag was not one to disappoint a girl. "Why didn't you tell me he was coming, Mrs. Holley? Of course the rat wouldn't write to me!"

"She didn't know it," Stag answered for his mother.

Lettie linked her arm through Stag's. "I'm not going to let you go to Island 21 today. You're going to stay an' have dinner with us."

Stag shook his head. "Nope. I come a hell of a long way to spend Easter with mom."

Lettie knew when she was licked. "Anyway, come over tonight!"

"Maybe," Stag said.

Dena and Lon followed them down the road to the landing. The joyous spring mood of the early morning had faded. When the silence between them had lasted so long that there was a feeling of strain in it, Lon said, "He was just excited." Dena shook her head.

AFTER supper, Lon waited until things had quieted down over at the Garners' and the youngest children had gone to bed. Then he strolled over to see Dena. He found her sitting in the Garner skiff, watching the pattern of moonlight on the Mississippi River.

"Mind if I sit an' talk to you awhile?" Lon asked.

"Of course not. I'm glad you came—I was kind of downhearted."

"I'm sorry about what happened, Dena."

She was surprised. "What was that?"

"Why, Stag thinkin' you was Dorothy! He should've remembered you."

"Yes, it was a jolt. You know the way I feel about Stag," Dena said quietly. "I haven't made much of a secret of it. But I know the way he feels about me, too—he didn't make a secret of that, either!" Dena dipped one hand in the silvery water of the river. "I've been thinkin' about that trip of mine, Lon. I guess maybe it *would* worry mama too much if I went."

"Has Stag comin' home got anything to do with it?"

Dena smiled at him. "It could have."

"Whatever reason you've got," Lon said fervently, "I'm dern glad it's strong enough to keep you here!"

"Oh, I'm going sometime," Dena said quickly.

They heard somebody whistling. It was Stag.

Stag looked pleased with the world and with himself. He had been calling on one of his girls. He sat in the bow of the skiff and beamed at them. "You two courtin'?"

"No," Dena said quickly. "We were just talkin' about traveling. I was telling Lon just yesterday that you have the grandest life of anybody in the world! I wish I could go places, the way you do!"

"Why can't you?"

"Mama won't let me. She won't even let me go to Dyersburg to live with my aunt an' get a job."

"Go anyway. You're eighteen, ain't you?"

"I'm nineteen, but that don't mean anything to mama."

"Suppose you get married?"

"I wouldn't like it," Dena said vehemently.

"What?"

"Marrying a boy here an' settlin' down with him on the Island for the rest of my life! I'd hate it!"

"Yeah," Stag agreed. "I know what you mean."

"It isn't that I don't like the kids or housework," Dena said hastily. "A woman who don't like children isn't much of a woman, but I want to see something before I have any! So many places you've been to are just words to me—Montana, California. You've seen them with your own eyes! Lon's writing a song about you."

STAG was interested. "Yeah? Let's hear it. What's the name of it?"

"Guess I'll call it Ramblin' River Man!"

Lon played the verse through softly on his harmonica. "I'm not sure of the words in there. Then there's a part that goes like this:

"Don't put a fence around me
An' try to lock the gate.
Don't let one woman hound me
An' make the others wait.

"Then in the chorus, first I make a sound like a train whistle—like this!" Stag chuckled over how much Lon could make his harmonica sound like a train whistle. "Then the chorus goes:

"Rather be in this boxcar,
Headin' for Cheyenne,
Than buyin' one woman's groceries,
Bein' one woman's man."

"How does it turn out?" Stag asked. "Does he give in an' marry one woman an' stick with her?"

Lon shook his head. "No. Next he's on a steamboat, an' after that a flivver, an' finally he's just walkin'. For that one, the chorus goes:

"Rather be here a-walkin',
Feet so weary an' sore,
Than have only one woman
To love me ever more!"

"Sounds like it'll be O. K.," Stag told him. "You'll have to teach it to me."

"I like the words all right," said Dena, "but I like the tune better."

ONE evening, less than a week after Stag came home, the three Holley men were out playing for a dance. Pearl sat alone under the ceiling lamp, darning Stag's socks, when there was a knock on the door. A knock on an Island 21 door was unusual, because people were in the habit of yelling "Hey!" through the window. Then, if you were at home, they came on in. Pearl looked up and saw that it was Harry Miller. Although it was Thursday night, he had on his Sunday suit and he had given himself a midweek shave. "Why, hello, Harry. Come in."

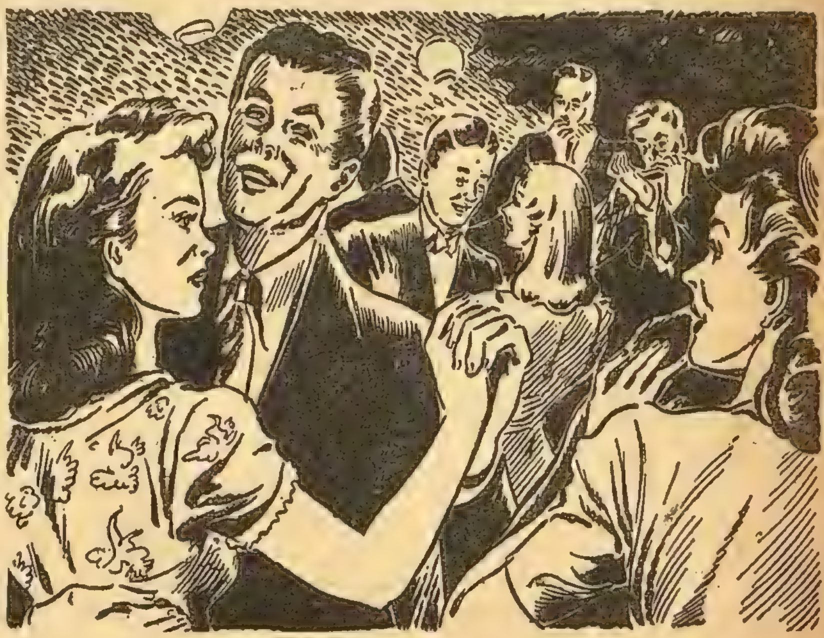
Harry came in, closing the door carefully. He stood uncertainly until Pearl suggested that he sit down. "Did you want something?"

"No," Harry answered. He sat down in Newt's favorite chair by the stove and relapsed into silence.

When the quiet had become uncomfortable, Pearl inquired, "Sure there isn't something you want?"

"Nope. Just thought I'd come in for a spell."

"Oh." Suddenly the significance of what he had said struck her and she added another "Oh!" in quite a different tone.



Harry nodded solemnly. "I didn't think it'd be fitten fer me to call so soon after Ernie passed away."

"So soon? It's been three years!"

"Um h'm. I figgered your mournin' period was over."

Pearl looked directly into his eyes. "I'll never stop missing Ernie as long as I live, Harry."

"No, sure you won't," he replied, "but a live woman wants a live husband."

"I don't," Pearl said quickly. "I don't think I'll ever marry again."

"Maybe," he suggested, "when you think it over, you might change your mind."

Pearl shook her head decisively. "I don't believe I will."

Harry had another card to play. "I hear you want to get off your shanty boat an' into a house. Well, here's your chance."

Not only had Pearl never thought of Harry Miller as a possible husband—she had never thought of him at all. She regarded him now with interest. "How about Fern and Essie?"

"I've made a good home for 'em up to now. If I take me a bride, they'll have to root fer theirselves."

He had a drawn look about the mouth, and it came to Pearl that he looked hungry; she'd always considered the Miller girls poor cooks, judging by the cakes, pies, and potato salads they brought to the missionary suppers. Of course that was it—he was hungry! Impulsively she asked, "Why don't you come to supper tomorrow night?"

She fancied that his eyes actually lighted up. He nodded ponderously. "Um h'm, I shore will."

"Not," Pearl said hastily, "that I'm giving you any encouragement to court me!"

"I know," he agreed. "It wouldn't be fitten."

She glanced at the clock; it was a quarter to ten. At ten minutes to ten he spoke again.

"I et some oysters once."

"Did you like 'em?" Pearl asked, so eagerly that she was embarrassed.

"Naaaaa!" he answered. He got to his feet. "Well, it's been right nice. I'll be over to supper tomorrow."

The next evening Pearl looked up from her task of frying chicken when Harry knocked on the door. "Come in," she said politely. "Supper'll be ready in a few minutes."

"Just take your time," Harry replied almost expansively, then, as if the warmth of it had exhausted him, he sank into Newt's chair by the stove. Newt came in presently.

"Hi, Harry," he said heartily. Then he became aware that the visitor was clean-shaven and that he was wearing his black Sunday clothes, even a necktie. "What's this, your birthday?"

"Harry came over to eat supper with us," Pearl explained placidly.

"Did, huh?" Newt poured hot water into the basin and began to wash his face and hands noisily.

Stag and Lon came out of their bedroom together, both dressed for an evening of music over in Pecan Point at Lettie Williamson's house.

"Hello, Harry," Lon said first; then Stag greeted the guest affably. "Where you goin', all dressed up?"

"Ain't goin' no place. I'm there."

"Oh," said Stag. Then he got it. There was considerable strain in his voice as he said, "Glad to see you."

"How do you like livin' out on land?" Pearl asked blandly when they were at the table.

Harry swallowed a forkful of rice with chicken gravy before he answered, "Pretty good."

"Maybe you wonder why you stayed in the river so long," Pearl suggested.

"It was the girls that kep' harpin' on me," Harry admitted, "or I wouldn't've moved when I did."

"Guess you seen your mistake," Newt condescended to remark.

"Nope. Wasn't no mistake." Harry's look at Pearl was so revealing that the three Holley men stopped eating to look at one another in consternation. Just to make his meaning certain, Harry added, "Only chance I got to get Pearl is t'have a home to offer her."

A STRICKEN silence followed. Pearl broke it by saying to the guest, "Don't eat that biscuit—it's stone cold! Let me get you a hot one!"

Stag, Lon, and Newt all refused hot biscuits, a circumstance which in itself was remarkable.

"Lon, there's a wishbone you missed!"

Lon shook his head glumly. "I've got plenty."

"I never knew you to pass up a wishbone before!" Pearl thrust her fork through the choice portion of white meat and transported it to Lon's plate. "Better change your mind about a hot biscuit."

Lon took a biscuit and popped a hunk of butter between its fat sides. He picked the wishbone up in his fingers and began to eat it, but without the appreciation due its excellence.

"Save some room for lemon pie," Pearl advised everyone.

Harry brightened perceptibly. "That's my fav'rite kind of pie!"

"It is?" Pearl asked with pleased surprise. "I'm glad I guessed right."

Pearl watched Harry Miller's face as he took his first bite of her lemon pie. The pie was two inches high, counting the meringue, the filling sharp with an extra lemon more than the recipe called for; the crust was just exactly right and the meringue melted in one's mouth. Pearl nodded her own head in approval. "How is it?"

"That's 'bout as tasty a piece o' pie as I ever et," Harry said expansively.

None of them had ever before seen him so animated, and Pearl knew that her hunch had been correct: the reason why Harry Miller was always so sour-looking was that he was hungry; that he had been hungry all his life.

"Have another piece," she insisted. She had cut the pie into five pieces, so it was her own piece she was offering him, and all the Holleys knew it.

"Sure will, if you can spare it," said Harry.

Pearl handed him the last piece, and she could sense that the temperature of her own menfolk had risen to fever heat. Newt rose abruptly and pushed his chair away from the table. Stag and Lon continued to eat, but both of them darted unfriendly looks at the guest. When it was apparent that Pearl was not having any dessert, even Harry sensed that he had blundered socially.

"Am I eatin' yours?" he asked somewhat anxiously.

"I don't care much for lemon pie," Pearl said airily. "I'd rather have somebody eat it that enjoys it."

Relieved, Harry finished the second piece.

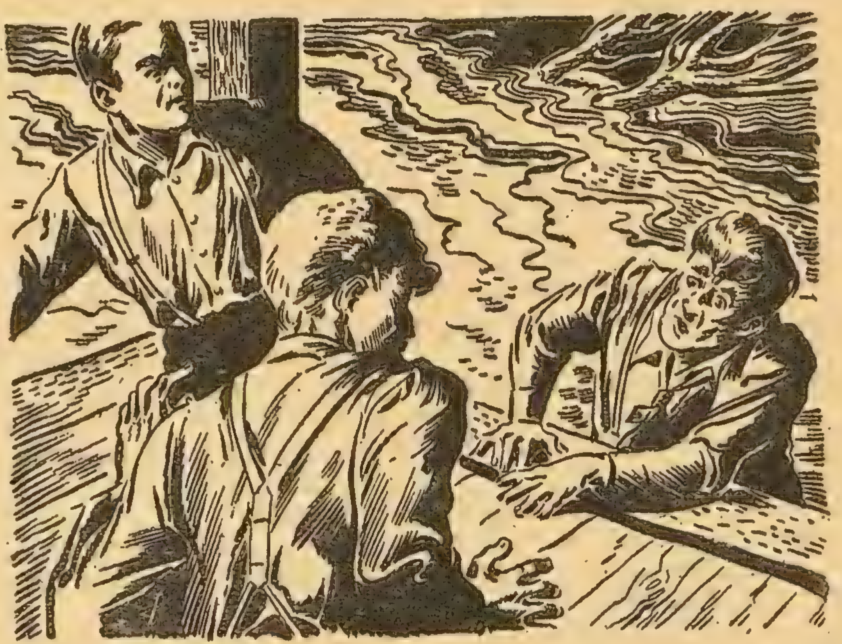
In spite of their obvious disapproval, Stag and Lon had politely remained at the table until the guest finished, but when he had, Stag got to his feet. "If you'll excuse me—" he mumbled, and went into his own bedroom.

Newt pointedly sat in his favorite chair beside the stove.

"Now you men have a good visit while I do the dishes," Pearl told them as she began to scrape the left-over food from the plates into the empty rice bowl.

Harry got out his pipe and lighted it, then he sat on the day bed, leaning back comfortably against the wall. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Newt intended to match the visitor's silence with some of his own.

Lon helped Pearl with the dishes, and he, too, was disinclined for conversation. Pearl pretended to be too busy to talk, so the four people remained wrapped in an oppressive quiet which, on the part of Lon and his grandfather, was uncompromising disquiet. Finally the dishes, pans, and skillets were washed and put away, the dish towel had been shaken out three times and hung behind the stove to dry.



Pearl poured hot water into the basin, washed her face and hands, dried them carefully. Then she smoothed her hair before the mirror. She took off her apron and folded it. Lon was conscious for the first time that she was wearing her second-best dress instead of a house dress. She glanced out the window at the gathering twilight.

"It's so pretty an' warm," she said to Harry Miller, "I'd like to take a walk."

Harry got off the day bed with more alacrity than he had ever shown before. "All right. Where to?"

"Up to the Towhead," Pearl answered calmly.

Lon looked at his mother in dismay—for Pearl and Harry to walk to the Towhead together was in the nature of an announcement.

WHEN Pearl came back to the shanty boat she was abruptly conscious that Newt, Stag, and Lon were all staring at her with unfriendly eyes.

"I thought you boys were goin' over to Pecan Point," she said casually.

"Mom!" Stag said in a tone of anguish. "How can you do a thing like this?"

"Like what?"

"Harry Miller!" Stag groaned. "My God!"

"He was hungry-looking," Pearl explained. "I invited him over for a square meal."

"You didn't have to go walkin' to the Towhead with him," Lon said almost bitterly. "He ate your piece of pie," he reminded her. "Guess that shows you how much he thinks of you!"

"I offered it to him," Pearl replied calmly. "How'd he know it was my piece?"

"I guess you pulled this stunt," Newt said, "to force me into movin' the boat out on land!"

"What does askin' Harry here for supper have to do with movin' your boat out on land?"

Lon was taken in by his mother's apparent innocence. "Did you really just ask him over because he looked hungry, mom?" Seeing her hesitation, he pushed his advantage. "Was that *all* you had in mind when you invited him?"

Pearl returned his steady look blandly. "Well, he *does* have the nicest house on the Island."

"I knowed it!" Newt shouted furiously.

Stag's glance at his mother was somewhat crafty. "You wouldn't like livin' with the Miller girls, mom."

"Oh," Pearl said carelessly, "he said if he brought a bride home, the girls would have to shift for themselves."

Newt seemed to crackle with fury. "I *told* you that was the stunt she was pullin'!" he said to his grandsons. "All right," he told Pearl, "I'll move the boat out on land, the way you want it!"

PEARL poured out a cup of coffee from the pot on the stove. "Any of you want coffee?" she asked, but nobody answered.

"Well," Newt demanded, "ain't you gonna crow none?"

"Crow? What for?"

"You got your own way!"

"In exchange for what?"

"What you talkin' about?"

"You give up an' move your boat out on land—an' what do I give up?"

"Why," Newt sputtered, "you give up this dern fool idee o' marryin' Harry Miller!"

"I didn't say nothin' about marryin' Harry Miller." Pearl calmly put milk and sugar into her coffee.

"You said," Stag reminded her, "that if he took home a bride, the girls'd have to get out."

"Um h'm, that's what Harry said."

"Well, then—"

"I didn't say I was the one who'd be the bride."

"Did Harry?" Lon asked.

Pearl nodded. "I guess I was in his mind."

"Mom," Stag accused her, "I think you're takin' us all for a ride!"

"An' I think," Pearl answered coldly, "you've all got a lot o' nerve. Who do you Holley men think you are, the lords o' creation?"

"Dad was a Holley man," Stag said indignantly.

"If he hadn't been, you boys wouldn't be, that's certain! Yes, Ernie was a Holley—an' I loved him. I still do, an' I always will. But he's gone now, an' I'm still alive. I hope to be alive for a good many years yet—an' if I decide to get married again, that's my own business!"

"But to Harry Miller!" Lon exclaimed in horror. "Mom, you just can't do it!"

"I haven't said, yet, I'm goin' to." She finished her coffee and set the cup into the saucer with an impatient click. "If you move your boat out on land, pap, it'll be because you want to, not because I forced you to by threatenin' to marry Harry Miller for his house! If your idea is that you're makin' a bargain with me, then you better leave your boat where it is." She got to her feet. "It's past your bedtime, pap. Mine, too. An' if you boys are goin' over to the Williamsons', you'd better be startin'."

"I don't feel much in the mood to go," Stag said glumly.

"Neither do I," Lon agreed.

"From the way you three act, a person wouldn't give me credit for havin' much sense. I'm human, same as you boys are. I get lonesome in the evenin', sittin' here by myself, same as you will when you get to be my age, if you haven't got wives to keep you company. I'll admit," Pearl said to Newt, "if you move this boat out on land, the way I want it, I won't be so *likely* to marry the first man that offers me a home—but at the same time, a woman often takes a notion that she wants something *more* than a house!"

Newt stalked off to bed without another word, and then the boys got their straw hats.

"Good night, mom," said Stag.

"Night, mom," said Lon.

"Good night. Have a good time." Both boys looked at her reproachfully when they went out. There was a slight smile of triumph on her lips.

I'll have the house face the same way it is, she thought, with these windows toward the river, and build the bedroom on the Garner side.

ON Saturday afternoon, when the Island 21 men didn't do much work as a rule, they all turned out for the job of getting the Holley boat out on land.

Heavy ropes were tied to the rear of the shanty boat and a dozen men took each of them to pull; the rest of the older men stood at the side of the boat to push; several of the younger men stripped to pants and undershirts and got into the water to heave. Newt stood on the bank to boss the job.

He raised his arms importantly, held them there for an instant, then he yelled, "Yo-o-o-o ho!" The men pulled, pushed, and heaved and the boat went halfway up the slope of the bank, then it slid back into the water.

"We better take the house off the hull, the way we done with the other boats," Harry Miller advised.

If anyone else had suggested it, Newt might have agreed, but coming from Harry, he was vehement in his disagreement. "No, sir!" he screamed. "This is a boat an' it's gonna keep on bein' a boat, even after it's stuck in the mud!"

"Try it again," said Stag. "Some of us didn't have a good grip when you yelled, gran'pap."

They tried again, and that time the boat kept on going over the edge of the bank.

It was usual on such occasions for the host to provide liquid refreshment for the laboring guests. Newt brought up two one-gallon tins of corn whisky.

Finally Pearl went into her house to cook her first meal on land. It felt strange not to have the floor sway beneath her feet with the surging current of the river. Be a good joke on me, she thought, if, after raisin' so much sand about getting out on land, I found out I didn't like it!

Stag got out his guitar and sang. The first tins of corn were empty, and the men started getting out their own.

"No use in us women cookin' tonight," said Lizzie Garner, "except for ourselves an' the young uns. Well, it ain't ever' day the menfolks has a good house movin'!"

ONE afternoon, a few weeks after the moving, a strange motorboat put in to Island 21, the back of it piled high with suitcases. The sole occupant was a slim young man in gray flannel slacks and a tweed sports coat. When he had tied his boat to a willow, he stood up and saw Mrs. Garner sitting on her front gallery. As he came up the path to speak to her, she saw that he was a nice-looking young fellow, with sandy hair and blue eyes. He had an unmistakable air of the city about him; Lizzie wished her girls had been home to see him.

"How do you do?" he said. It was a friendly voice that didn't make him sound stuck-up. "Have you any good singers around here?"

"Why, sure we got good singers," Lizzie answered. "What's wrong with Stag Holley?"

The young man smiled. "I won't know till after I hear him. What kind of songs does he sing?"

"All kinds. All you got to do is name it an' he can sing it."

"Does he write 'em himself?"

"Some of 'em he does." Lizzie's curiosity got the better of her. "You a show actor on one o' the showboats?"

He laughed. "Lord, no! My name is Bill Barnes, and I'm taking a trip through the Mississippi Valley, collecting songs people have made up. We'll play the records I make over the radio from the station I work for in St. Louis. This Stag Holley—he sings river songs, doesn't he?"

"No," said Lizzie. "Mostly his songs are about lovin' some no-'count woman, but he hardly ever marries her at the end of it."

"I see. How about your family? Any of you musical?"

"Nope. Not one of us can carry a tune unless we put it in a paper poke. We just leave it to the Holleys."

"Oh, there're more than just Stag?"

"Sure. There's his brother Lon is a artist on the French harp, an' old Newt, the boys' gran'pap, has been playin' mighty beautiful music round here for eighty-odd years!"

Barnes chuckled. "He ought to be in good practice by now. Where do they live?"

"Right next door. Tell you what I'll do," she suggested, "I'll take you over."

Stag and Bill Barnes hit it off from the first moment of their meeting. Stag was excited when he heard the news about the records.

"I don't know how much money I can offer you," said Barnes.

Stag was surprised. "I get paid, too?"

"Sure, if the records sell."

After that, Stag was scarcely of this world.

Everyone on the Island gathered that evening outside the Holley house. Pearl, Newt, and Lon sat in the recording room, and the Garners had been invited over, too. Bill Barnes had to look twice at Dena to be certain she really looked like that.

"If you could only sing!"

"I can't, though," said Dena. "Why?"

"You're a better bet for the movies, anyway. You'd be wasted on radio—until television comes in!"

Stag listened to these compliments with a smile. The guy had a good smooth line! However, he looked at Dena in a different way from the casual glance he usually gave her and discovered that she was about as pretty as any girl had a right to expect to be.

Barnes explained the principles of recording to Stag, then he oiled his motor carefully, set a transmission disk in place, and set the turntable. He nodded to Stag.

People outside the window looked at one another approvingly. Wasn't anybody in the country, their expressions said, who could sing any better than Stag when he let himself loose.

"How about Lon's song?" Dena suggested.

Stag turned to Barnes. "Will it be all right if I sing a song my brother Lon wrote?"

"Why can't he sing it himself?"

Lon said quickly, "I can't sing good enough. I wrote it for Stag to sing. I can come in on the harmonica part."

"O. K.," said Barnes. He started the recording machine.

Stag sang Ramblin' River Man and Lon played the harmonica interludes. Barnes let them listen to the playback and then he began to talk business.

"If something comes of this, would you be willing to leave here?"

"Willing?" Stag laughed as loudly as everybody else. "Ask me an' find out."

BARNES glanced through the window and saw that it was a beautiful night.

"I'd like to take a little moonlight ride in my motorboat," he said, looking at Dena. "You and Stag like to come along? And Lon?"

Dena and Stag accepted the invitation eagerly, but Lon declined. It was beautiful out on the river. Dena sat in the stern of the motorboat to manipulate the tiller, Bill Barnes sat beside her when he was not doing things to the engine, and Stag sat in the bow.

"I know it's an old line," Stag heard Barnes say, "for the traveling salesman to come along and say, 'What's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?' but while we're on the subject, what *is* a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?"

"Waiting for a man to ask me to marry him," Dena replied casually.

"Any certain man?"

"No," Dena said airily, pointedly avoiding a glance at Stag. "Just the man who's willing to feed me for the rest of my life."

"Is that all you want out of life—a meal ticket?"

"No, I guess it isn't," Dena admitted.

"It's all you're likely to get here, isn't it?"

"Begins to look like it's *more* than I'm going to get here!"

"Don't you believe it," Stag said unexpectedly. "Any single man around here'd jump at the chance of gettin' her!"

"Including you?" Bill Barnes asked.

Stag hesitated. "Well—"

"I get it: except you! O. K.," Barnes said genially. "I just wanted to be sure you weren't competition!"

"Oh, Stag's the one who's a traveling man," Dena told Barnes. "You heard him sing Lon's song, Ramblin' River Man. That was written for him and about him."

"Yeah? Well, that makes it easier for us nonramblers!"

Bill Barnes got up to push the throttle of the engine up a little; the boat picked up speed as he settled back on the stern seat beside Dena.

Stag couldn't hear what they were saying above the motor and he began to grow restless. Barnes had a hell of a nerve coming to Island 21 like that and moving right in on the prettiest girl in the place!

THE top event on Pecan Point's social calendar was the annual Fourth of July picnic. It was held on the bluff above the Mississippi at the picnic ground. The main feature of the occasion was what had come to be known as the banquet. The ladies of Island 21 contributed fried fish, the Pecan Point ladies furnished Brunswick stew, and the men of both places chipped in and bought cases of soft drinks—pop, coke, ginger ale. Since it was a civic enterprise, indulgence in anything stronger was frowned upon, though after dark the willows might cloak a flaunting of the rule by the local sports.

Harry Miller came right out and asked Pearl Holley to go with him to the picnic. Since the night he had gone to the Holleys' for supper the courtship had languished; Pearl hadn't asked him over to supper again, and although he had dropped in to sit through the evening several times, either Lon or Stag was there and persistently stayed there as long as Harry did.

"Folks say you just used me to get Newt to move his boat out on the bank," Harry told Pearl bluntly when he was asking her to the picnic, "but I claim it ain't so."

Pearl hesitated. "It is so, in a way," she confessed, "but I didn't do it deliberately. I asked you over for supper that night because I wanted you to come."

"Do you want to go to the picnic with me?"

"Yes, I do, Harry. I'll be glad to go with you."

"Good," said Harry. He went home, since he had accomplished what he came for.

Royce Williamson closed his commissary for the day of the picnic, but he set up a booth on the picnic ground for the sale of firecrackers, cap pistols, and little American flags. Harry bought a flag for Pearl and one for himself.

"Adds a kinda patriotic touch," he explained.

When darkness came, the three Holley men took their places on a platform which had been made of the carpenters' horses and planks which had formed the tables. The remaining planks were placed on the ground for a dance floor. Newt and Lon had their harmonicas, Stag his guitar; Newt would play his contraption later.

Occasionally Stag let Newt and Lon play without him while he danced with Dena Garner. He had been openly courting her for some weeks. Once when he passed close to Lettie with her latest swain he winked extravagantly. Lettie answered the wink with a smile which she tried to make dazzling but remote.

"Hiya, Lettie?" he inquired blithely.

"Just fine," she replied, her tone joyous and carefree.

Stag heard Dena laughing quietly. "Who you makin' fun of, her or me?"

"Not making fun of anybody—just happy!"

Stag drew his arms more closely around her. "You an' who else?"

"You, I hope. And Harry and your mother—" She saw him frown slightly at that. "Don't, Stag!" Dena said quickly. "She's a hundred times too good for him, but if she wants him, let her have him!"

"Yeah, I know," said Stag, "but Harry after dad!"

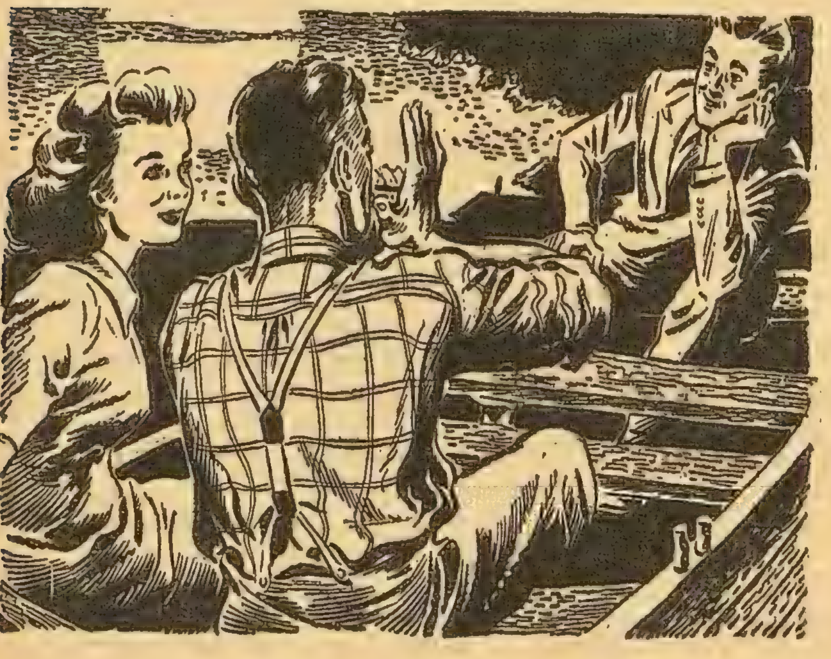
"Sure, it'd be the way I'd feel about marrying anybody else instead of you, but—"

He tightened his arms again and the smile came back into his eyes, though not quite to his lips. "Now you're talkin' double-talk! I told you once that if I marry anybody, it won't be anybody but you!"

"If?" Dena asked quietly.

"O. K., then—when!" The smile was on Stag's lips, too, by that time.

LON got Stag's letters from St. Louis at the Pecan Point post office about the middle of July, and brought them over to the Island after he had shipped the fish. Stag's hands shook a little as he opened one. It was brief, a penciled scrawl from Bill Barnes, and said, "Well, kid, looks like you put it over. Be seein' you. Bill." The other was from the broadcasting company and suggested that he come to St. Louis, expenses paid, to discuss a possible sustaining program which would feature him for fifteen minutes a day, five days a week. At first Stag was stunned, then, when he realized what the letter meant, he let out a wild yell, grabbed Lon in his arms and whirled him around. "Yippeeee!"



"Figger you can make enough to live on, jist from workin' fifteen minutes a day?" his grandfather asked when everyone had read the letter.

"Looks like it," Stag answered. "Guess I'll go over an' tell Dena about it!"

Stag and Dena walked up to the Towhead. He held in the news until they had passed the Miller house, then he had to break down and show her the two letters from St. Louis.

"Oh, Stag, that's wonderful!" Dena cried, and they kissed each other right there in the road. With their arms about each other, they walked on to the Towhead, and when they were seated on their favorite log, Stag said, "Guess you know what this means to us, don't you?"

Dena hoped she knew, but she shook her head in order to make him say it.

"It means that as soon as I know where I stand I'll send for you!" He drew her close to him.

"St. Louis! Gee, that sounds like a long way off!"

"It's not far," said Stag. "If I make good on the radio there, next will come Chicago—then New York—"

"Hey, wait a minute," Dena said, laughing at him. "Make good in St. Louis first before you start movin' on!"

Stag kissed her.

"Be prepared," he warned, "to get a letter sayin', 'Throw ever'thing in a suitcase an' get up here quick to marry me!' "

"It won't take me long to get ready," she promised.

"It better not!"

STAG was alone in a hotel in downtown St. Louis, his interview with Claude Thurston, the radio producer, a shuddering memory. Bill Barnes had said, "He'll only offer you one hundred a week, but take it, because it will lead to something." . . . "You wrote it, didn't you?" "With your personality and looks—" . . . "Don't do anything to mess up your big chance!" Stag couldn't figure out why Bill had failed to remember that Ramblin' River Man was Lon's song, that they had used it when he couldn't remember any more of his own.

Stag had signed papers, so many papers that he got a cramp in his hand—contracts for his personal services, for the records, for publication of sheet music. There was one reminder, however, which kept coming back: he had claimed to have written Lon's song; he had even signed papers claiming it.

"Well, I'll damn sure tell 'em first thing in the morning!" he said aloud.

The producer was there to direct the first rehearsal. "Would you rather do the harmonica breaks yourself?" he asked.

Stag shook his head. "No, my brother Lon—"

"O. K.," Thurston said briefly. "You'll do three songs, including Ramblin' River Man, of course—you'll sing that one on every show."

The rehearsal for fifteen minutes on the air took more than two hours. "After we get rolling, we can do it in an hour," Thurston told him. He glanced at his assistant. "Think he can make it this afternoon?"

"Why not?"

"Feel up to it?" Thurston asked Stag.

"Might as well start today as any time," Stag replied. "I guess you'll—introduce me as—as the guy who wrote Ramblin' River Man?"

Thurston was surprised. "What else should we introduce you as?"

"I see what you mean," said Stag.

HE did not send a wire to Dena that night, neither did he write a letter to her; he made half a dozen attempts, but they were all failures. What could he say to her? He tried writing to Lon, explaining the whole mess and how it had come about, but he tore it up before he had finished it.

He had been gone ten days before anybody on Island 21 heard from him, and when the first letter came, it was for Pearl. He told her in sketchy, ungrammatical style—Stag never had been any good at writing letters—that he was on the air every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at five fifteen. He enclosed a money order for fifty dollars, made out in the name of Lon Holley.

Lon looked at it in bewilderment. "Wonder why he sent it to me?"

"For you to hire somebody in gran'pap's place, I reckon," Pearl said.

Newt studied the money order curiously. "It's a mystery to me where he got fifty dollars. He's only been gone away from here for ten days! He ain't makin' no sich money as that!"

At first Dena made some excuse to go over to the Pecan Point post office every day; later she went without an excuse. When almost a week had gone by without a letter for her from Stag, she decided he was waiting for a payday, so he could send her money for train fare.

When his first letter finally came, she tried to keep her hands from trembling as she opened it. It was short. He told her that he loved her, but it was almost as if he had worded it carefully in order to avoid mentioning the possibility that she might come to him.

After that, both Dena and Pearl got letters from Stag each week; in Dena's he never mentioned having her come to St. Louis, and in Pearl's he always enclosed a money order made out in Lon's name. One week he said he was going to appear in an act in a large downtown movie house.

Newt snorted. "Stag must think we're plumb crazy, to b'lieve a tale sich as that!"

The next week, however, in Stag's letter there was a money order for Lon for five hundred dollars. "I'm being held over at the movie show for another week," he wrote to Pearl. "Tell Lon every cent of this money is for you folks. I don't want him saving none of it for me."

Lon was bewildered. "I just can't figger it out! It's like Stag to be free-hearted, but this is carryin' it too far!"

He bought Pearl a new dress and Newt a new suit.

"What'd you git fer yourself?" Newt asked him.

"I already got a good suit. I went all through the store, lookin' for somethin' I wanted, only I couldn't run into a thing. I did get a fellow to take on your job," Lon said. "Your fishin' days are over, gran'pap."

He took his wallet from his pocket. "The suit cost thirty-five dollars, and mom's dress was fifteen dollars an' some odd cents. That's fifty dollars, leavin' four hundred and fifty dollars—one hundred and fifty apiece!" He divided out the money.

Both Pearl and Newt refused to accept any of it. "That's yours—Stag sent it for you!"

"Stag said it was for us folks. You can look right here in his letter where he says so," Lon insisted stubbornly. "If you don't pick that money up off the table, I'll leave it there till it rots."

THE following Friday, word came to Island 21 from Pecan Point that Royce Williamson was going to set up a radio in his commissary to get Stag Holley's program at a quarter after five. He had decided to call Friday "Stag Holley Day" and there was to be a special sale on several objects Royce had had trouble in getting to move from the shelves. A great crowd came. Pearl Holley, Lon, Newt, and Dena were together. Lettie Williamson was there, too, but she was pointedly withdrawn from Stag's family. The rest of the Garners came scrambling into the commissary as Stag was singing his own song, Our Love Has Grown Cold.

"Why, he sounds like he was right here in the commissary!" Lizzie Garner exclaimed in astonishment.

"Sh!" several people hissed.

"And now," said the announcer in a tone of well-feigned excitement, "we'll hear the song that has made the name of Stag Holley famous: Ramblin' River Man!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Newt exclaimed, and grinned at Lon.

Stag launched into Ramblin' River Man with gusto, with the harmonica interlude cued in perfectly. As he finished, Lon was looking at Dena with shining eyes.

"My song! He sung *my* song! Gee, it's just like Stag to give *me* a break!"

Just after Royce Williamson had turned off his radio, the postmaster said to Dena, "Say, got an insured package for you over in the post office, from St. Louis. Reckon you can guess who it's from?"

Dena's fingers shook so violently that she could not untie the string, so Lon had to do it for her. The inner box was from a jewelry store. While she was fumbling with it, she tried to keep from believing it was going to turn out to be a ring; then when she saw that it really was a ring, she still tried to keep from believing it.

"It's an engagement ring!" Lon exclaimed. "Say, look at the size of that diamond—it's as big as a dime!" It wasn't quite so large as that, but it didn't miss it very far.

Dena slipped the ring onto the proper finger and looked at it in speechless adoration.

"Didn't a letter come along with it?" Lon asked.

"Nope, that's all there was. It's insured for two hundred dollars! Let me see it, Dena." The postmaster whistled shrilly. "He'll have to do a lot o' radio singin' to pay for that!" He decided he would tell Lettie Williamson about it first of all.

The moment she reached Island 21, Dena hurried over to show the ring to Pearl Holley, who had come home directly after the broadcast. The two women went into each other's arms and both cried a little.

"When will you go to him?" Pearl asked.

"I don't know. There wasn't a letter with the ring."

"But hasn't he ever said anything about when he wants you to come?"

"No, he never has, Mrs. Holley!" Dena sat down in a chair beside the table and Pearl sank into her rocker. "Before he left he said he was going to send for me, but he hasn't mentioned it once in his letters!"

"I guess you'll just have to forget your pride and ask him. Or better still," Pearl advised, "go to him without waiting for him to send for you. Go to him an' find out what's wrong, because something must be."

DENA had an air of assurance as she strode into the outer office of radio station KJG. The first thing she had done after arriving in St. Louis was to spend two hours in the beauty parlor of the hotel; and she had bought a new hat.

"I'd like to see Mr. Stag Holley, please," she told the girl at the desk.

"I believe he's at the theater," the girl replied. "You know he's appearing in person this week at the Paramount. He won't be back here until time for his broadcast this afternoon."

"Oh." Dena made no effort to conceal her disappointment. "Is Mr. Barnes in?"

"Bill Barnes? Yes, he's in his office."

Bill Barnes hurried out. "So you finally got here!" he exclaimed as he shook hands fervently. "Stag sent for you weeks ago!"

Dena was astonished. "He did?"

"Yes, the day of his first broadcast. He said he was going to send you a wire. Have you had lunch?"

"Not yet."

"Good. Have it with me and then we'll drop around at the theater and catch Stag's act from the back."

THE placard at the side of the stage announced: STAG HOLLEY—THE RAMBLIN' RIVER MAN. Everyone in the theater began to applaud. The orchestra struck up Lon's song, the silk curtains were swept away, and there sat Stag in a hillbilly suit with his guitar on his knees.

"This is the number that made him, of course," Bill remarked, as Stag began Ramblin' River Man. "Lucky day for him when he wrote this one!"

"Yes, it sure was," Dena agreed. His words echoed in her consciousness: "Lucky day for him when he wrote this one!"

Suddenly the truth stood out in sharp clarity. Stag had claimed Lon's song for his own and was cashing in on it. The reason why he had not told her to come to St. Louis was that he did not dare to have her learn the truth.

Several times before she started for the radio station, Dena made up her mind that she could not face Stag; that if she tried to talk to him in her present mood she would regret it for the rest of her life. And yet she didn't believe that she would feel any differently the next day, or the next year.

She saw him first through a plate-glass window of the studio. He looked nervous, and kept glancing toward the window. When he saw her, he started across the room toward the door, apparently with the idea of meeting her outside in the corridor, but Dena pushed the door open and came in. There were several other men in the room. "Hello, Stag," she said, trying to make the greeting sound glad.

"Dena!" Stag put his arms closely about her, then he kissed her. They clung to each other, both dreading the next words. Finally Stag said, "Bill tells me you saw the show this afternoon."

"Yes. It was wonderful."

He looked anxiously into her eyes and what he saw was not reassuring. "Dena, I don't know how to explain how—"

"Let's talk about it later," Dena said quickly.

Stag's relief was unmistakable. "O. K., I guess that would be better."

"Well," Bill told the two of them, "I'll go on about my business."

"Why don't you eat with us tonight?" Dena asked.

"Thanks, but you and Stag will have a lot you want to talk over."

"We haven't got anything to say you can't listen to," Stag urged. "Just that we're in love with each other—an' we want the whole world to know that! Stick around for the broadcast, then let's have an early dinner—that's what they call supper up here," he explained to Dena. "I have to be back at the theater at seven for the first night show."

Bill sensed that they had reasons of their own for wanting him with them. "O. K. Let me make a phone call. I'll be back at the end of the broadcast."

When he was alone with her, Stag said, "Dena, look—" but he glanced away from her and could not finish what he had intended to say. "Suppose you sit over here till I get through," he suggested, his voice hoarse with nervous strain. "I'm usin' a new song today I don't know very well. I ought to run through it before I go on the air."

When the broadcast was over and the announcer had signed off, he was forced to leave the microphone and join her. To their relief, Bill Barnes came in. "Good show today! You hit it right on the beam!" he said.

Stag was relieved. "Yeah? I had the feelin' I was off—especially in—"

"Ramblin' River Man? Yes, you slipped on it a little, but no wonder. Don't ever count up how many times you've sung that one, or it'll scare you!"

"Well, we better go eat," Stag suggested hastily. "I've got two shows to do tonight!"

If Bill had any doubt that something was wrong between Stag and Dena, it became a certainty during dinner, as they both seemed eager to talk to him but not to each other.

Stag paid the check and left them to finish their coffee while he hurried to the theater for his two night performances.

Bill looked inquiringly at Dena when they were alone. "You do love that guy, don't you?"

"Yes," Dena answered softly. "I'm crazy about him."

"That's all that's important. Tomorrow morning, say at ten sharp, we're going to stop at the hotel for you, then we're going to the City Hall for a marriage license, then across the corridor to a justice of the peace. . . . You don't insist on a church wedding, do you?"

Dena shook her head.

"Fine. Then you can have your honeymoon at Stag's eleven-o'clock rehearsal, watching him sing. The rehearsal will last till time for his matinee, since he has to be at the Paramount at one o'clock." He smiled at her. "You're marrying a busy man, do you know that?"

Dena managed a smile. "Looks like it."

"He's got to cash in while his song's riding high," Bill explained. "He has to grab while the grabbing's good."

Dena's smile had quickly faded. "Yes, I can see that."

WHEN Bill told him about the plans for the wedding next morning, Stag asked anxiously, "Did she say she'd marry me at ten o'clock?"

"She didn't say so, but she will."

"How do you know?"

"Because she loves you, you lug! Look, Stag. If this is none of my business, O. K., I'm butting into yours. But she said you'd have to be the one to tell me what's wrong between you two."

A look of stubbornness had come into Stag's eyes. "She did, huh?"

"O. K.," Bill said gruffly, "skip it. What about tomorrow morning? Is it on or off?"

"On," Stag said promptly. "If Dena wants to marry me at ten o'clock tomorrow mornin', God knows I want to marry her!"

Stag and Bill were at the desk of the Missouriana Hotel at a quarter to ten the next morning, but Dena did not answer the telephone. "Is Miss Garner in her room?" Stag asked the key clerk.

"No, she checked out an hour ago. Are you Mr. Holley? Mr. Stag Holley?" The clerk looked at the envelope in his hand.

"Sure," Stag said impatiently. "Let me see it!" He tore open the envelope and the diamond ring dropped out and rolled across the desk. The note, on hotel stationery, said: "I can't do it, Stag." He handed the note to Bill, who read it and handed it back without comment.

"Did she tell you where she was goin'?" Stag asked hoarsely.

"Miss Garner left no forwarding address."

Stag turned from the desk and started away. "Here's your ring!" the clerk called after him.

"Thanks," Stag growled; he thrust the ring into his pocket.

"Want me to cancel your rehearsal?" Bill asked.

Stag looked at him for an instant uncomprehendingly, then he said, "Cancel the whole damn deal!" He turned away abruptly, strode across the lobby and out through the revolving doors to the street; they spun several times from the violent shove he gave them.

THERE was no way to get a telegram to anyone on Island 21 except send it to Tigertail and then wait until someone from the Island passed the depot who was willing to deliver it. Fortunately Lon's telegram from Stag arrived only a few hours before Lon himself came over to ship fish.

"Go to Memphis and take plane for St. Louis immediately," Stag told him. Lon looked at the message in bewilderment. Plane? That meant an airplane; immediately meant right away. Stag must be sick, unless—Lon felt frightened at the mere thought—unless something had happened to Dena. That must be it!

Stag was waiting for him at Lambert Field in St. Louis.

"What happened to her?" Lon asked anxiously. "Is she hurt or did she just take sick?"

"Neither one," Stag answered gruffly. "She came up here to marry me, but then she changed her mind an' went back home."

Lon was surprised. "To Island 21?"

"Yeah. I can't say I blame her much!" They reached Stag's car, a dark blue convertible with white side-wall tires. As he opened the door, Stag asked self-consciously, "What d'ya think of it?"

Lon gasped. "Is this yours?"

"Yep." Stag got behind the steering wheel.

When he sat down beside him, Lon said, "The other night Royce Williamson brought his radio over to the commissary an' let ever'body come listen to you. You sure sounded good." Lon paused in embarrassment, then added: "It sure was swell of you to sing my song, Stag. You made it sound as good as your own songs, even! I kinda appreciated you doin' it."

"Lon, there's been a kind of mix-up about that song." Stag floundered, then plunged ahead. "The only way I could get this radio job and the one at the theater was by them thinkin' I wrote Ramblin' River Man. I let the chance slip by to tell 'em you wrote it an'—I even signed some contracts claimin' I wrote it—"

"Is that why you sent me so much money?" Lon asked.

"Sure. I should've sent you all of it! It was just like I was stealin' it from you!"

"No, it wasn't, Stag. Why, we're brothers—an' anyhow, I wrote that song for you! It was your song all along! So you got a right to ever' cent of the money for it."

Stag had to make his voice sound gruff in order to hold back the tears. "You're nuts! I've acted like a louse an' it's up to me to square things!"

"No, it ain't, Stag. Is that the reason why you had a fallin'-out with Dena?"

"Yes. She heard me sing it at the theater—an'—"

"Didn't you explain to her the way it happened?"

"No, I didn't. I was ashamed to. So she put the ring I bought for her in a envelope an' the fella at the hotel gave it to me when I went in yesterday to get her to marry me."

Stag stopped his car in a parking lot and took a ticket from the attendant. "Be here about an hour," he said. He faced Lon, looking directly into his eyes. "How I ever could've done such a ornery thing to a swell guy like you, I'll never be able to figger out, but I *done* it, an' I don't want you tryin' to find excuses for me! Well, thank the Lord I know the way to fix it up!"

At the broadcast he was able to smile across the studio to Lon, where he sat in an easy chair with his back to the plate-glass window. Finally it was time for the song, which had swiftly become an American folk song.

"And now . . ." said the announcer, pausing for dramatic effect.

Stag gripped his microphone firmly with both hands, but instead of singing, he made a speech: "I got a confession to make to you folks, you here in the studio that's workin' with me, an' the ones out there I can't see. All this time I been sayin' I wrote Ramblin' River Man, but I lied to you. . . . My brother Lon wrote it! An' he's sittin' right here beside me." A stricken silence had fallen upon the men in the studio, and there was an expression of utter horror on Lon's face. "If he wants me to, I'll sing it for you, but I want him to play the harmonica part to it!"

At first Lon shook his head, but when Stag took the harmonica over to him, he accepted it. He played the preliminary chords, then Stag began to sing. As if a great weight had rolled from his shoulders, he sang with more joy than he had ever sung it before, and when once Lon had the harmonica at his lips, he forgot that he was playing on the radio and cut into it with enthusiasm.

When the red light had winked out and the broadcast was over, Stag looked through the plate-glass window and saw Claude Thurston and Bill Barnes beckoning.

"What the hell did you think you were doing?" Thurston asked Stag, and his voice was hoarse with anger.

"I was tryin' to square things," Stag answered stolidly.

Thurston's laugh was grating. "Yeah, you had plenty to square!" He turned a baleful glare on Lon. "You'll sign a statement right now not to sue, hear me?"

Lon stared at him in bewilderment. "Not to sue who?"

"Me—the broadcasting company—your brother."

"Me—sue Stag?" Lon asked incredulously.

Thurston faced Stag again. "You'll see that he signs or I'll throw you in jail!"

"On what charge?" Stag demanded.

"Why—er—theft! Grand larceny! You stole a song, didn't you?"

"No," Lon said quickly, "he never stole that song! It was his song—I wrote it for him!" He looked reproachfully at Stag. "I already told you it was yours—you shouldn't've said what you did over the radio!"

THE morning papers took Stag for a ride, and so did the afternoon sheets. All of them pictured Lon as the wronged hero. At four o'clock on the afternoon after the fatal broadcast, Stag, Lon, and Bill Barnes gathered in Thurston's office.

Thurston turned to Lon. "I've got some papers I want you to sign." He pressed a buzzer and when his secretary answered it, he ordered her to bring them in. "I'm going to keep you on for a few days to fill Stag's spot," he said to Lon. "We might as well cash in on your publicity. You'll take over Stag's spot for the time being."

"An' sing?" Lon asked in consternation.

"Can you?"

"Hell, no!" Lon exclaimed.

"You play the harmonica," Thurston said shortly. "I'll build a new program around you. Understand that you're going to be on a week-to-week basis."

Lon appealed to Stag. "Have I got to do it?"

"No, not if you don't want to," Stag answered.

"You've made enough trouble around here, Holley," Thurston said grimly. "If you don't want me to prefer charges against you, keep your mouth shut."

Stag subsided. "Maybe you better do what he tells you to, Lon."

"Yes, I think so too," Bill agreed. "You may happen to catch on the way Stag did, Lon."

"But I don't want to catch on," Lon said unhappily. "All I want is to go back home."

"Yeah, wish you was goin' with me," Stag remarked.

"Going with you?" Bill asked. "You mean you're going home? To Island 21?"

Stag nodded. "That's where I live. An' that's where Dena went back to."

DENA didn't finish work until five thirty, when the store closed, so she was unable to listen to Stag on the radio. She was too tired after a day on her feet in the Five-and-Ten to spend the evening reading newspapers, so she didn't know that Stag was no longer the Ramblin' River Man and that Lon had taken his place.

The job had come as the result of an impulse: She passed the red-fronted store on her way from the Missouriana Hotel to Union Station to take the train for Dyersburg, and saw a sign in the window: "Salesgirl Wanted." Ever since the moment when she had known definitely she could not marry Stag at ten o'clock that morning, she had dreaded facing the people back home. The consciousness of the loss of him lay like a dull ache at the bottom of her heart, but the prospect of inevitable gossip was a more acute pang. There would be Lettie Williamson to face, Lettie whose glance would go instantly to the ringless third finger of her left hand; then there would be explanations to be made to Pearl and Newt—and Lon.

She took a room in the home of Irene Edwards, another salesgirl; and when she had been working at the store for three days, she wrote to her mother. Mama'll have a fit, she thought as she sealed the letter and stamped it, but there isn't a thing she can do about it besides write for me to come home!

One afternoon as Dena and Irene were walking home, it was eighteen minutes to six when they reached the tall building in which radio station KJG had its quarters. In a moment Stag Holley would be coming out, Dena thought. Her pace slackened and she almost stopped; she couldn't be standing there waiting when Stag came out of the building, but if she just happened to be passing by . . .

Irene turned in surprise when she saw that Dena had stopped dead still in the middle of the sidewalk. "Anything the matter?"

Dena began to walk swiftly. "Not a thing!" She tried to say it cheerfully.

"Got something in your shoe?"

"No—in my heart!"

Irene thought she was trying to be funny, so she laughed politely; after a moment Dena laughed, too.

As Lon Holley emerged from the building he glanced idly at two girls who had just passed. From the back, one of them looked like Dena Garner. A wave of loneliness swept over him suddenly, engulfing him.

STAG got the Garners' mail the day the letter from Dena came, and he nearly pulled his arms out of their sockets rowing back with it to the Island. He waited tensely while Dena's mother opened the letter and read it.

"She's well an' workin'," she told Stag. "She's got a job workin' in a store."

"Did she say she saw Lon?"

"Never mentioned his name. Here, you can read what she says." Lizzie Garner added with satisfaction, "She never mentioned your name, neither."

When Stag had read the letter he handed it back. "Well, you know where she is," he said with relief, "an' you know she's all right."

"I don't know nothin' of the kind. All I know is that Lon ain't watchin' after her!"

"But you know she's living in a private house with a nice family named Edwards."

"How do I know they're nice? I knowed some folks named Edwards over near Reelfoot Lake an' they was downright tacky."

"This couldn't be the same family!"

"A Edwards is a Edwards," Lizzie said firmly. "If one of 'em is ornery, they're all ornery! Well, anyhow, I won't have to put the police on Dena to find out where she's at. I'll be able to go right to her."

"You mean you're still goin' to St. Louis after her?" Lizzie set her lips together tightly. "I sure am."

"Let me go," Stag urged. "I'm the rightful one to go!"

Lizzie's expression was grim. "No, sir! I'm gonna do ever'thing in my power to keep you an' Dena apart!"

"I'm sure sorry to hear that, Mis' Garner, because I'm gonna do ever'thing I can to bring us back together again."

Pearl tried to dissuade her from the trip when she heard about it, but Lizzie set her jaw.

"I'll take the kids along. They'd act like wild hyenas with me gone," she said.

Pearl made one more attempt to stop her. "I think Stag ought to be the one to go, Lizzie."

"Now look here, Pearl," Lizzie returned coldly. "You an' me's been friends an' neighbors for a good many years, an' I ain't one to jaw with my neighbors, but it'd be a favor to me if you'd look after the Holleys' doin's an' leave me to look after the Garners'!"

"I see what you mean," Pearl replied distantly.

LON was almost ready to go on the air before he turned around and saw the Garners through the plate-glass window. At first he stared in disbelief, then he started toward the door. The announcer caught him by the sleeve and pointed to his wrist watch. The red light on the wall flashed and Lon began to play his harmonica, smiling at them. The moment the broadcast was over, he tore open the door and rushed out into the hall.

"Gee, I didn't realize how homesick I was till I saw you out here! Hi, kids. When did you all get here?"

"I just come today," Lizzie told him, "but Dena's been here more'n a week!"

"You didn't go home after you walked out on Stag?"

Dena shook her head. "No; I've been working just four blocks from here, at the Five-an'-Ten."

"Why didn't you let me know you were here?"

"I didn't know *you* were!"

Lon was so excited his tongue seemed to get in his way when he tried to talk. "All the time I was so lonesome you was right here in St. Louis! Gee, I sure wish I'd known it!"

"I wish I had, too. I've never been so lonesome in my whole life as I've been this week!"

"When're you all goin' home?" There was unmistakable envy in the way Lon asked it.

"Tomorrow!" said Lizzie. "Dena's already quit her job an' we're clearin' out first thing in the mornin'."

"Why don't you stay over a few days to see the city?"

"I seen a plenty of it," Lizzie replied grimly. "If you got good sense—which I doubt, you bein' a Holley—you'll come with us."

"Gee, I wish I could! . . . An' why the hell can't I?" he asked suddenly. "Wait here!" He strode down the corridor and into Claude Thurston's office.

"What do you want?" Thurston asked.

"I want to go home!" Lon blurted out. "I'm homesick!"

"Can you earn fifty dollars a week down home just for playing your harmonica fifteen minutes a day?"

"Reckon not, but I don't need fifty dollars a week down home. I'll be doin' my own job—fishin'."

Thurston regarded him wonderingly. "You'd rather be down there doing hard work like fishing than up here on the radio?"

"Why, sure," Lon answered, as if he had asked a very foolish question. "I'll be at home!"

"O. K., Lon," Thurston said, more graciously than he had spoken to a Holley since Stag's final broadcast. "This is Thursday—do the broadcast tomorrow. That'll give me till Monday afternoon to fill your spot."

Lon came striding back down the hall, fairly radiating joy. Bill Barnes had joined the Garners; he had been surprised to learn that Dena had been in St. Louis all along.

"How long are you going to stay in town?" he asked Dena and Lizzie.

Lon did the answering for them. "Till day after tomorrow—Saturday! An' I'm gonna drive us all home in Stag's car."

"Swell. Only thing," Bill reminded him, "isn't there a flood down that way?"

"Yeah, I hear there's some high water," Lon answered, "but we're all so anxious to get home we'll get out a pair o' oars an' row the car through if we have to!"

ON Saturday morning they crowded into the convertible. "You don't figure on drivin' that car all the way to Tigertail, do you?" inquired a man to whom they spoke on the way.

"Don't figger nothin' different!" Lizzie said cheerily.

The man laughed shortly. "You folks don't *look* crazy, but I reckon you are."

Finally they were in Dyersburg. "We'd better leave the car here," Lon suggested, "and go the rest of the way on the train."

When they learned that the train had stopped running, Lizzie said to Lon, "I'm game to try it if you are!"

Dena agreed that it was better to make the attempt than to be marooned indefinitely in Dyersburg.

Lon had the tank filled with gasoline, but before they were five miles out of town, they all knew they would not be able to make it through. The water was up to the running boards most of the time.

Lon slowed down to five miles an hour and tried to turn the car around in the road. He couldn't tell how much clearance he had for the turn. The car plunged over the embankment at the side of the road and sank out of sight in six feet of water. Instantly the children climbed out of the rumble seat and rose to the surface. Those in the front seat could not get out so easily, but they managed it.

"All we can do," Lon said gloomily, "is walk back to Dyersburg—six miles! It's a sure thing we can't walk fifteen miles to Tigertail!"

"Why can't we?" Lizzie asked with as much spirit as she could expect to have after her immersion. "I'd druther walk fifteen miles towards home than six miles away from it!"

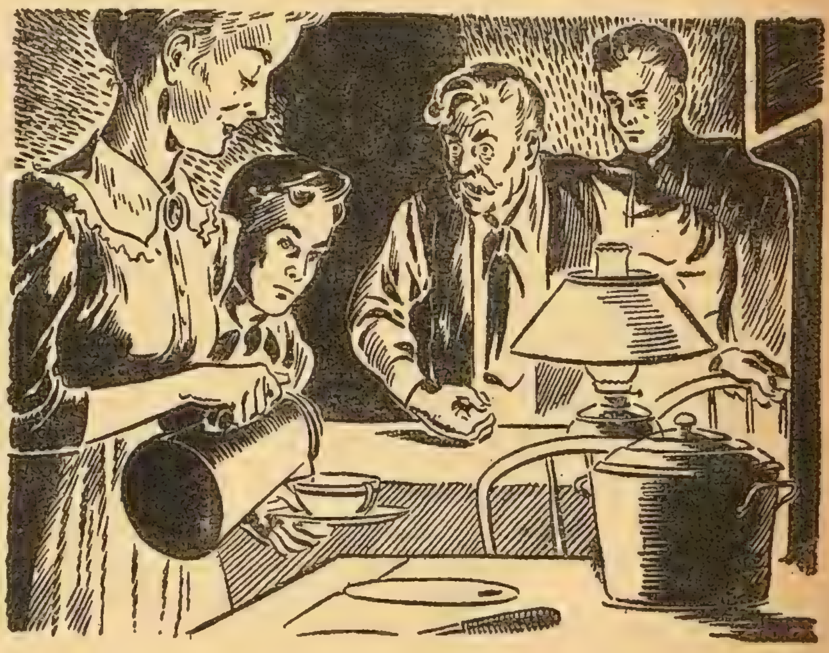
"Hey, look!" Lon cried. They all followed the direction of his pointing finger. It was a bateau—a flat-bottomed boat—drifting over what had once been a cornfield. Lon began to swim toward the derelict.

"It's leaky," he said when he brought it alongside them, "but it sure beats wadin'!"

"I never seen a boat in all my born days," Lizzie announced fervently, "that looked any purtier to me! Anyhow, we can put the young 'uns in an' push 'em."

Dena had a better idea. "Why don't we all get in? Plenty of poles floatin' around. One of us can stand in the bow an' push with the pole, and the other can push from the stern. Mama an' the kids can bail."

"We can try it," Lon conceded. He looked for a pole for himself and caught a sapling floating in the water.



They reached Tigertail late in the afternoon. The storm had not yet broken, although the sky had grown even more menacing.

"Well," Lizzie said jauntily, "get you some oars an' let's keep on goin'!"

"I don't think we better risk it," Lon told her. "Sky looks like it's gonna bust wide open any minute."

Lizzie turned around to look at it for the first time; she was only moderately perturbed. "Shoot, we can make four more miles after comin' fifteen."

Lon was deeply troubled. "Yeah, but this flatboat'll be bad *for six people* to be in durin' a storm!"

Lizzie eyed the sky disdainfully. "It'll blow over."

"And it'll blow us right over with it," Dena said.

"What kind o' young 'uns are you, to be scared of a little cloudiness?"

In what had recently been the street of Tigertail, several people they knew were out in skiffs and rowboats. Lizzie fastened her gaze pointedly on an unused pair of oars in the bottom of one skiff.

"Got a extry pair o' oars you'll loan us? We got to get home before night," she said to the occupant.

"You'll never make it in that flatboat," the man predicted, "with this storm comin' up."

"What storm?" Lizzie asked scornfully. "Maybe a few drops o' rain or a couple puffs o' wind. We ain't sugar nor salt. How 'bout them oars?"

The man was reluctant. "This is the only extry pair I got!"

"This is the only pair we need," Lizzie replied blandly.

"What'll I do for extry oars when you all get drownded?"

"I'll leave you a pair o' Si's in my will," Lizzie promised.

He handed the oars over to Lon. "Good-by, oars!"

"I know what you mean," Lon agreed.

"After all we been through on our trip to St. Louis," Lizzie said, "a little storm in a nice safe flatboat won't look like nothin' at all. Dena, I reckon you an' Lon can throw away your poles now. We're all fixed up."

Lon took one oar and Dena the other; they sat side by side on the seat. "Got something to bail out with?" Lon asked the man who had given them the oars.

The man shrugged in resignation and tossed him a tin lard bucket.

STAG came bursting into the kitchen after his third trip that day to the Tennessee mainland. "The train's quit runnin' between Tigertail an' Dyersburg! God knows how long it'll be before they can get here now!"

"You don't even know if they've left St. Louis yet," said Newt. He sat at the window and looked out across the seemingly endless expanse of yellow water. He addressed Pearl: "If you hadn't nailed on that bedroom, we wouldn't be caught here like catfish in a net! With the hull still on the boat, like I made you leave it, we'd raise right up an' float."

"This ain't a boat," Pearl said shortly. "It's a house."

"Hell of a time fer it *not* to be a boat!" Newt grumbled. "This is the first time in eighty-three years I ain't been able to ride on top o' the high water."

Pearl lost control of her temper. "I'll be leavin' in two weeks, so you can saw off the bedroom an' float off down the river if you've a mind to!"

"You goin' through with that fool notion o' marryin' Harry Miller?"

"It might be a fool notion to you," Pearl snapped, "but we're gettin' married in October!"

Apparently Stag hadn't been listening to the conversation, because he turned away from the window to say bitterly, "All this comes of me lettin' Lizzie Garner bully me into stayin' here instead of goin' after Dena."

"I thought myself you give in awful easy," Newt said.

"What else could I do but give in?" Stag demanded. "She was determined to go herself!"

"This is a free country. You could've went along too."

"I see that now," Stag agreed morosely, "now that it's too late! I admit I've acted like a damn fool ever since I first got word to go to St. Louis. Seems like when that happened, I lost what little good sense I did have! Well," he said with abrupt violence, "I can't just stand around here doin' nothin'!"

"What you think you're gonna do now?" Newt asked as Stag opened the door.

"Goin' over to Tigertail."

"Gonna be a hell of a storm break any minute now," Newt warned him.

Stag stood in the open door and looked at the sky. "Yeah, guess you're right!"

"Hit just 'bout when you're in the channel."

"Supper's nearly ready anyhow," said Pearl.

Stag closed the door and went back to the window. "If we don't hear nothin' by tomorrow mornin', I'm goin' to start out for St. Louis. Anyhow, Lon'll know something about what happened to 'em!"

THE storm hit the bateau less than a mile from Pecan Point. Lon and Dena had been rowing desperately all the way from Tigertail, and when they felt the first impact of the wind, Lon gasped, "Get over to the willows!

"All of you grab branches!" he shouted as they hit the trees. At that instant the rain began to fall with the force of a bludgeon.

HARRY MILLER untied his motorboat from the gallery post, glanced at the sky and muttered an oath of irritation. The storm which had been threatening all afternoon was about to break. He hesitated, then stepped into the boat. Essie had had another of her "spells." Fern had gone over to Pecan Point. He'd have to go for her.

Before he could draw away from the Island, the storm released its fury. As he came abreast of the Holley house, the terrific wind and the deluge from the sky struck him at the same instant, and in that moment Harry saw something else to startle him—a towboat pushing its convoy of a dozen steel barges loaded with sugar and peanuts from New Orleans up the swollen Mississippi. As the monstrous craft came opposite Island 21, lashed simultaneously by the tempest and the torrent of rain, it seemed to change its course and head for the Island.

Harry's motor spluttered and expired. As he watched, a steel barge broke away from its towline, then the storm tore away another. When he realized his motor had gone dead, Harry plunged into the river and swam frantically toward the Holley house. He managed to reach it and clung to the edge of the gallery, shouting for Newt and Stag. When they came out, Harry dragged himself to the gallery floor and cried, "Chop yourself loose from that room you built on!"

One glance at the towboat in the river told Stag why, and he was chopping away furiously by the time Newt and Harry were able to help him.

When the first steel barge struck one of the other houses, the shattering sound of the collision could be heard above the storm. Then a great section of the Holley bedroom came loose and the shanty boat, freed from its encumbering weight, rose to the surface of the river.

"Lash it to somethin' so we won't float away!" Newt yelled, and Stag jumped for the front gallery, Harry for the rear.

Stag opened the door and involuntarily shrank back. A barge was heading straight for him, tearing through the turbulent water with the speed of a torpedo. As the shanty boat rose, however, the wind caused it to rock violently and to swing out of the path of the barge as it thundered past, less than ten feet away, to crash instead into the Garner house.

Stag jumped into the skiff which was moored to the gallery post, untying the rope with trembling hands. He seized the oars and struck out toward the wreckage of the Garner house. The barge had buried its prow in the ground and the stern rose high in the air. He heard someone in the water shouting above the shriek of the wind and saw that it was Dena's younger sister clinging to what had been the dining table. Stag brought his skiff alongside and reached down to pull her into the boat. "Where's your pa?"

"He ain't home! He went to Pecan Point!"

Harry Miller and Newt managed to tie the shanty boat to the willows, and as Stag rowed back with the girl he heard Harry shout, "I got to go after Essie! She's sick in bed!"

The Garner skiff, which had been tied to the post, drifted close enough for Stag to grasp the gunwale and he towed it along beside him. "Take this one," he yelled to Harry. "Gran'pap—you look after the boat! Try an' keep clear of any more barges that break loose!"

"I want to help you!" Newt shouted.

"You can help more by keepin' the boat here for me to bring folks to!" With one oar Stag pushed away from the shanty boat, out into the churning froth of the raging Mississippi. By that time two more barges had smashed into the Island, one of them demolishing a house and the other narrowly missing another.

Harry Miller reached his house and saw Essie standing at the bedroom window frigid with fear. He motioned for her to come out, but she shook her head. He sprang from the skiff to the gallery, tied the rope securely to a post, then ran inside.

"Essie!" he called commandingly, but she did not answer. He strode into the bedroom and when he saw that she was too terrified to move, caught her up swiftly in his arms and carried her out. As he reached the gallery, he saw a barge hurtling toward him. He waited for an instant with Essie in his arms, his chin lifted slightly and a look of incredulous expectancy in his eyes. Then the barge tore into the Miller house, grinding it to rubble.

HALF an hour later, the storm had exhausted itself and subsided. What had once been a colony on Island 21 was now an area of desolation. Only the Holley shanty boat, moored to the willows, remained. On board were more than fifty people rescued from the river.

"Tell you what we can do," Stag suggested. "A couple of us can take you over to Pecan Point, a skiff load at a time."

Newt had a better idea. "You're on a boat—an' a dern *good* boat, too! Let ever'body stay right on here an' us men can tie the two skiffs in front an' pull the whole shootin' match over t' Pecan Point."

"You Holleys sure had the right idea," a woman said, "in leavin' the hull on your boat so it'd float."

"What do you mean by *us* Holleys?" Newt demanded indignantly. "You mean *me*! They'd be a very different story today if ever'body'd stayed in the river, where they was safe, 'stead o' tryin' to call theirselves land folks!" He looked straight at Pearl and said sharply, "Ain't that so, Pearl?"

"Yes," Pearl replied humbly. "It sure is so."

THE rain had stopped when Lon and his boatload drew up in triumph to the edge of the commissary gallery at Pecan Point. They believed at first that the crowd of people there had come to greet them. Si Garner, after his first astonishment and relief over the safe return of his family and Lon Holley, told them what had happened over on the Island.

"There's our boat—floatin'!" Lon yelled.

"Yep," Si answered, "loaded to the guards with our folks. We'll soon know which ones!"

Royce Williamson watched the boats through his telescope. "There's Stag an' Newt!" he called.

Dena began to tremble so violently that Lon put his arm about her to steady her; she leaned heavily against him. "Oh, Lon," she whispered, "I've been so scared!"

IN October, Lon received checks from the sheet-music publisher of Ramblin' River Man, from the record manufacturer, and from the motion-picture company in Hollywood. They totaled almost thirty thousand dollars. He look at the three checks blankly. "What am I gonna do with all that money?" he asked in dismay.

Stag laughed. "Spend it!"

"What on?"

"On goin' to school," Newt said unexpectedly. "Go to one of them schools where you don't have to learn nothin' but music."

"Hey," Lon decided, "I would like that!"

Stag turned to wink at Newt, and he was struck by the look of happiness in the old man's face. "How'd you happen to think of it, gran'pap?"

"I been thinkin' of it ever since I knowed how much music Lon's got in him," Newt replied. "There's one inst'ment no Holley ever had a chance to learn to play on, an' that's a pianna! That's what I got in mind fer Lon."

"Why, say," Lon agreed excitedly, "that's the one thing I always wished I *could* play!"

Stag threw an affectionate arm across his shoulders. "Well, here's your chance, kid!"

"Only thing," Lon said, "is I'll have to do it on fifteen thousand dollars, 'cause half of this money is yours."

Stag withdrew his arm abruptly. "It is like hell."

"Yeah, but I lost your car for you," Lon protested. "I took your job away from you!"

"Look," Stag interrupted roughly. "That's your dough, every cent of it! I wouldn't touch a penny of it! But if you're bound an' determined to get rid of it, help the Island 21 folks to build their new boats—buy the lumber for 'em, an' the nails an' paint—stuff like that."

IT was a warm day for mid-November when, towed by skiffs and motorboats, the cavalcade of new shanty boats, led by the Holleys' old one, moved majestically to Island 21. Newt had worked out a chart showing where each was to be located, as close as possible to the land where the houses had stood, so there was no confusion.

"Well, folks," he yelled when the first boats were towed into position, "welcome to Holleyville!"

As their men tied their lines to the willows, Si Garner shouted to Newt, "Reckon we better elect you our first mayor!" And the election was unanimous.

Dena and Stag were married in the larger room of the new Garner boat, with people so closely packed about them that Lon could scarcely get the ring out of his pocket for Stag to put on Dena's finger.

Early that morning over at Pecan Point, Stag had stowed his suitcase and Dena's new one in the back of the old Ford. All they had to do, after the ceremony, was moor the motorboat in which they had come over from Island 21, and drive away toward Tigertail.

"Are we going as far away as Montana an' California?" Dena wanted to know.

"They'll do to start off with. Come to think of it, I don't know what I'm gonna do for a livin'!"

"Anyhow, you've got your guitar with you," she reminded him.

"Um h'm—got an idea for a song, too. The name of it is Sing a River Song. The world's full o' rivers an' we'll cross all of 'em!" He looked away from the road long enough to glance at her, and the next time he spoke, his tone was almost solemn: "Is it gonna be all right, Dena?"

"All right? It's gonna be wonderful!" Dena leaned back against the strength of his arm. They were two people in a new world all their own, a world to share only with each other; there would be tenderness in it, and passion, and infinite variety. It would have to be a happy world, because it would be filled with their love for each other.

Dena and Stag were not the sort of people who could say things like that, however, so she didn't try to put her thoughts into words. Instead, she said, "Well, there's the Mississippi out there. Start singin' me that river song!"

Stag smiled, then he began to hum in a minor strain; it had the rhythm of the automobile, but there was the rhythm of the river in it, too.

"Sing me a song of the river," he murmured; "Sing me a song from the South!"

He repeated the phrases, his voice resonant and deep. Dena smiled joyously and leaned back against his encircling arm. Yes, it was a wonderful world, hers and Stag's.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

WRITTEN before the death of President Roosevelt, although published later, **Morris L. Ernst's** book of reminiscences, **The Best Is Yet**, contains this finely perceptive appraisal of Roosevelt's place in our world: "Of course, the genius of our day is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Scarcely a week goes by without our witnessing some flash of his mind. His equipment is the essence of true invention. He creates more than political gadgets or exciting improvements. He improvises, leaping across mental gaps and emotional ravines which frighten most of us away from thought or emotion. . . . Without such flashes we might have lost the war."

Morris L. Ernst

The author of this book has had a brilliant career as a lawyer, and is best known for his successful fight against prurient censorship of books by the Post Office and the Custom House. People who live far from bookstores and must get their books by mail owe a debt of gratitude to him for the present low postage rate on books—it was he who presented the problem to F. D. R. and got it straightened out in a jiffy.

A veteran fighter for the underdog, Mr. Ernst has managed to retain his sense of humor—a quality that is by no means standard equipment for crusaders. When he was fighting to lift the ban on a Schnitzler novel, he tells, he presented to the court statements by a group of literary lights. One day the Judge phoned him to ask why no statement by Heywood Broun had been included. This omission was quickly remedied. Later, when the case had been won, he asked for the return of the documents. . . . "To which the Judge replied smilingly, 'You can't get them. Why do you think I called up for that Broun letter? My son is an autograph collector.' "

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price $3.

LOUIS BROMFIELD, after searching the earth for exotic settings for his novels, found the greatest adventure of his life in buying three run-down Ohio farms, joining them into one, and making them bloom. He tells the story, with irresistible enthusiasm, in **Pleasant Valley.**

Louis Bromfield

"No city can offer any excitement," says Mr. Bromfield, "comparable to what happens when there is a new pure-bred calf or the whole landscape comes alive with the change of season. No excitement can equal the slow satisfaction of witnessing a tired, worn field come back to life and fertility."

Mr. Bromfield is an old hand at love stories, but far and away the best one of his career is in this book. It's the story of old Walter Oakes, whose millionaire son wanted him to retire and live a life of luxury, but who stubbornly clung to his ninety acres.

Walking one day through one of the old man's corn fields, the best in the county, the author saw him pause to admire a specially beautiful stalk. "Old Walter stopped and regarded it. . . . 'Look at that,' he said. 'Ain't it beautiful? . . . I wish Nellie could have seen this hybrid corn. She wouldn't have believed it.' " Nellie was Walter's wife, who had died just forty years before.

The old man's tycoon son was sent away with the message: "He's never lonely. She's in the garden and the fields and his famous fence rows. She's out there husking corn with him now in the bottom forty."

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price $3.

Puzzle 3v3 6/30/4

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

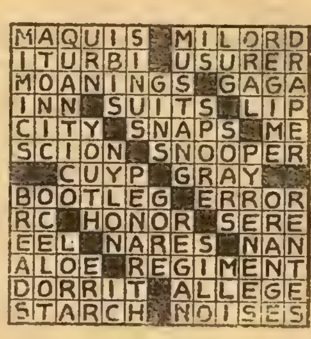
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

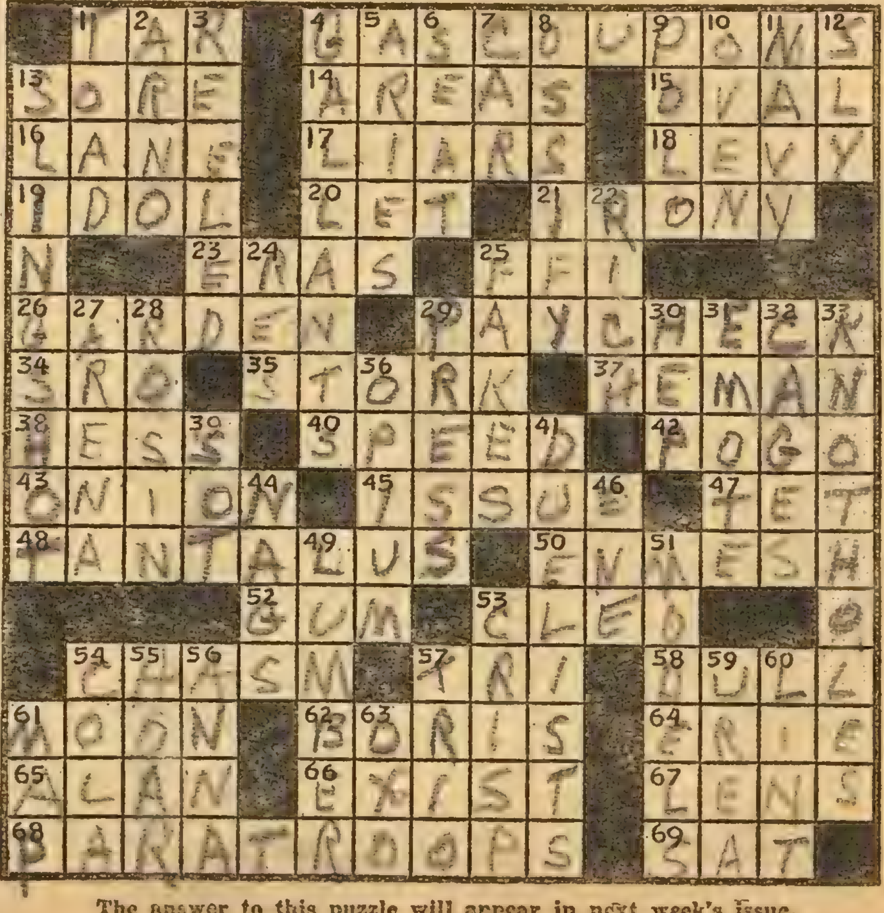
1 Salt of the sea
4 Mutterists are complaining these won't get them very far! (two words)
13 Rose thorn, sat on, makes painful anagram
14 Verb and conjunction cover lots of territory
15 Round and round it goes, where it ends nobody knows
16 Amatory alley
17 Two-tongued double-talkers
18 Joosh tax
19 Russian classes Stalin is a member of
20 Landlords say there's nothing to this
21 Hitler disguised as a Jew is a supreme what?
23 Ares mustn't rase for times to come
25 Frenchmen who were wolves (abbr.)
26 First you scratch in it, then the neighbor's chickens do
29 This has a way of disappearing Saturday nights (two words)
34 Sign you see entering Oklahoma
35 Member of the Heir Transport Command
37 Hyphenated muscle man
38 His presence in another world is greatly desired
40 What the wartime waiter obviously was never designed for
42 Stick with St. Vitus Dance
43 Skunk roe (smells, doesn't it?)
45 The musical question is: —— Is, or —— Ain't My Baby?
47 Tomcats Esteem Tripe (abbr.)
48 Zeus' boy: he had a hell of a time getting some fruit and water
50 Get things all tangled up
52 Jaw-muscle builder
53 She certainly made her Mark in the ancient world
54 It's deep but usually yawning
57 This comes in cycles of 3
58 Shane may be vague at times, but he's never this!
61 Residence of the coldest man in the universe
62 He was Gudenof to have an opera written about him
64 Another Lake besides Veronica
65 Quite a Ladd, this fellow!
66 B
67 This can make a mountain out of a molehill
68 Avenging angels
69 Draped it on a seat vertically

VERTICAL

1 He goes on long hops during wart time
2 Florence's favorite river
3 Propelled by alcohol
4 The wolves of yesteryear
5 First sign of the zodiac
6 All during her reign, the queen sat on this
7 Dobbin-replacer, about to be Dobbin-replaced
8 Fill the tank with alcohol
9 Galloping golf
10 Source of a lot of half-baked things
11 Ours has its ups and downs; Japan's, only downs
12 Foxy
13 Carried by an infant terrible, it gets the bird
22 $upplied with thi$ world'$ green good$
24 Thing familiar to Xworders
25 Fonies
27 Bloody ball park
28 What many an old bow uses to scrape up a contact with a G stringer
29 What Iron Men do in Germany
30 Kind of cat
31 Turn insides out, as a ham
32 Hon. ancestral homes
33 The boys say baseball looks best when it is viewed through these
36 Smokers say it's out of this world
39 He complains they're making it up faster than he can drink it down
41 They keep trying to plug the other fellow—killing, aren't they?
44 Men drivers (fem.)
46 Compass point (abbr.)
49 Move like a wooden elephant
51 More Powers to these exemplary girls!
53 What Bacon was the morning after being thoroughly fried
54 Soft-drink ingredient
55 Kind of frost
56 Indian small change
57 3 in 1
59 Crystalline compound
60 What men in blue serge suits usually collect
61 Layout of the land
63 A great big kiss between a pair of eyeglasses


MAQUIS■MILORD
ITURBI■USURER
MOANINGS■GAGA
INN■SUITS■LIP
CITY■SNAPS■ME
SCION■SNOOPER
■■CUYP■GRAY■■
BOOTLEG■ERROR
RC■HONOR■SERE
EEL■NARES■NAN
ALOE■REGIMENT
DORRIT■ALLEGE
STARCH■NOISES

Last week's answer


■IAR■GASCOUPONS
SORE■AREAS■OVAL
LANE■LIARS■LEVY
IDOL■LET■IRONY■
N■■ERAS■FFI■■■■
GARDEN■PAYCHECK
SRO■STORK■HEMAN
HESS■SPEED■POGO
ONION■ISSUE■TET
TANTALUS■ENMESH
■■■■GUM■CLEO■■O
■CHASM■KRI■DULL
MOON■BORIS■ERIE
ALAN■EXIST■LENS
PARATROOPS■SAT■

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

HIT THE BALL—WITH A ONE-STRING TENNIS RACKET?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just a single brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from never less than 33 fine brews . . . to insure depth of *flavor,* even *goodness,* superb *quality.* Order it with confidence, serve it with pride —for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

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Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 Fine Brews

BLENDED
into One Great Beer

TUNE IN HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS
EVERY FRIDAY, 10:30 P.M., EWT, CBS

ORDER THIS PICTURESQUE
Rancherette
WESTERN OUTFIT
by MAIL
TRUDY MARSHALL
in
"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"
A 20th CENTURY FOX PICTURE

Add a touch of the great open spaces to your wardrobe! Wear this typically Western Shirt and Slacks for sports anywhere! "Rancherette" is an authentically, gay, sports outfit — in an array of rich Western colors — Gold with Brown; Red with Navy; Kelly with Brown; Aqua with Brown. Sizes 12 14 16 18. Prompt Delivery!

The Shirt — $7.95 *plus postage*
The Slacks — $5.95 *plus postage*

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6272 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

USE THIS COUPON

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Dept. 284, 6272 Hollywood Blvd.
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Please send me____Rancherette Shirts at $7.95
Size 12 14 16 18 *(circle size)*
☐ Gold with Brown ☐ Kelly with Brown
☐ Red with Navy ☐ Aqua with Brown
☐ Western Slacks to match, $5.95
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*______ *Zone*____ *State*______

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

NATURE STORY: Paul Hollister tells me that when he and his wife, Carol, week-ended at Raymond Lowey's country home, they were awakened in the morning by a particularly vocal flock of geese that honked in formation around the house, a duck waddling in their midst like a quarterback. Later, when the Hollisters sought to relax in luscious deck chairs on the terrace, the overhospitable geese snapped vivaciously at the kapok cushions under the Hollister derrières. Ho hum, I guess summer in the city isn't such an ordeal as our pitying suburban friends would have us think.

TOPS IN HATS: At a fashion publicity meeting the other day, five advertising writers appeared wearing hats that looked a bit relaxed, even in this age when the sky's the limit. Tardy arrivals gave the quintet no more attention than they did the rest of the group, though the five zanies had compiled their hats from odds and ends around the office, to burlesque the millinery stylists. The two most dashing creations were a tribute to their wearers' ingenuity and determination. One was a beach bag, half solid black, the other half chartreuse with black polka dots. Its impertinent designer had tied the drawstrings tight to hold it on her head, and looped the slack high over her crown, pinning it securely above her astounded widow's peak. The other little prize was a black typewriter cover, pleated into a nifty toque, with the surplus material gathered in back and tied with a fuschia veil. All of which just goes to show that what used to be fantastic is now so conventional as to be almost humdrum.

PINCHING AND PUNCHING: According to fruit and vegetable dealers, the female of the species is more deadly than the male. The merciless American housewife, in her zeal to test the freshness and quality of peas or beans, for example, will shell a pod of peas or lima beans, and snap a string bean or two, thereby contributing to an estimated waste of 8,590,000 pounds of fresh green vegetables yearly. According to the research department of the Farm-Fresh, a large wholesale produce firm which made the survey, the vegetables destroyed by thoughtless American shoppers would supply 4,295,000 children with their vegetable requirements for one week. Not content with pinching, punching, prodding, mauling, and bruising the defenseless vegetable or fruit, the ruthless lady shopper thinks nothing of tearing off lettuce leaves, piercing apples with fingernails, and mutilating tomatoes and peaches so that the average store must throw out many pounds of damaged produce every day. Such ferocity isn't necessary. A gimlet eye and a gentle finger will tell the shopper whether the vegetables and fruits are crisp and solid.

POWDER-AND-PAINT DEPARTMENT: Some of the oldest and most respected drug and cosmetic names are represented in this summer's crop of feminine finishing touches. There is a fragrant new rose tan powder designed for both blondes and brunettes to use through the summer; brunettes will like it all year round. . . . Another product is a sun-tan lotion, designed to prevent sunburn while permitting the skin to tan. A greaseless liquid, slightly scented, it does not make the skin look gooey or shiny.

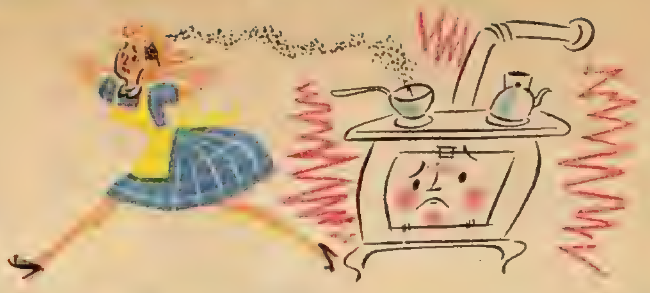
RETURN OF THE NATIVE

I go to the station, determined to roam,
And after an hour, decide to stay home.
To wait for a ticket I haven't the strength,
Because of the line-up's preposterous length.
A die-hard am I—for the ODT
Repeatedly cautions you and me
To use both patriotism and brains,
And stay off crowded buses and trains.

HIGH-TONED SCARECROWS: You may well ask who buys the scarecrows offered for sale at $69.95 each in a large New York department store. You'd have to scare a heap of crows out of a supercolossal garden to get your money's worth. Peter Hunt designed them, and in addition to gaily painted faces, arms, and haberdashery, they bristle with uninhibited hearts and flowers, not to mention long raffia streamers to simulate hair. In place of the usual battered hat worn by the conventional scarecrow, these Bohemian characters wear wooden ducks on their heads. Personally, I should think they would attract rather than frighten a normally inquisitive crow. . . . Browsing through the department which harbors the scarecrows, I was absorbed in morbid contemplation of a pair of artificial trees, white, Christmasy, and about four feet tall. Priced at $129 each, both had been sold and were sporting tags to that effect. As I stood thinking how many live four-foot trees I could buy to plant at our farm in Maine, Artist Lester Gaba loitered up in search of an oil lamp. He observed that the store trees had one great advantage over the real McCoy—you wouldn't have to water them.

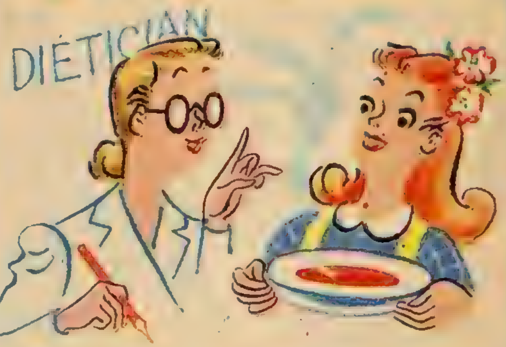
RAILROAD TICKETS

CLEVER COOKS
ESCAPE KITCHEN HEAT

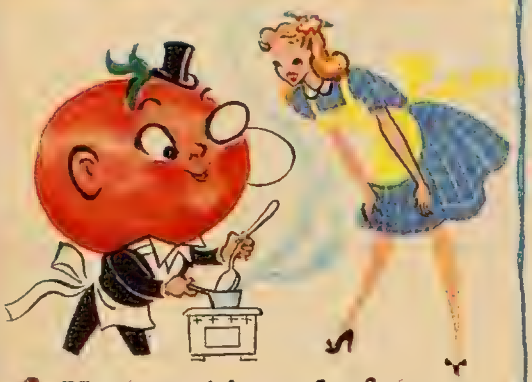


1 Lady, don't let the rising mercury get you down! Playing hooky from a hot cookstove is a cinch!

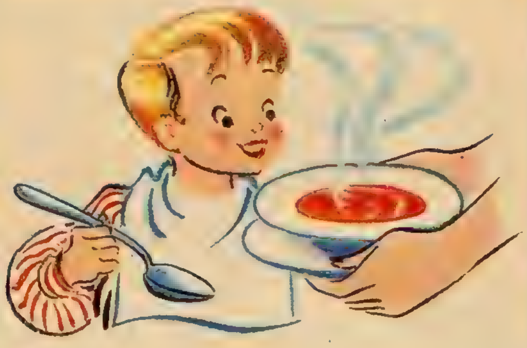
2 You can take almost any afternoon off if you know a time-saving treat like . . .



3 Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup—the perfect hot dish for summer meals (good and healthful, too!)



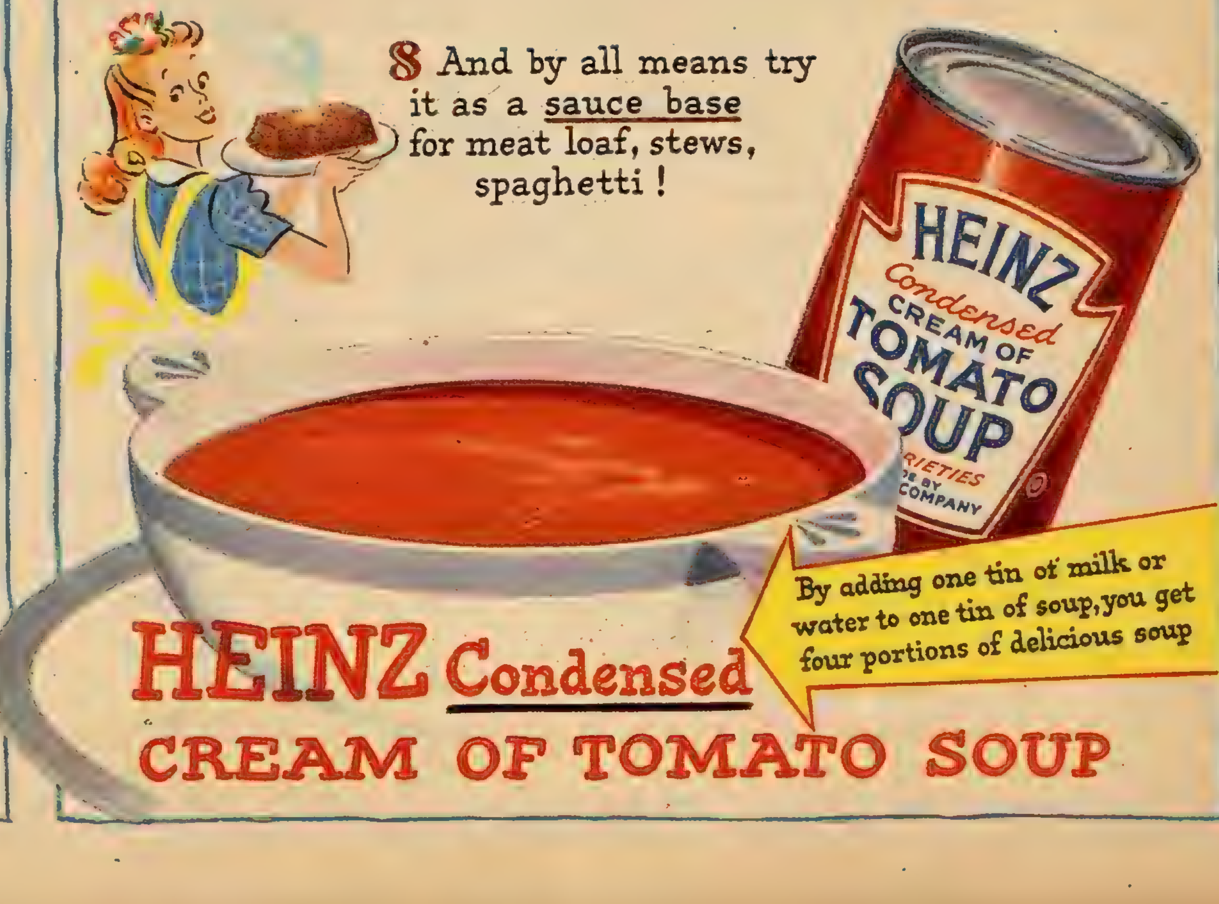
4 You see, it's made from thick cream and vine-ripened "Aristocrat" tomatoes—cooked the small-batch way



5 So satisfy finicky summer appetites with nourishing Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, a sandwich or salad . . .

6 You'll stay cool as a lettuce leaf—and the family will stay well-fed and happy!

7 Better write Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup at the head of your grocery list . . .



8 And by all means try it as a sauce base for meat loaf, stews, spaghetti!

By adding one tin of milk or water to one tin of soup, you get four portions of delicious soup

HEINZ Condensed
CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS INSURE THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY

In the B-29

Far back in the tail of the mighty Boeing B-29 is an Andover Auxiliary Power Unit equipped with Champion Spark Plugs, for generating electrical energy for the more than 140 electric motors which perform a great multiplicity of vital functions in this ship. On a combat mission this is what the power from this engine does: It starts the main engines . . . changes the propeller pitch . . . raises and lowers the giant dual wheels and landing gear . . . opens and closes bomb bay doors . . . operates the flaps and brakes which slip out of the airfoil . . . runs the bomb sights . . . releases the bombs . . . turns the gun turrets . . . computes the gunner's sighting . . . fires the guns . . . and detects ground units . . . plus providing light and heat for the crews . . . and power for radio and intercom phones. Dependable ignition is paramount in this small but most vital engine. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs here, as in hundreds of other vital wartime assignments, are adding new prestige to their reputation for better performance and greater dependability, in every engine.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

THE BONE-YARD SPECIAL

Continued from Page 19

time, but war or no war I figure that when you find somebody to love you had better grab them. Your future husband, JOE ROGET. P.S.: I am glad we have money for the wedding ring. Didn't I say it would come in handy?"

She thought, Now Joe will never trust me again. There was no way of replacing nine dollars that she knew of, not so quickly—not before Joe arrived Friday night.

HER guilt set heavily on her. Although no ogre or penny pincher, Joe naturally would be hurt and surprised. Not having been on the scene, how could Joe be expected to understand her concern for the fate of this old friend? It wasn't as if Joe had any money, she thought; his service pay went to his mother to care for their large and needy family. The little he had put in the trouble jug had been all that he had.

When *maman* departed, Melanie heard her brothers calling:

"Get in, Melie. Play like we're driving out somewhere. Come on, girl—hop in."

Romulus had found the tattered straw hat that once had adorned *grandpère's* horse. Old Leon's ears protruded through it in a jaunty way and he seemed almost to arch his neck with a modest pride. Melanie got in beside her brothers, listening to Remus.

"Look, Melie—we're driving into Evangeline Square now. We're in the Buggy Parade. Now look, Melie—"

At this moment Melanie saw someone standing at the barn door.

It wasn't *maman* but the last person in the world Melanie would have desired for a witness now. Mimi Ducrot. Melanie saw that her reaction to the spectacle they made was exactly like *maman's*.

"Melanie Corday," Mimi Ducrot said, "you're not going to put that outfit in the Buggy Parade! Nobody would be such a fool! Why, that old *cheval* isn't good for anything but grinding up. Don't tell me you're thinking of driving that bag of bones in the Buggy Parade. If I hadn't heard it, I wouldn't believe it."

Now, this wasn't like *maman* standing there, fuming from habit, not maliciousness. This was a mean grasping woman who would have sold a faithful old work horse for nine dollars. Melanie thought, I won't simply sit here and swallow that. There is a limit to everything. Who am I, anyhow, Jeanne d'Arc? . . .

So she answered coolly, picking her words. "Yes, I'm thinking of it," she said. "This is a horse and buggy, isn't it? Don't they want a horse and buggy in the Buggy Parade? Or is it going to be only a one-family Ducrot parade?"

Mimi Ducrot grew crimson at this reply.

"All the buggy needs is a little cleaning," Melanie added, "and all Old Leon needs is one square meal. The one he didn't get—remember? We'll be there Saturday, Mimi, so you'd better watch out. Even if your cousin is the one who is offering the prize." Then she smiled in a friendly way. "Well, good-by, for now," she said, so pleased to remember that long-cherished line from the movies: it didn't often happen.

But a silence that was thick and heavy closed down on the barn after Mimi was gone. Presently Romulus spoke:

"Are we? Are we, really, Melie? Right in the parade?"

"And with the twenty-five-dollar prize?" Remus asked. "No fooling, Melie. Say something."

(*Continued on page 60*)

Choice of a lifetime..

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding

Treat yourself to the finest Golden Wedding in more than half a century. Linger over its lighter, finer flavor. It's the discriminating whiskey drinker's *choice of a lifetime.*

Golden Wedding
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Has had no peers for fifty years

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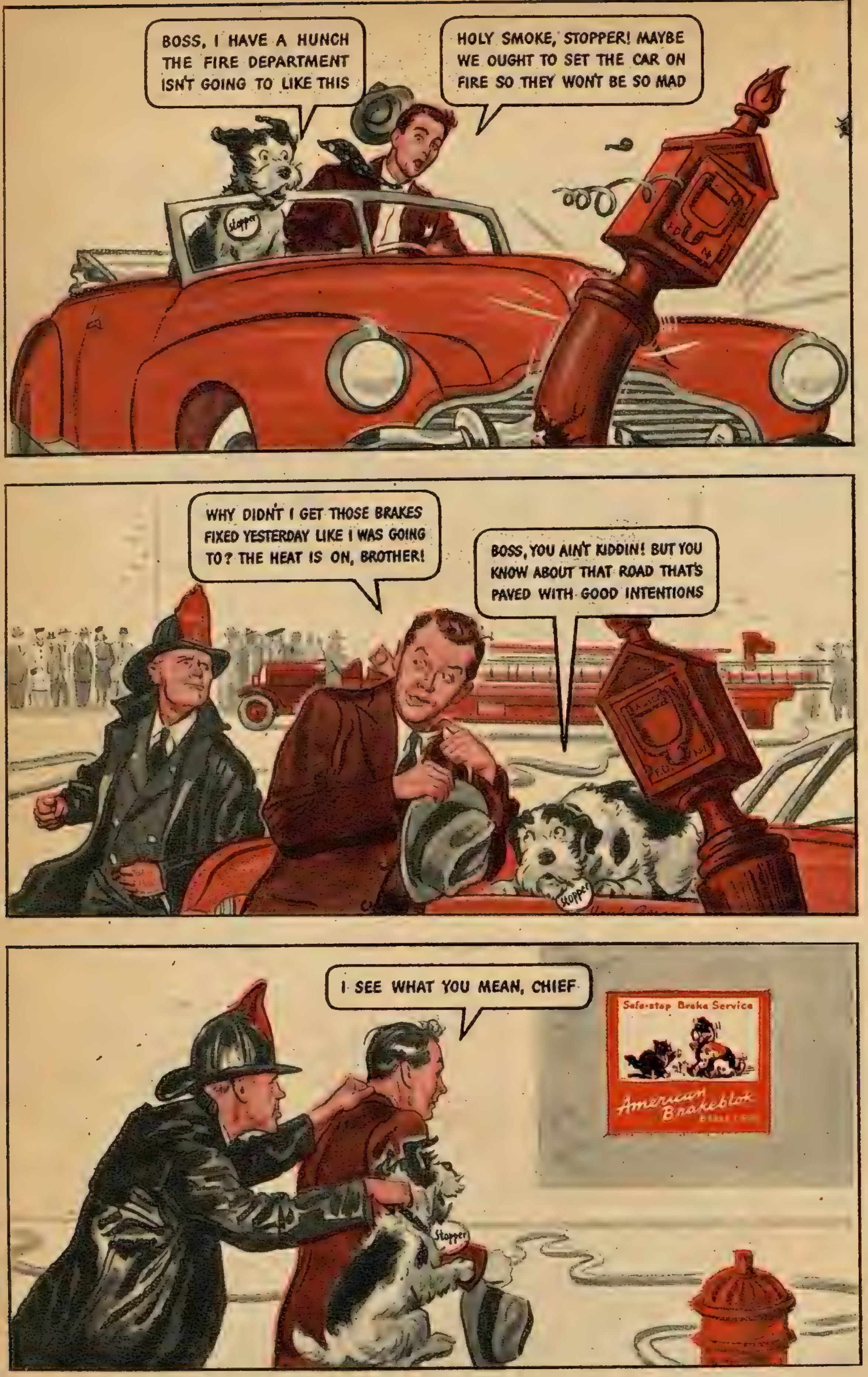

BOSS, I HAVE A HUNCH THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS
HOLY SMOKE, STOPPER! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO SET THE CAR ON FIRE SO THEY WON'T BE SO MAD
WHY DIDN'T I GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED YESTERDAY LIKE I WAS GOING TO? THE HEAT IS ON, BROTHER!
BOSS, YOU AIN'T KIDDIN! BUT YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT ROAD THAT'S PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, CHIEF
Safe-stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok

STOPPER SAYS— Take my word for it, folks. Bad *brakes* give you bad *breaks* every time. Don't put it off. Look for the sign, have the repair man remove a wheel and check the brakes. If they need relining use American Brakeblok Brake Lining, it's so good many automotive manufacturers use it on new cars and trucks.

NAPA

Available from 38 NAPA Warehouses and Jobbers everywhere.

American Brakeblok

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BRAKE LINING

DIVISION OF AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

American Brakeblok Division
Detroit 9, Michigan

(*Continued from page 58*)

She was thinking. With twenty-five dollars you could buy two rings: one for her, one for Joe. Anyhow, it was doing something, and right now she couldn't think of anything else to do. Not one single thing at all.

Remus said tensely, "Go on, Melie. Talk."

"Well, you heard what I said. We've got a horse and buggy. If they don't fall down before Saturday, we'll be in the Buggy Parade."

SHE was glad to have work to keep her mind off Joe's coming Friday. Repairing the damage inflicted by time and adversity upon the buggy and Old Leon would require not only labor but ingenuity.

Maman's scrub bucket and mop were applied to both impartially. However, this was only a beginning, with much more left to be done. Old Leon and the buggy were clean, but it was with the cleanliness of the poor and threadbare. Everywhere Melanie looked she observed unmistakable signs of wear and tear.

Remus said, "I can stick my finger clean through the top. Look," and demonstrated until she restrained him.

Romulus said, "One thing I never noticed before: This old horse's tail is falling out. You can pull a hair out and he don't even feel it. Watch," and she had to deal with that, too.

Melanie decided to resort to disguise, but this time with an art that pleased as well as concealed. Outdoors, the hearty Cajun springtime was in full bloom; everywhere Nature stood ready to encourage and aid her. Wherever a hole showed in the buggy, she put flowers—irises, oleanders, arrowhead, crape myrtle. Even the broken harness could be mended with wire and prettily festooned with honeysuckle vines. In the tear in Old Leon's straw hat she fastened a magnolia blossom; a garland of sweet William hid the sparseness of his tail.

Inspecting the final result, she shared her brothers' spontaneous applause.

"Like it is now," was Remus' comment, "there's so many flowers you can't tell right away what you're looking at. You know it's a horse, sure—but it takes a minute to figure it out."

She was relieved at having Old Leon to show to Joe when he arrived Friday evening. It gave her a little more time to put off his questions. When the boys drove out of the barn and he saw what they had done, he laughed. He had to sit down on a sugar hogshead because he laughed so heartily. Then he said what *maman* and Mimi Ducrot had said before him—what Melanie was growing accustomed to hearing:

"Are you telling me *that's* going in the Buggy Parade? . . . Well, I guess I understand. You're doing it to make people laugh. Just to have some fun. Aren't you, Melie?"

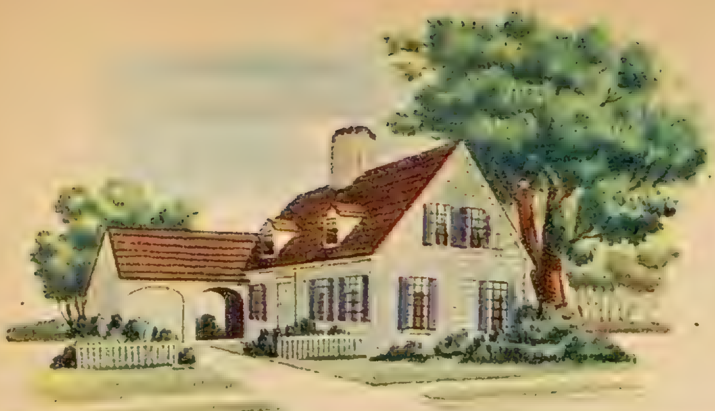
"No, not exactly," she said. "Joe, don't you remember? This was Zuzu Ducrot's old horse. They were sending him to the bone yard. That's why we brought him home. We're putting him in the parade because Mimi Ducrot sneered at him. Right here in this barn. She said I was crazy, and maybe I am—that kind of crazy."

"She would," Joe said. "That woman always was poison." Then his interest in the subject waned and he put his arm around her. "Melie, you want to get married, don't you, before I go away?"

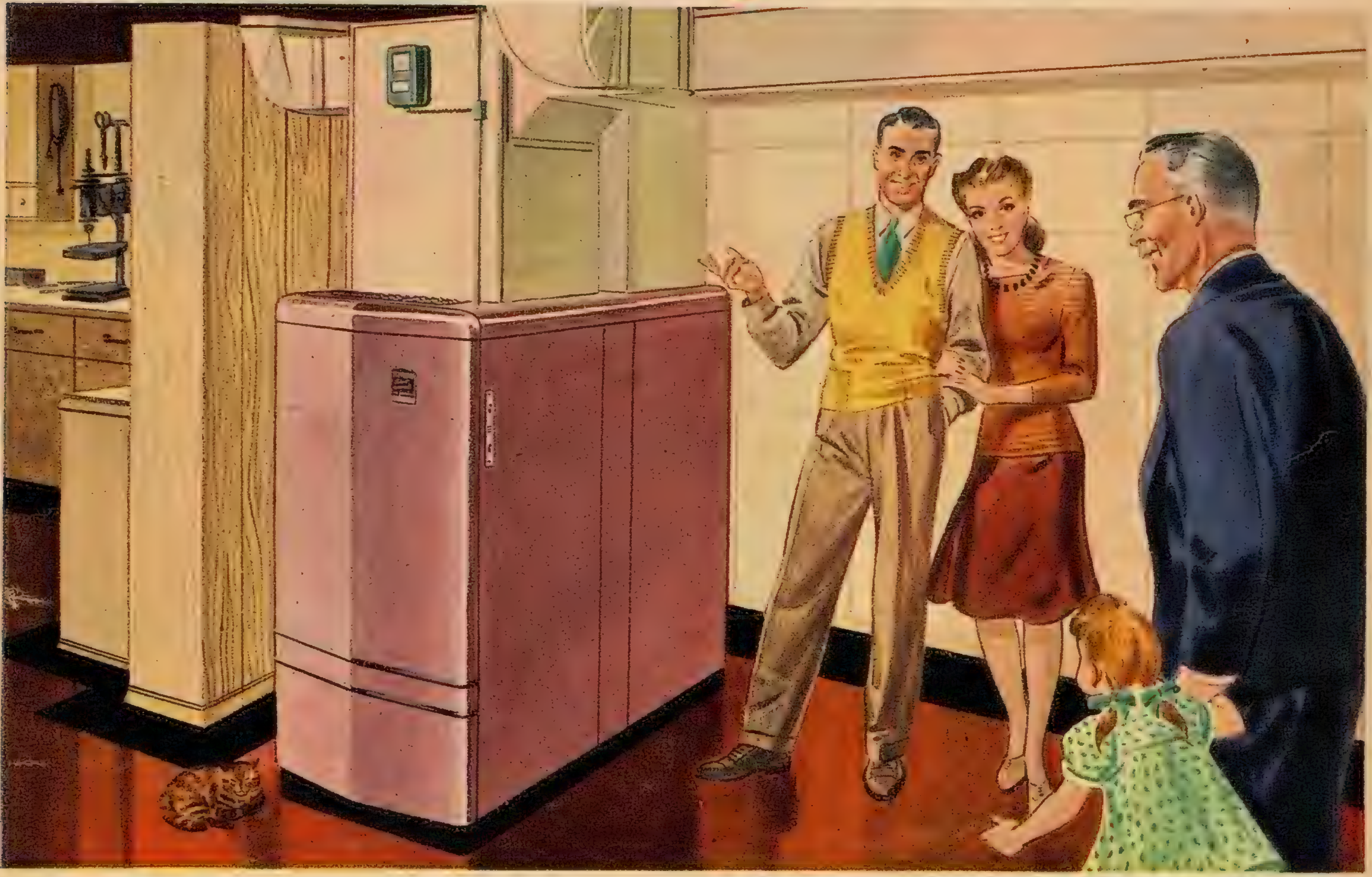
Melanie kissed him.

"We can get married after the parade," Joe said. "We'll ride in your buggy. We'll show all of those Ducrots we aren't ashamed of our horse. You'd better let me have the money now so I can get the

(*Continued on page 63*)



"Cape Cod" for Charm



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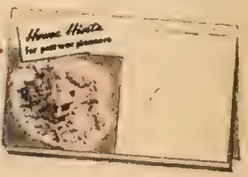

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90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
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1 Fleischmann's Quality!
It's so soft! So velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! Then, *every drop is carefully filtered!*

2 Fleischmann's Smoothness!
Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

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It's a priceless possession! It is found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!
The result is a gin so crystal clear, it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of fruit juices, other mixers!

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America's First Gin

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S . . .

Distilled From American Grain • 90 Proof • The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

(Continued from page 60)

ring. You know what, Melie?" he said with rising enthusiasm. "I told the fellows at the station about saving for the ring. I told them about my fiancée having a trouble jug. It made me proud. I saw how they wished they had somebody like you. Louie Perez's fiancée used to keep his money for him. He gave her twelve dollars to salt away." His expression grew forbidding. "You won't believe what happened. Well, *chérie,* I will tell you."

Melanie regarded him dumbly.

"That woman took Louie's twelve dollars and bought a hat with it," Joe said. "Can you tie that? We told him he should have done something about it. I told him, myself, 'Louie, you ought to put that fiancée of yours in jail.'"

She looked into Joe Roget's intent face.

"It wasn't just the money, you understand. It was the principle. A girl who can't be trusted before she's married can't be trusted afterward. Once they were married, she would have been going into Louie's pants all the time. Isn't that right, Melie?"

Melanie nodded, stricken.

"Getting back to us," Joe said. "You'd better let me have the money. I want to get that ring."

So now Melanie realized that she had hesitated too long, that the moment for explanations had gone.

"Tomorrow, Joe," she said. "You can't get a ring until tomorrow, can you?"

"That's right," he said and patted her shoulder fondly. "Aren't you being pretty careful, holding onto our money like that? I'm glad of it. When a man marries a girl, that's what he wants—someone who will hold onto his savings and keep them safely. Isn't that true, *chérie?*"

Melanie shook her head miserably. . . . And now it occurred to her that perhaps she had better pray—to St. Christophe, the Cajun patron of travelers and their vehicles: *I know that Old Leon and this buggy are broken down and awful, but please allow a miracle to happen—any kind of a miracle—so that we can win twenty-five dollars in the Buggy Parade.*

EVANGELINE SQUARE was filled with horses and buggies on weekdays, and today their hold on Cajun life was loudly and triumphantly displayed. Banners stretched from the live-oak trees, and refreshment booths with fried shrimp, chicory-scented coffee, and pecan pralines lined the shady street. Melanie read the signs as they drove into the square: The Horse Is King, Welcome to Man's Best Friend, *Vive le Cheval!*

The sight of M'sieu Pierre Ducrot made Melanie reflective. In this Cajun one-family town of Ducrots, M'sieu Ducrot was the member in highest standing. Everywhere you looked, you saw M'sieu Ducrot's blood kin. Zuzu and Mimi Ducrot in their own fine buggy were only the beginning.

Everywhere were cracking Ducrot whips, scraping Ducrot wheels, and trim little single-seat Ducrot buggies and ponies. It seemed to her that practically all were Ducrot contestants. She saw their flower-bedecked buggies and their buggies that were masterpieces of colored tissue-paper decoration; Ducrot buggies adorned with the flags of the United Nations and Ducrot buggies which carried identifying names: Vehicle of the Family Napoleon Bonaparte Ducrot, Chariot of Ben-Hur and Ducrot, Barge of Cléopatre and the Family Ducrot. High-sounding names like that.

What Old Leon lacked in youth and zest, Melanie hoped he would make up for in stateliness and dignity. But it was painful to estimate her chance of winning the prize against the combined efforts of a one-family town.

Remus called from the rear, where he was holding on, "Melanie, I believe that hole in the top's getting bigger."

Romulus said, "I been meaning to say something a long time. It looks like a wheel's getting ready to fall off."

Then Joe leaned over and said in a confidential way, "You'd better give me that ring money, Melie. We don't want to lose our good old nine dollars in this crowd."

Melanie closed her eyes. When they opened, it was to the sound of ringing laughter. Mimi Ducrot had pulled up alongside in her own glistening buggy that was waving and dancing with brightly colored plumes.

"Ma foi!" she cried loudly. "It's Melanie Corday and the Bone-Yard Special!"

MELANIE sat up. She didn't call back, but what she said to Joe was spontaneous. "That's a fine thing, coming from her, a woman who was going to sell an old horse for fertilizer for nine dollars." It had popped out! She winced, but it was too late to explain anything now. She felt the stiffness of Joe Roget's body. She couldn't look at him. After a while she heard his voice.

"I was beginning to catch on," Joe said quietly, "thinking how you must have gotten hold of this old horse. I knew Mimi Ducrot wouldn't give him to you—not and lose a chance to make some money."

"Joe, I'll make it up! I'll knit shrimp nets and pick moss. We'll get the ring before you go away."

"We're leaving Monday," he said and smiled. "You couldn't pick much moss by then. I only have one thing to say, Melie. If I had been there in Mimi Ducrot's barn, I would have paid the nine dollars to save Old Leon, too. Then I would have made some real trouble for Mimi Ducrot. I would have taken that trouble jug and busted her over the head with it."

She sat with the worn reins in one hand and Joe's hand in the other and Old Leon went on. They heard M'sieu Ducrot's huge megaphone announcing the beginning of the parade.

The tangle of vehicles had assumed the appearance of an orderly procession and was moving past the judge's platform erected in front of M'sieu Ducrot's buggy shop. They began to circle the square. Surprised laughter from the onlookers greeted Old Leon's appearance.

Old Leon moved along with the leisureliness of the aged and added a few mannerisms that were peculiarly his own. Even in this moment of trouble, Melanie saw the astonishment growing in Joe Roget's face. He was watching with silent fascination the stiff-legged pace of Old Leon—a gait that seemed to require continual up-and-down bobbing of Old Leon's head and which showered the air with loose flowers and raised high first one bony hip, then the other. Even the scanty tail worked with a strange mechanical exactness, seemingly assisting, with all the rest of Old Leon, in the gallant effort that was propelling him forward. Their ancient vehicle, as though mystically related to Old Leon by age and long experience, shared this eccentric progress. Melanie felt odd shakings and shudderings. On either side, and with every yard passed, she saw wheels that leaned out far and alarmingly, rolled, and then marvelously returned, only to wobble once more. Her ears filled with an accompaniment, sometimes droning, sometimes explosive, of anguished squeaks.

"Ma foi," she heard Joe say in a hushed voice, "after this, even a PT boat would be nothing."

Round and round the parade went—and it was at the completion of the third trip that Melanie realized that something un-

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usual was happening. For, instead of announcing the winner, as was the usual practice, M'sieu Ducrot did not halt the procession but merely waved them on. As Melanie realized this fact, she also became aware of another unexpected happening.

It startled her.

The peaceful flow of the Buggy Parade had undergone a surprising change. The buggy drivers were now commencing to call out in protest over the delay. Numerous altercations were going on violently between the various contestants and M'sieu Pierre Ducrot. Even more peculiar was the fact that those who were shouting loudest at the judge's stand were members of the Ducrot family. Melanie heard Mimi Ducrot calling to M'sieu Ducrot.

"You, Pierre, take a look at my outfit here!" Mimi cried. "Award me the prize!"

Following her came the buggy of M'sieu Ducrot's own brother, Philomel Ducrot.

"Pierre!" Philomel Ducrot was shouting. "Make the decision now. You know I spent plenty money on my outfit here!"

Behind Philomel still another Ducrot buggy came—with its irate occupant demanding immediate consideration of his own entry. This driver, M'sieu Ducrot's uncle, Gaston St. Louis Lafayette Ducrot, stood up in his buggy and waved his whip.

"You, Pierre, hurry up there! I ain't driving all day for that money!"

Melanie saw the change that had come over M'sieu Ducrot.

M'sieu Ducrot was no longer sleek and confident, but perspiring. The reason for his harassed appearance was plain. Most of the Buggy Parade was composed of Ducrots, his own blood and kin; and M'sieu Ducrot was discovering the curse of being a judge in a one-family town. She realized that M'sieu Ducrot was distressed at the thought of selecting one Ducrot entrant as the superior of the others, and by so doing commence what might easily be a long, painful family feud and battle royal.

Like many a troubled judge before him with an unsolvable decision waiting to be made, M'sieu Ducrot reached his final judgment in the wisest and most logical way. One thing was obvious: He could not name one Ducrot over another Ducrot, nor yet all of the Ducrots. So M'sieu Ducrot decided to name none of them.

Once more Old Leon plodded past the judge's stand. This time he did not get entirely past. M'sieu Ducrot, red-faced and perspiring, held up a commanding hand.

"Stop!" he cried to Melanie. "Halt there where you are!"

Then he picked up his huge megaphone. "My friends, we are here today to honor the vehicle and the horse. This is the day when the horse is king," M'sieu Ducrot said. "Not the most beautiful buggy and animal, but those which have proven to be the best." He waved his hand at Old Leon and the buggy. "Here we have the best. This old *cheval* must be twenty years old. This buggy is a Teddy Roosevelt model, 1905. Put them together, horse and buggy, and it makes a service to mankind of sixty years. Show me the automobile that has done that much and I will be glad to eat it!"

M'sieu Ducrot's decision proved him a true Cajun and diplomat. He realized it when, after a moment's silence, the roars of laughter came. And Melanie sat there, dazed.

JOE helped her out of the buggy and up the steps of the platform. Melanie shakily accepted the money and whispered to him, "Now we can get two rings, Joe. I had it planned."

M'sieu Ducrot said, "Honey, I will give you twenty-five dollars for that old buggy. That buggy doesn't belong here—it belongs in a museum. Take my word for it."

Joe had been figuring. "Two rings—and still money left over," he said. "Melie, we're rich." His eyes were dreamy.

Melanie looked down and saw Mimi Ducrot's mean face peering up at them from the crowd. "What's left over goes back in the jug," she said. "It's just like *grandmère* told me: A trouble jug's to keep for when real trouble comes. We want it there for later on. We don't want anybody winding up in the fertilizer works. Don't forget what almost happened to Old Leon. What happened once could happen again."

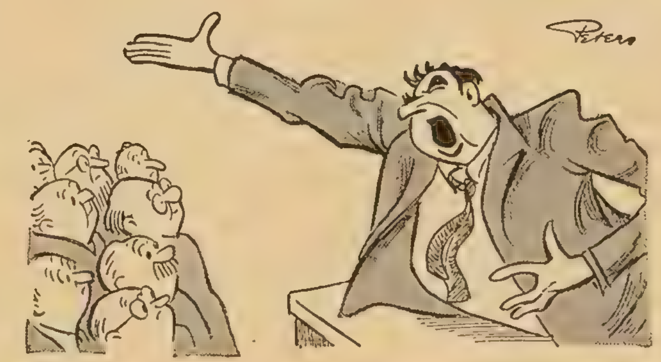
It was nice to see Old Leon standing there while the New Orleans newspaper photographers took his picture.

Suddenly from the buggy came a confusion of dull thumping sounds and rising clouds of dust. Then Remus' piercing shriek filled the square:

"Melie, it happened! The bottom fell out!"

Melanie smiled. Who cared about such small details now, she thought. "Never mind," she called to him. "Come on up. We're all going to have our pictures taken." Then she waved to Mimi in a kind and neighborly way.

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LIPNOTISM: The art of spellbinding.

COMIN'TATOR: A radio news analyst who'll get there.

LATHERNECK: A marine shaving.

CATTLELOGUE: An on-the-hoof inventory.

IRISMAN: An occulist from the Emerald Eye-l. (Ouch!)

MEOWST: To let the cat out of the bag.

THICKTIONARY: Webster's unabridged.

YAWLMANAC: A ship's log.

EIGHTROCIOUS: Two off-key quartets.

PREDUCKAMENT: Donald in a fix. (See Mallardjusted.)

COLONEL FO HOLDS THE BAG

Continued from Page 23

that first evening. The Japanese might just as well have had dummy guns, tanks, and planes. Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai were so firmly convinced of the enemy's superiority that they would never risk their troops in combat. Their whole strategy was based upon prudence, and no position ever seemed to them favorable enough to justify an attack or even a determined stand. They had lived so long with defeat that the very notion of victory had become inconceivable to them.

It would not be an easy report to make, and I needed a great deal more proof. Superficially, their records were good, if never brilliant. They had been soldiers all their adult lives, and all their service had been in the field. They were loyal, estimable, uncomplaining—and, as officers, utterly worthless! Worse than worthless indeed, for the paralysis of will that afflicted them seemed to have spread to all their juniors, except Colonel Fo.

I SAW more of Fo than of the others. My ostensible business there was to observe the Japanese, and to do that I had to attach myself to Fo's regiment. The patrols that probed the enemy's lines were his, and the skirmishers that harried the Japanese advance.

"But there is no need for you to be always at his side!" Sen protested. "You will get yourself killed. Don't you understand that the Japanese save their heaviest fire for Colonel Fo and his men?"

"I thought perhaps I imagined that. It's true, is it?"

"Why, of course! This has been going on all summer, and the Japs have a score to settle with Colonel Fo. If they could get rid of him—"

Lieutenant Sen stopped, but the way he stopped was more eloquent than speech. I said, "If they could get rid of him, they could cut the railway, eh?"

"It would be easier for them, at least."

"Then it appears to me that Colonel Fo and his one regiment deserve the credit that goes to the whole brigade! From what you tell me, the Japs think so, and they ought to be competent judges. They appear to have written off Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai as negligible quantities. By the way, that reminds me of something I wanted to ask you."

Sen looked apprehensive. He said, "Yes, Captain Vincent?"

"There's all the difference in the world between the three colonels, but I can't see any significant difference at all between the men of the three regiments. The morale of one is just as high as the morale of another. I'm quite convinced that Colonel Chu's men are as ready to fight as Colonel Fo's, and to fight just as savagely. How do you account for that?"

For the first time in our acquaintance, Lieutenant Sen stared at me in unfeigned wonder. "To think that you should notice that!" he ejaculated.

"Why shouldn't I? It's as plain as daylight! But it's one thing to notice and another to understand. It's an axiom that morale filters down from the top. What I want to know is—"

Lieutenant Sen waved his hands. Unexpectedly he burst out laughing. "Please, Captain Vincent! I am only an interpreter!"

"You mean that you want me to ask someone else?"

Sen stopped laughing. "It would be a delicate question to put to Colonel Chu," he said, shaking his head. "Even Colonel Fo might prefer not to answer it."

"Then you advise me to work it out for myself?"

"I am sure you will have no real difficulty with it," said Sen smoothly.

I didn't know why he should look so pleased.

You understand that I was not free to sit down to a bout of hard uninterrupted thinking. All the time we were with it, the brigade was on the move, more often by night than by day. I did my meditating as best I might, jogging along on my pony from one hasty camp to the next, trying to understand how the common soldier could keep up his spirits during so aimless and desultory a campaign.

Every day and every night the subject of my thoughts was there before my eyes. Those Chinese infantrymen were magnificent! Bare-footed, homeless, ragged, and often hungry, they trudged and trotted on their endless marches as if they could keep up this sort of existence forever. I could think of no parallel for them, unless it was Washington's Continentals, and even those long-dead fighting men had not marched behind colonels who made it a rule to avoid combat. No, the conclusion was inescapable—the Chinese common soldier was unique!

And that, precisely, was the chief count in my indictment of Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai.

I have called the campaign aimless. But from the Japanese point of view it was neither aimless nor unsuccessful. The Japanese knew their business. They pushed us steadily back toward the southwest, where the railway ran that they intended to cut. They kept us between themselves and that objective. When we tried to slip away and take up a position threatening their flank, they herded us back as dogs herd sheep. They had only two regiments, but they needed no more.

All summer they had had their way with this Chinese force, until attack and victory had come to seem to them as inevitable a sequence as night and day. Fo and his regiment would fight, the Japanese had found out, and they asked nothing better than to get him in a position where he must fight, with no chance to retreat. The other two colonels, the older men, could be disregarded. The fact that they had sedulously avoided combat was all the Japanese needed to know about them. Fo was the only one worth annihilating.

This was an opinion that I came to share. It was preposterous that Fo should go each morning to confer with Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai, when anyone could have foretold what his orders for the day, for every day, would be. But Fo was a guileless man, as fanatic patriots often are, and he seemed never to see through the bland smug pretense of equal effort and equal responsibility.

"He says it is part of the Chinese genius," Sen reported. "There is a saying that three men are not three times as wise as one man, but nine times. He says that the advice of the older men has often saved him from committing his troops too rashly. He thinks he is beginning to understand the supreme value of patience. Captain Vincent, what do you think of that?"

I REMINDED myself that I was there as an observer, not an adviser. "Tell him I can quite believe that Colonel Chu's advice would save him from acting too rashly!" I said. "Tell him I think he is a remarkably patient man. And you need *not* tell him that I think he is being sold a bill of goods!"

"He is particularly anxious that you should understand," said Sen. "He says that even military science is modified by racial genius—by the German talent for

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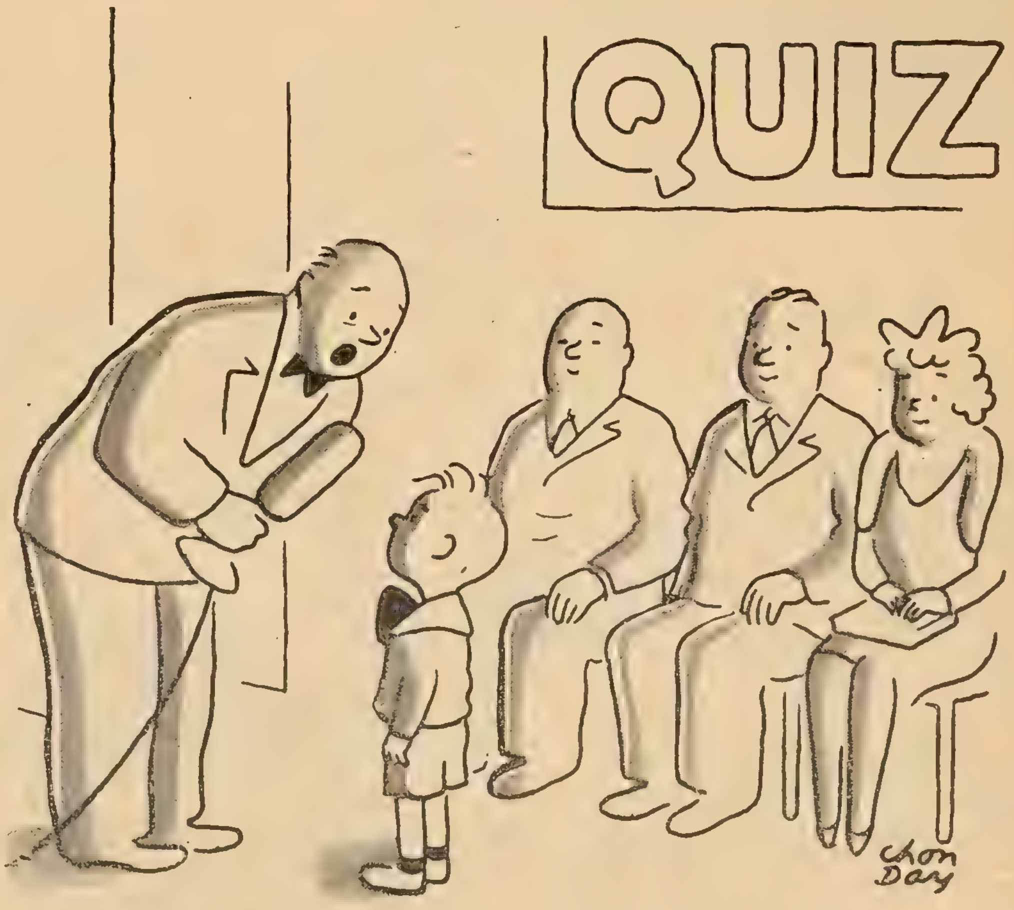

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discipline, for example, or the American restlessness coupled with your gift of organization. He says the Chinese talent is patience, and this present campaign illustrates it. And now he is sorry, but he must go back to his regiment."

"But what's specifically Chinese about it?" I demanded, when Fo had left us. "In any language, he is being played for a sucker! You can see that, can't you?"

"I do not know, Captain Vincent. I am only an interpreter."

I said, "Lieutenant, quite apart from your official capacity, you happen to be an intelligent man! I don't want to embarrass you, but I should be insulting your intelligence if I pretended to agree with everything that Colonel Fo says. Why should we let ourselves be deluded, when even the Japanese understand what's going on? It isn't only the injustice done to Colonel Fo and his men, but the effect on the campaign as a whole. Patience and collective wisdom are all very well, but they will not keep the Japs from cutting the railway. They are closer to that every day, and nothing is being done. Nothing! I think that disposes of Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai as strategists, don't you?"

It was very hard to trap Lieutenant Sen into a damaging admission. He smiled and said, "No one could call you a halfhearted sympathizer, Captain Vincent! You are more Chinese than we are ourselves!"

I chose to take that as a compliment, not as the delicate rebuke that he perhaps intended. If he meant that the progress of the campaign was not primarily my business, I disagreed. No one could watch it for as long as I had without taking alarm. We were being pushed back steadily, opposing nothing but ineffective delaying tactics to the march of the Japanese.

Since I had been with the brigade we had passed a half dozen places where even a cautious commander might have stood and fought. But still we retreated, and the maps I had, showed the railway not more than forty miles distant now. As if that were not enough, the nearest American airfield lay just beyond the railway. The Japanese pressed us harder than ever, and Colonel Fo's regiment had greater and greater difficulty in disengaging itself in order to continue the retreat. The Japanese came on confidently, contemptuously, and we got out of their way. The Chinese talent was patience!

AND then, early one afternoon, we made a stand.

We had retreated into country which the fighting had touched only lightly, and just behind our center was a large village, deserted and stripped of everything movable but otherwise pretty well intact. We halted outside it, and for the first time the other two regiments came back to take up position on Fo's flanks, Chu on the left, Pai on the right. Then we waited, and in an hour the Japanese came up and attacked.

Colonel Fo had ordered Sen and me back into the village, out of the way, and that was something he had never done before. We found a vantage point that gave us a view of the whole field, and there we watched the battle develop. The Japanese opened up with field guns, then sent a company forward. I don't think they knew until the cross fire caught them that there were three Chinese regiments this time, instead of the usual one. But they reacted to the discovery with vigor. The company withdrew in good order, the artillery took over once again, and then the full two regiments of the Japanese sprang up and came pelting toward the Chinese positions. In a matter of minutes the fight was raging along the whole line.

I don't think any instinct of sportsman-

(Continued on page 68)

"Son says they'll be home for dinner"

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(*Continued from page 66*)

ship had prompted the Japanese thus to throw away their advantage of superior equipment. No, I think their commander could hardly believe his good fortune when he saw the whole body of his enemy brought to bay at last, and I think he sent his infantry in at once, fearing that the Chinese might slip away before he could catch and destroy them. But, whatever his motives, the nature of his attack favored the Chinese, and besides that, they had had time to choose their position and to take cover. The battle was far from won yet, but my mood, watching it begin, was excitement rather than dread. It might not be so unequal, after all! It might even be time for the Chinese to get a little of their own back!

They went at it like men who have waited a long time for such a chance. There was not much to choose between one section of the line and another. For a half hour they fought like the veterans they were; they fought magnificently! Then, beside me, Lieutenant Sen said tonelessly, "Colonel Chu is withdrawing."

I had not known until they were thus dashed how high my hopes had risen.

"Withdrawing?" I echoed stupidly. "He can't be!"

BUT he was; so was Colonel Pai, on the other flank! There could be no explanation but sheer panic. Chu bolted off to the north, Pai to the south, and the Japanese were so surprised that they did not even attempt pursuit. There was a long, uncertain lull in the fighting, then the extended Japanese line drew in from both flanks toward the center and the firing grew loud and insistent once more. Fo had not escaped them at least. With him out of the way, they could go on and cut the railway at their leisure.

It took me a long while to convince myself that what I had seen with my own eyes had really happened; that Chu and Pai had scuttled off before the battle had well begun. When I was sure that they were gone, I could turn my mind to the plight of Colonel Fo and his regiment. They were giving ground already, drawing back toward the village, and the Japanese pressed them hard. I said to Lieutenant Sen, "We might take a hand in that unpleasantness, don't you think so? A man like Colonel Fo should be encouraged!"

Sen smiled and bobbed his head. "Just as you please, Captain Vincent! I should like it very much!"

Until now he had always been most solicitous of my safety. I wondered whether he thought that our numbers were up and therefore he proposed to put a good face upon it and enjoy himself while still he might. "Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai seem to be exercising patience of a very active kind, don't they?" I said maliciously. "What made them take to their heels so soon?"

"No doubt Colonel Chu will defend the railway along the stretch north of the village. And Colonel Pai is preventing a break-through farther down. They have to prepare for the situation that will arise if we fail to hold this village."

I turned sharply to stare at him, but he seemed to mean it. "And just how will those two defend a railway?" I demanded. "By shooting off firecrackers and beating gongs? Wasn't this the place to stop the Japs, if that was what they intended to do? Instead of that, they divide their forces, permitting the Japs to mop up one regiment at a time, and, as usual, they leave Colonel Fo holding the bag! Lieutenant, there may be such a thing as the Chinese genius, but this is not it! This is something much more universal and much less admirable. You may go on believing in Santa Claus if you like, but you had better stop believing in Colonel Chu and Colonel Pai!"

"Whatever I believe," said Lieutenant Sen, "there is a first-class fight just beginning, and we don't want to miss it, do we? This way, captain!"

I could never wholly despair of the nation that had produced Lieutenant Sen. He took me to the hottest part of the fighting, and there we met Colonel Fo, who grinned at us. "He says we are in good time," Sen told me. "He expects a hard attack very soon."

I WAS too much in the thick of that attack and the ones that followed it to describe them as a whole. We had been driven back among the alleys and houses and boltholes of the village, and the fighting was from one wall to the next, a bitter hand-to-hand. It was the only thing that told in our favor. If the Japanese had called their infantry back and pounded the place to rubble with their field guns, our position would have been hopeless. But their blood was up, and they followed eagerly whenever Fo's men withdrew a little farther. The village was too big to be surrounded, and the fighting moved slowly across it, from northeast to southwest. We were outnumbered nearly two to one and the men were weary and hungry when they began. Nonetheless, the battle went on all that afternoon and into the early evening, and the Japanese were paying dearly for every flimsy dwelling place they took. This, then, was Colonel Fo's idea of fighting, when there was no one to order him to retreat!

I thought our position hopeless and the final outcome inevitable, but the anger and contempt that had filled my mind earlier that day had largely given place to admiration for Colonel Fo and his men.

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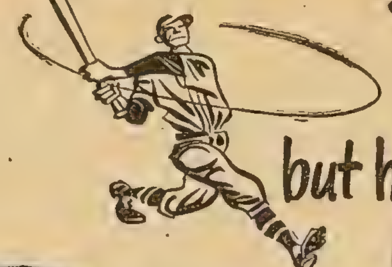

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Fo was left holding the bag, but he held it like a hero! If the other two had stayed and fought half as well— But it was no use thinking about them now!

Before eight o'clock the night wind began to blow and it was getting dark. By nine the only light was from the fires the grenades had set, and I thought we must be very near the farther edge of the village. But at ten we were still fighting among the houses and still, somehow, beating off the ever-increasing fury of the Japanese attacks. I had long since decided that my chances of living were slim.

It is an old observation that the hardest part of any fight is a sudden, unexplained lull. Ours came just before midnight, and the few minutes it lasted had my nerves twitching cruelly. My voice was gone to a weary croak, but I plucked at Sen's dusty sleeve. "What's up?" I asked hoarsely. "Is it—?"

"I don't know," he said in the same tone. "It may be—"

It began as a distant uproar, with a note of panic in it. And it rose in a sharp crescendo of sound, very hard to bear. Lieutenant Sen never finished his tentative explanation. He sprang up instead, and went scrambling back along the way he had come, and the whole regiment was moving in the same direction, yelling like men possessed. I was yelling too, though I didn't know why. All I knew was that the Japanese were running back and forth in the light of the burning houses like ants when you thrust a stick into the ant hill, and the murderous fire cutting them down was not all, or even chiefly, from our regiment. We closed in on them from our side, and pretty soon it was all over. Sen, when I caught up with him, greeted me with the news that Colonel Pai had taken the Japanese artillery completely by surprise. He had captured all their supply train, too.

I THINK I may be pardoned for being a little slow to understand. Sen was very patient with me. "It is just as you said yourself, Captain Vincent—Colonel Fo held the bag, and the two other colonels swept the Japanese into the mouth of it! It was the best way. If they had all stood and fought as we did, instead of pretending to run away, the Japanese could have retreated, and saved most of their force. This way, they have saved nothing."

"But who thought up the plan?"

"Oh, the three colonels among them! Colonel Chu thought it should have been tried much sooner—first at that river crossing you spoke about, and again at the first ruined village we came to. You remember? But each time he was outvoted. At the river crossing the cover was not good enough and the village was so small that it might easily have been surrounded. Besides, it took time to make the Japanese believe that Colonel Fo was the only one willing to fight. It took a long time—nearly all summer. But it was worth waiting for, wasn't it? Even Colonel Chu says it was now, and he is a very impetuous man. The other two had always to remind him to be patient, and now he admits that they were right."

"But—when Chu and Pai bolted—?"

"They only went out of sight and waited until it was dark. They were not far away. I suppose we ought to have told you, but—"

"No need to apologize, I assure you! I had it all coming to me, and I shall remember it better this way. I'd like to remember the name of this village, too. Do you know what they call it?"

"This place?" He chuckled. "Oh, that is a coincidence! Its name means the Place of Serene Enlightenment!"

THE END

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

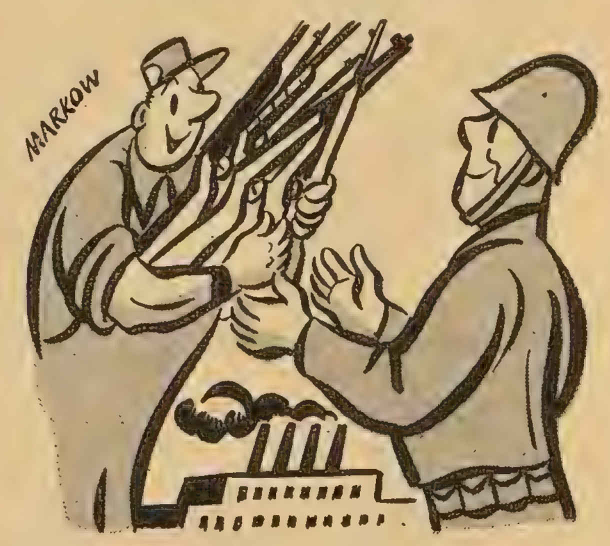
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

C. J., Vermilion, Ill. No, paratroopers do not receive extra pay for each jump. Perhaps it's a lucky thing they don't, since such a practice would make it almost necessary for a certified public accountant to jump with each plane load and check them off his list on the way down.

* * *

Mrs. A. M. Myers, Long Beach, Calif. Our men in the field eat as well as combat conditions permit. The mistreatment of Americans held prisoner by the enemy does not entitle us to mistreat those we have taken. The war is being fought between Right and Wrong, and I do not feel that we should debase ourselves and fall to the same depths as the Nazis and the Japs.



Civilian's Job

* * *

Cpl. Emery F. Edwards, APO, San Francisco, Calif. I happen to feel that the civilian public in the United States has done a thoroughly amazing job during this war. Civilians have supplied the weapons with which we and our allies are freeing the world. Even if some civilians aren't very nice people, they are not without their counterparts in uniform. The average civilian is contributing to the winning of the war and is deserving of praise, not condemnation, from those of us in service.

* * *

Martha Bancroft, Warren, Ohio. There is no Army hospital in the world where the patients are restrained, as you charge that they are, from writing home. If the man himself is unable to write, his nurse or a Red Cross worker at the hospital usually handles the detail.

* * *

Capt. George C., Alaska. If you desire to homestead in Alaska after the war, you can obtain full details from the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Miss Alice Roundy, Boston, Mass. I am certain that we sent as much material to Russia as you claim, and I am certainly happy that we did. The Russians paid us back with the dead bodies of millions of Nazi soldiers, at a staggering cost in terms of Russian lives. We have suffered, at this writing, about one million casualties. The Russians have suffered more than eight million. Would you rather not have sent them the goods, and have the casualty figures reversed? One thing we have learned from this war, I hope, is that all the nations of the world are going to have to live together. If we haven't, then let's start getting ready for World War III.

* * *

Master Robert Jensen, Duluth, Minn. If your father had been hurt, Bobby, your grandparents, as the next of kin, would have received word from the War Department. Even if anything should happen to him, you certainly would not have to leave school, because you, personally, would receive benefits from the Veterans Administration, at least until the age of eighteen. I hope that by this time you've heard from him.

* * *

Lt. Richard Farrar, China. T/5 Richard Barnett of York, South Carolina, a Negro soldier, drove the lead vehicle in the first convoy from India to China over the Ledo Road. Of the 15,000 soldiers who put the China life line through in twenty-five months, no fewer than 65 per cent were Negroes.

* * *

M/Sgt. Brett Kelly, France. Yes, National Guard service counts toward longevity pay, as does any service with an outfit which has a federal status—*i. e.*, the Marines, Coast Guard, or Navy.

* * *

Mrs. Minnie Bealmear, Los Angeles, Calif. My own personal feeling about soldiers being married overseas is that most husbands and wives get the mates they deserve. So far as your complaint about dumping foreigners on us here in America goes, who besides the Indians has any right to make such a complaint?

* * *

Pvt. Arthur Schwartz, Leyte. I think your idea of a Veterans' PX is wonderful, and I am forwarding your letter to the proper authorities. [NOTE: Pvt. Schwartz sent Old Sarge a suggestion that the Army's surplus property be disposed of by a string of Veterans' PXs, to be run by vets under the same stringent profit-ceiling rules as the Army's PXs. It would, as he points out, supply many jobs for vets and, in addition, would allow others who were formerly in the service to purchase surplus property at a reasonable saving. Incidentally, he suggests that only vets be allowed to purchase from these Veterans' PXs.]

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

The bells of Pleasant Valley

The story is told about the bells that ring in a little village in the foothills of the Alleghenies. In the Year of Our Lord 1865, the folk of Pleasant Valley created an inspiring memorial to their loved ones lost in the Civil War.

Into one mighty heap they piled the relics of the war's bitter battles. The old brass cannon, the battered muskets, the broken swords and rusted bayonets. They melted them all down, and from this litter of war the gentle bells of Pleasant Valley were cast, to ring out over green fields and fertile farms throughout the years of tranquillity and peace.

The time will come when something like that will happen to the mountainous litter of munitions for World War II. Olin Industries, too, will take their skill and knowledge and experience, their big stock pile of scientific research—all they have learned from fifty years of skillful operation through peace and war—and "melt them down" into things for peace. Instead of munitions for soldiers, there will be guns and ammunition for sportsmen. Instead of powder for bombs, there will be explosives for miners, farmers and builders. Instead of carbines for soldiers, there will be roller skates for kids—and there will be brass, bronze and other metals for radios, refrigerators, irons—a thousand peace-time uses.

It will be a great day, when we can all "down tools" on the war job and pick up the tools for the job of peace once more. Then the songs of scores of machines making things to make life better, will be as joyful as the bells of Pleasant Valley.

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KEEP YOUR EYE ON STREPTOMYCIN

Continued from Page 25

dead within twenty-four hours. Of the ten that got the drug, only one died.

Workers at the Mayo Clinic next tried streptomycin on experimental tularemia—rabbit fever. There are nearly 2,000 reported cases of this sickness in the United States each year. Only a few die—3 to 5 per cent—but the rest may be ill for months, or even years. In the Mayo test thirty guinea pigs were infected with the disease. Half the animals didn't get the drug and were dead within ninety-six hours; every one that did get it survived!

The most interesting aspect of this work is the fact that the microbes of tularemia and bubonic plague are almost identical. There appears to be an excellent chance that streptomycin will be an unparalleled weapon against plague.

THE drug was also active against the organism of fowl typhoid—which is similar to human typhoid fever. Exploring this lead has given a trio of Philadelphia doctors the first clinical evidence that streptomycin may fulfill its early promise. Drs. Hobart A. Reimann, William F. Elias, and Alison H. Price, reporting in the Journal of the American Medical Association, tell of encouraging results gained in treating five typhoid fever cases with the new drug.

Three of their five patients recovered during the treatment, "apparently as the result of it." In two cases, they say, there was an abrupt end of the fever and a recovery quite unlike the usual course of typhoid.

The physicians point out that they did not get the drug in time to give it early in the disease, and that dosage and method of administration, necessarily experimental, may not have been the most efficacious. Nevertheless they do conclude that streptomycin "offers much promise" in the treatment of typhoid and, equally significant, may prevent patients from being carriers when they recover.

But its greatest, most exhilarating accomplishment is its action against the tubercle bacillus, which causes tuberculosis. As yet, these tests have been run only on tubercle bacilli on laboratory plates, not in living animals. But the wholesale slaughter of these microbes by the new drug is one of the most promising sights ever witnessed by any research man. If streptomycin should prove able to conquer this disease—which kills 60,000 Americans each year—it would be one of the great research accomplishments of history.

Still another possibility presents itself here. If streptomycin acts against the tubercle bacilli, there is an implied chance that it will also slay the microbe which causes leprosy. The two organisms, strikingly similar, belong to the same family.

* * *

During the height of his literary career, Rudyard Kipling received the following letter from an admirer: "I hear that you are now retailing literature at one dollar a word. I enclose one dollar, for which please send me a sample." Kipling pocketed the money and wrote: "Thanks." A week later the admirer wrote again: "Sold the 'Thanks' autograph for two dollars. Enclosed please find forty-five cents in stamps, that being half the profits on the transaction, less the postage."

* * *

Of course, streptomycin is still far from commercial availability. Production of this drug is as limited as that of penicillin was four years ago. Growing the microbe which produces the drug is an exacting job. Extraction processes are laborious, and yields are minute. As yet not enough streptomycin has been accumulated to permit tuberculosis tests on human patients.

But streptomycin's low toxicity, plus its wide range of activity, will certainly push its development ahead at a rapid rate. Industry has learned how to make penicillin cheaply and on a large scale. That same knowledge can be applied to streptomycin if it justifies its present early promise.

Meanwhile Waksman isn't pausing in his search for new antibiotics. He and his associates have discovered two more since the advent of streptomycin, but neither seems too promising.

WAKSMAN has a clear view of the field in which he is working, and of its potentialities. As he explains it:

"Man, in his struggle for existence, succeeded in domesticating many microbes. For example: the lactic-acid bacteria in milk; the wine, beer, and bread fermenting yeasts; the silage-producing, sewage-digesting, compost-producing micro-organisms. However, these represent only a fraction of the microbial world. We are approaching a new field of domestication of microbes for combating microbial enemies of man and his domestic plants and animals."

By focusing light on this new field, he is opening almost unlimited possibilities. There is no reason whatever why we can't find soil organisms to fight any disease that now strikes men, plants, or animals. Potentially, swift cures for everything from watermelon wilt to infantile paralysis lie hidden in the grubby soil.

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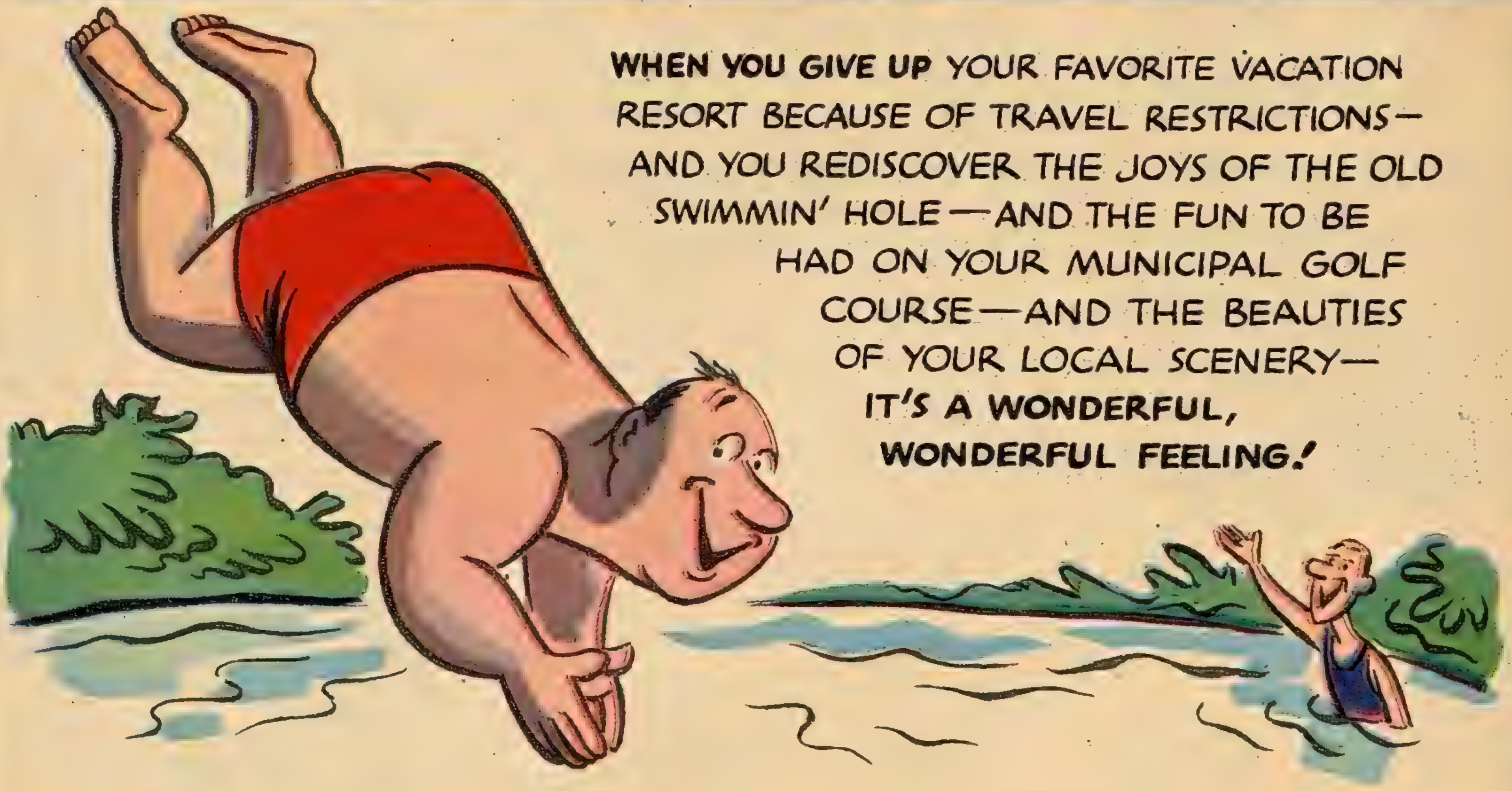
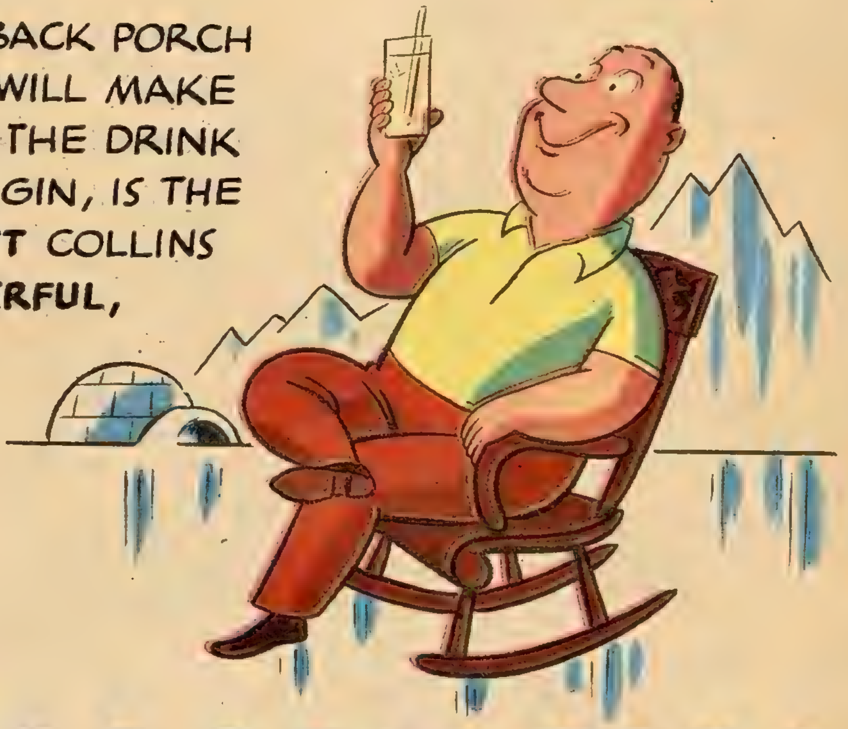


WHEN YOU GIVE UP YOUR FAVORITE VACATION RESORT BECAUSE OF TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS—AND YOU REDISCOVER THE JOYS OF THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE—AND THE FUN TO BE HAD ON YOUR MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE—AND THE BEAUTIES OF YOUR LOCAL SCENERY—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU SETTLE DOWN ON YOUR BACK PORCH WITH A TOM COLLINS—HOPING IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE AN ESKIMO—AND THE DRINK MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN, IS THE SLICKEST, SMOOTHEST, **COOLINGEST** COLLINS YOU EVER TASTED—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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BUFFALO GALS

Continued from Page 33

we do," Eiler grumbled. "Well, you've seen Cruikshank, this client of T. K.'s who's in town?"

"The man with the tall daughters?" Chlo ventured.

"For your information, Miss Calder," Eiler rasped, "Cruikshank's daughters are twin Gorgons, nine feet high and covered with rocks. Yesterday afternoon T. K. invited us to dinner at his apartment, to meet, he said, two charming girls. He further said that we would be doing him a favor if we'd—well, show these cookies the town for the next few nights."

"But what a grand assignment!" said Chlo.

"Yeah?" snapped Pix. "Ever try to steer the Empire State Building around El Morocco?"

"Tsk-tsk," said Chlo. "Fancy you men about town getting hooked on a blind date."

"We danced these behemoths all over Manhattan." Eiler ignored her. "We practically closed up New York's night life. Then, by gosh, they dragged us to a bowling alley."

This, thought Chlo, gets better and better. She said, "But why?"

Eiler snorted. "Because they're the athletic type. Lucretia—that was my tomato—allowed that the dancing hadn't even worked her into a light lather. Louisa said ditto. So nothing would do but we bowl. Which we did for hours. And Pix and I aren't bowlers. We were stiff as pokers this morning."

"But how sensible," Chlo said brightly, "to counteract that with a bit of riding."

"You want a sock in the puss?" inquired Pixsley. "Chuck and I haven't ridden in years. The Cruikshanks, they—they browbeat us into it. Imagine me on a horse, in Central Park, at seven in the morning!"

Chlo's dark eyes flickered between them. "So you let yourselves be browbeaten! Oh, well—'git along, little dogies, git along.' "

"Calder," said Chuck, "a touch more of that and I wring your swanlike neck. But the thing is, T. K. has signed us up to amuse these monstrosities. Well, O. K. But the minute the Cruikshanks start back to Rigor Mortis Gulch or wherever, T. K. gets my resignation. I," Chuck added, "am a copyman, not a gigolo to a telephone pole."

Right there Pixsley dropped a blockbuster. "Gee," said Pixsley, "I just remembered. The Crayon and Comma Club Ball is Saturday night. The way I feel now, I'll be a big number at that affair."

Chuck blinked. But Chlo came hastily to slim suède-shod feet. The Crayon and Comma Club Ball was a yearly held function at which the cream of New York's creative population—artists and art directors, free-lance writers and copywriters—forgathered, a meeting of the intelligentsia, and she had overlooked it. A woman taking up slack, Chlo raced for the door.

"Hey!" Eiler shouted in surprise.

"Sorry," Chlo said, "but you Cossacks will have to excuse me."

FOR the next few days Chlo kept away from Chuck and Pix. But her ear was glued to the grapevine. This brought in the intelligence that nightly and religiously the gentlemen squired the Cruikshank girls around New York.

Meanwhile T. K. Dark and Mr. Cruikshank appeared to have gotten on a footing to shame Damon and Pythias. They lunched, dined, theatered, night-spotted. In clement weather they chivied balls or rode billows at T. K.'s golf and yacht clubs.

"Cruikshank's like a kid at a carnival," T. K. told Chlo. "He's enjoying himself thoroughly."

Chlo hoped so. But she had seen the magnate of farm machinery in the office a time or two and the little man had seemed bewildered.

"Has he agreed to the increased appropriation?" she asked.

"Not yet," said T. K. confidently, "but he will. If I can just keep him in town a few more days."

"Chuck and Pix are doing nobly, I hear," Chlo said with a shadowy smile. "And, really, so am I. I called the girls a minute ago. Thought they might like me to take them on a shopping tour. Well, they do."

T. K. patted her shoulder. "Sometimes, Chlo, you exhibit the rudiments of an intellect."

"Gee, thanks," said Chlo, and went forth to the shopping wars.

In the matter of improving on the beige ensembles and similar sartorial calamities, Chlo had expected the Cruikshanks to buck like their beloved broncos. But eagerly, even joyously, the twins relaxed in the hands of Hattie Carnegie. They spent money as if Anson A. Cruikshank heaved it to the surface with one of his own plows.

"You know," Chlo said innocently, "I think you girls are liking New York better."

"Say," exclaimed Lucretia promptly, "we take it back. This little town's O. K., after all. We"—she grinned a trifle sheepishly—"we've rounded up a couple of swell gents and we're riding herd on 'em."

"But I imagine," Chlo said, "that you're still dying to get back to your ranch."

"The ranch can wait," Louisa chipped in. "Me, I've got a lot more foot-shaking to do before they give this island back to the Indians."

Chlo saluted herself mentally. It was manifest now that A. A. Cruikshank was to be allowed to linger longer.

That afternoon she left the twins in care of one Etienne de Paris, *né* Steve Lucadella of Brooklyn, hairdresser, and went back to the office. She met Pixsley loitering by a water cooler.

"I don't suppose," she said, "that you and Chuck have been sweet enough to do me something decent for Creedon's?"

"Beautiful girl," said Pix, "don't come bothering us about Creedon's, or anything else. Mr. Eiler and I are very bitter men."

"Why, darling," Chlo squinted at him, "what can be the matter?"

Pix sighed. "We've been keeping it from you, because we don't like your raucous raspberry. But you'll have to know sometime. So how do you like this? About three days ago, T. K. asked us to take those buffalo gals to the Crayon and Comma Club Ball." He winced, then added, "Did I say asked? That was gross understatement. He ordered."

THERE was a sound of revelry by night. The music was low, beguiling. The Crayon and Comma Club Ball was under way.

Chlo, her willowy self poured into black chiffon, hesitated on the side lines. She waited as Chuck Eiler hobbled off the floor like an injured halfback. With silent gratitude Chuck had just surrendered Miss Lucretia to a cutter-inner.

"Oh, Lord," Chuck moaned, "how—"

"Now, now," interrupted Chlo, "don't say it. Lucretia looks simply sweet in that light blue number."

"Sweet," Chuck grated, "is not a term one applies to a silo."

Chlo gazed across to where Pixsley was laboring with Louisa, like a little brown tug bringing in a liner. "Oh, hush, Chuck!" she said. "But for me, they'd have come

(*Continued on page 76*)

37
30
10
Wayne N. Davis

Grumman Hellcats—U. S. Navy Spearhead

Grumman
AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

(*Continued from page 74*)

down on this affair dressed for bulldogging steers."

At that point Pix perceived his co-sufferer basking in the temporary Valhalla of the dance floor's edge. Craving time out himself, he steered his burden thither. But within three feet of Chlo and Chuck a dinner jacket leaped from the stags and tapped his shoulder.

"See you later, li'l' brown brothah!" Louisa flashed Pix a toothy smile and ice-trucked off with the dinner jacket.

"One more of those li'l' brown brothahs," Pix hissed, "and, big as she is, I poke her in the jaw."

"'Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night an' dance by the light of the moon? Buff—'" Chlo checked it, before two sets of baleful eyes, and took another tack. "Why are you lads crabbing so much? You seem to be convoying the belles of the ball."

The twins were indeed going big. The Misses C. had begun to be rushed. And they lapped it up.

"Old man Cruikshank's got sense." Chuck followed the radiant twins with jaundiced eye. "Bet he'd yank them back to Nebraska if he saw them grimacing and simpering like this. I wish he was here."

"You've practically rubbed your lamp, Aladdin," Chlo told him. "He and T. K. are looking in some time tonight."

An hour later Chlo's roving black eyes perceived the rotund figure of her employer moving decorously on the floor. But A. A. Cruikshank was not in evidence. Then all at once she saw him, sidling furtively toward the door.

Something impelled Chlo to pursue. In little whispers of chiffon she bore down upon him.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Cruikshank," Chlo said smoothly.

Anson A. jumped. Then: "Gr-r-reving," mumbled Anson A. And jamming on the repatriated hat, he tore for the elevators.

For a bare second Chlo hesitated. Palpably Mr. Cruikshank wanted out of here. If so, it was part of her job to discover why. Wherefore Chlo moved. She caught up with Mr. Cruikshank beneath a potted palm in the hotel lobby.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Cruikshank?" she inquired.

Anson A., cornered, wheeled on her. "Yes, by Jupiter!" he snapped. "Where can I get a plate of ham and eggs?"

"Ham and eggs?"

"Because," explained Mr. Cruikshank simply. "I'm hungry."

"But didn't you have dinner with Mr. Dark?"

"That's the trouble," said Anson A. in a subdued howl. "I've had dinner with Mr. Dark for a week. And lunch and midnight supper and the Lord knows what. But what have I eaten? *Pottage de This* and *feelee de That! Pâtés* and *petits* and ragouts and—aagh, baah!" A. A. Cruikshank waved his hands.

"But, Mr. Cruikshank," said Chlo, vaguely troubled, "hasn't Mr. Dark been feeding you properly?"

A. A. clarified matters. "Mr. Dark," he said, "is a very fine gentleman. According to his lights, he's showed me a good time. But I'm a plain man. I like plain food, plain talk, plain people."

"I assure you—" Chlo began.

"Don't interrupt me! I'm sick of night clubs; sick of meeting people who don't talk my language. I can't play golf. I hate sailing. Can't swim. And now I'm through." The tycoon in A. A. Cruikshank surged to the fore. "I'm going out and get me a plate of ham and eggs, and I'd like to see somebody stop me."

CHLO reeled. So T. K.'s well-laid plans had rested on quicksand from the start! Then suddenly she beamed.

"Listen, Mr. Cruikshank," she said. "You're on your way for the best ham and eggs ever whipped up on Manhattan Island."

A. A. Cruikshank sat at a kitchen table which was covered with a red-and-white-checked cloth. Before him stood an empty plate. Vestiges of egg yolk brooded over the plate. Mr. Cruikshank gazed wistfully at the yellow wastelands, then swallowed the last of the finest coffee he'd tasted since leaving Napoleon, Neb.

The kitchen belonged to Chlo. And Chlo, organdy apron protecting the black chiffon, hovered over A. A.

A. A. spoke, with reverence. "I wouldn't have believed it," breathed A. A. "You look like a—er—fashion plate. But my own hired girl couldn't do better, and she's the best gosh-darned cook in Nebraska."

"Oh, but you're not through," Chlo said. "Don't you Western people like what you call a stack of wheats?"

"Wheat cakes?"

Time marched on. Finally Mr. Cruikshank sat back, unabashedly rubbing his stomach. The wheat cakes had been drowned in the last of Chlo's genuine maple syrup.

"You," he said, "are an amazing woman. I wish my daughters could do this."

Chlo laughed. "They probably can. They're very capable girls."

"In the pig's eye," said Anson A. "My daughters can ride anything from a rocking horse to a cayuse. Beyond that, they're good for nothing—except to mess into my business."

"Mess into it? But the other day you made them sound—ah, helpful."

"Helpful your grandmother! They hang around my office. Don't seem to have any other interests. Always underfoot, making fool suggestions. As if"—Anson A. sniffed—"I hadn't built up the Corn Belt Harrow and Harvester Company before ever they thought of being born."

"Of course you did," said Chlo, a competent yes-woman. "But, really, Mr. Cruikshank, you ought to assert yourself."

"Assert myself, eh?"

"Certainly." Chlo grew bolder. "Forgive me, but it's absurd for an—an industrialist to be under petticoat rule."

Anson A. looked pleased. "Industrialist, hey? By the great horned spoon, when you come down to it, that's what I am. And petticoat rule? M'mm!" He brooded a moment, but genially, like a replete philosopher. Then suddenly he got up. "Well, this has been a great pleasure. But I'll be getting along now. Good night, Miss Calder. That grub was fit for a king."

He departed with springy step. And Chlo slipped out of the black chiffon. "Calder," she murmured, "if you do say it, that was a splendid gesture of good will."

Which was about the time kismet reached for a sandbag.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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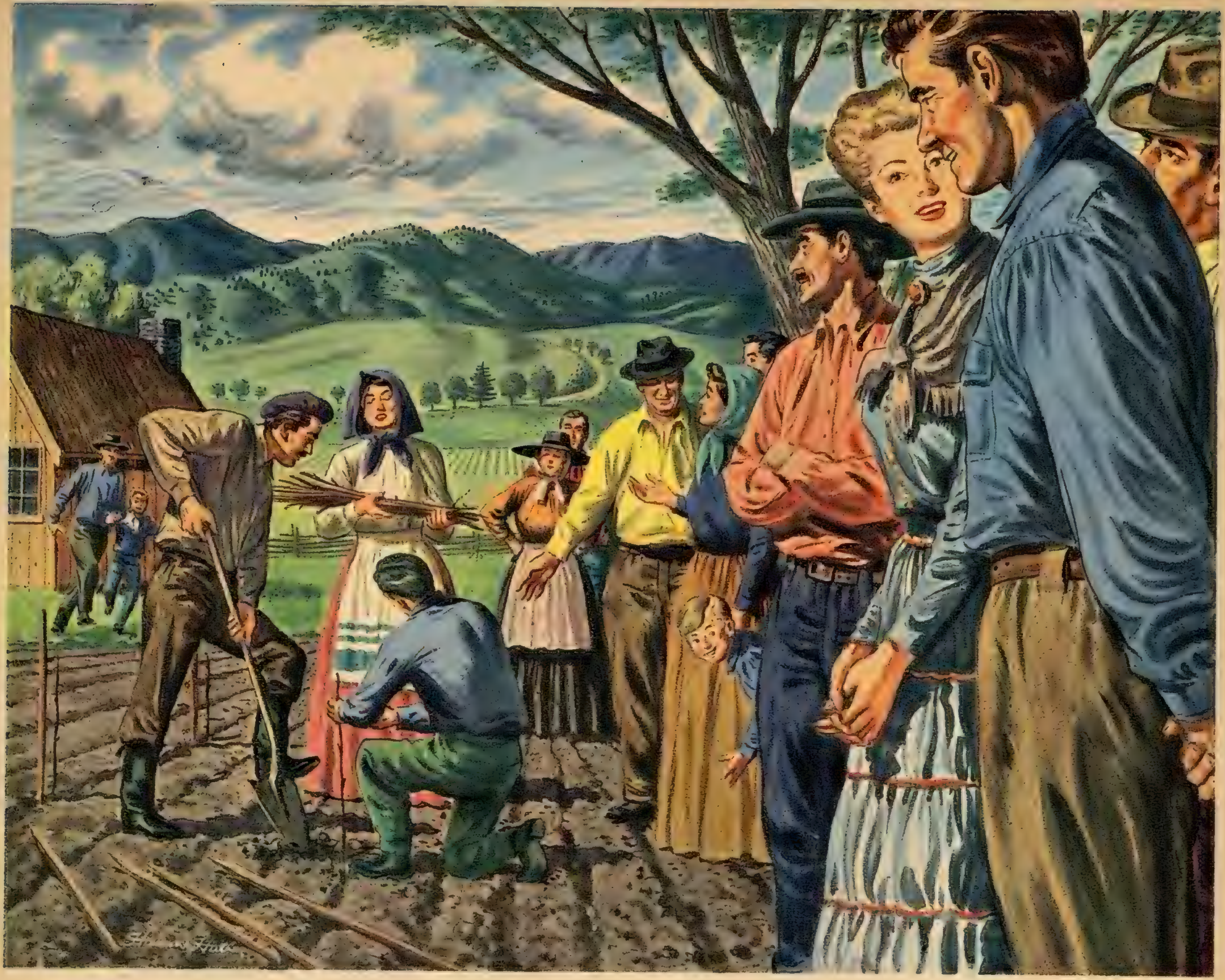

They looked like brown sticks...

AT ASTI, California, in the early eighties, an unpracticed eye would have marvelled at the excitement that attended the planting of some brown sticks.

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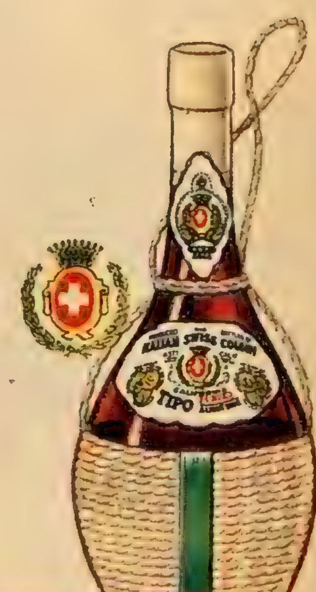

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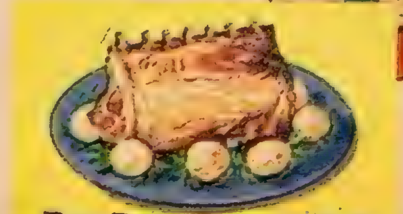

TIPO RED—particularly fine with lamb or other flavorful meats.

GENERAL OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO

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(Continued from page 76)

CHLO'S buzzer buzzed. And Chlo popped into T. K.'s office like a streamlined djin. It was early Monday morning.

At sight of his secretary Mr. Dark stabbed an awful finger at her.

"You—you—you—" sputtered Mr. Dark.

Oh, Lord, thought Chlo, what now? But aloud: "T. K., please! Whatever it is, don't get so excited. You're lunching with Mr. Cruikshank."

T. K. emitted a terrible cackle. "Lunching with Mr. Cruikshank! I couldn't lunch with Mr. Cruikshank unless I were Superman."

"Wh-what?" Chlo started. "What do you mean?"

"Listen!" The finger of doom still skewered her. "Did you take Cruikshank to your apartment Saturday night? Did you cram him with ham and eggs? Did you suggest that he assert himself? *Well, by gad,* DID YOU?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Ha! Then I'll tell you what else you did. You practically put Cruikshank on the train for Napoleon, Nebraska."

"You mean he's going home?"

T. K. banged his desk. "I mean he's gone. G-O-N-E!"

Chlo tottered. "But that couldn't be!"

"Couldn't it!" T. K. dripped acid. "He went yesterday afternoon. How do I know? Because he called me at the Marshmoor Club. He knew I was playing golf there. Well, I got the call an hour before his train left. And Marshmoor's two hours from New York. No way I could head him off."

"Oh, T. K.," Chlo gulped, "I'm so sorry. But how did I do it?"

"I am telling you," barked T. K. "It seems that, unbeknownst to me, Cruikshank's wanted to go home for the last few days. But his daughters wouldn't let him. They had a—a change of heart about New York. Then you had to go and feed him. Ham and eggs! Wheat cakes! Bah! Just the things, evidently, that he stuffs himself with out in Nebraska. And he said it hit him all of a sudden—how much he was missing his home, that is. Well, as if that weren't bad enough, you had to infer that he was under petticoat rule and advise him to assert himself." T. K. snorted. "And, by thunder, he took your advice. He read his daughters the riot act, and when last heard from he was packing the whole Cruikshank family on the train. And it's entirely your fault."

"But the contract you had ready for him?" Chlo asked dizzily.

"Contract? He's tabling that until his next visit to New York. Oh, my Lord," added T. K., "what evil genius persuaded me to hire a secretary who pours nostalgia over wheat cakes?"

"But I didn't," howled Chlo, outraged. "Mr. Cruikshank had pure Vermont—"

She stopped as if shot.

The door swung open. Unconcernedly A. A. Cruikshank sauntered in.

"Suppose it's O. K. crashing the gate, as the fella says," said A. A. affably.

Mr. Dark goggled at him. "But I thought—"

"Didn't go yesterday, after all," interrupted Mr. Cruikshank. "Funny thing! I hadn't any more than got through talking to you before those girls of mine cornered me. They'd been thinking it over, they said, and I was right. Home looked pretty good to them, too. And the time to leave a place, they tell me, is when you're on the crest. Not that I'd know what that means."

"It's a—an idiom." Chlo supplied the information gratefully.

"You don't say. Well, anyhow, I can't figure what's got into my girls. Men, dancing, clothes—never knew 'em to admire suchlike before. But now they're hell-bent to go back, show off their fancy rags, and put Napoleon on the map socially."

"But how wonderful, Mr. Cruikshank!" cried Chlo.

"So," A. A. cocked a shrewd eye, "I asked 'em how the farm-implement business was going to struggle along without 'em. And know what Lucretia said? She said, 'Nuts to the business.' "

"I don't—" attempted T. K., who thought he should say something.

"Don't see, eh? Why, man, for years I've wanted 'em to get interests of their own and let me run my plant in peace. Because"—he spoke with feeling—"they're sure gopher poison around the Corn Belt Harrow and Harvester Company. Well, seeing it's this young lady here who's really got 'em out of my hair, as you might say, it seemed kinda ungrateful running off without thanking her. So I postponed going till today. Now I'm thanking her personally. And that—that's all. Except"—he hesitated, then harrumphed—"that contract of yours, Dark! You've got highfalutin' ideas about money, all right, but I reckon I owe you some—er—co-operation after this. Got the thing handy? I'll just read it over again, before I sign." . . .

CHLO picked up the interoffice phone. Until the expected annoyed grunt sounded at the other end she hummed, Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'.

"Chuck dear," she said then, and basely, "if I took those perfectly sweet Cruikshank girls off your hands and Pix's, would you two do me something out of this world on Creedon's Furniture?"

"Would we?" Chuck Eiler yammered from the depths of his soul. "You get those female cowpunchers back on the range and you can write your own ticket."

"Remember, darling," Chlo said softly, "you have spoken."

Too late, Eiler sensed the trap. "Hey, this is some kind of phony! And listen, you! Pix and I've been thinking. Did you, by chance, put T. K. up to sicking the Cruikshanks on us? Particularly for the Crayon and Comma Club Ball? That established, gives murder."

"Why, Chuck," Chlo wrinkled her nose, "what a mad idea! You know that T. K. always does his own thinking."

THE END

PLANTING INSTRUCTIONS

"Rich, sandy loam," the packets read
About each precious garden seed.
Rich, sandy loam—that's what you sow
The little beggars in. Heigh-ho,
Simple as apple pie, they plead.

Where do they live, the roguish breed
That writes that sort of airy screed?
Where do they find, I'd like to know,
Rich, sandy loam?

My soil defies the rankest weed;
It dulls my pick. I sweat; I bleed!
And, boy, I'll plant the next dumb Joe
Who breathes those words, six feet below . . .
And thus, in time, achieve indeed
Rich, sandy loam.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

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Recipes on back label
the after-dinner liqueur

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Kurka

This advertisement is one of a series on new or improved Thompson products that will speed postwar progress—automotive, aeronautical and industrial.

A Life Saver for Fighter Pilots

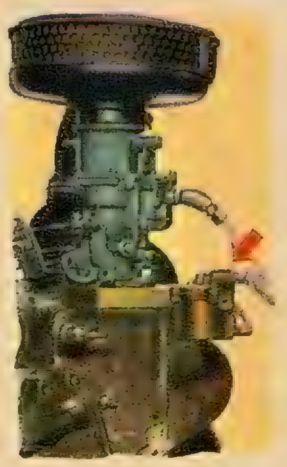
becomes a Power Booster for Cars and Trucks

The Thompson Vitameter

MANY A PILOT in this war has lived to fight another day because of a power-boosting device on his plane which gave him an extra burst of speed to get out of a tight spot in combat.

This surge of extra power comes from an injector that shoots a mist of cold water into the engine.

The new Thompson VITAMETER applies this same aircraft injection principle to automotive engines, and is ready for postwar cars, trucks and buses—old and new.



The VITAMETER, on an automobile, has the supercharging effect of stepping up the gasoline 12 to 15 octane numbers. It kills "ping" even on steep grades and under heavy load. This device is at its best with lower-priced gasolines. Bolted to the carburetor flange, it automatically meters a special cooling mixture, VITOL, into the fuel charge *only when needed.* This is approximately 2% of the operating time of a passenger car and somewhat higher for trucks and other heavy-duty vehicles. VITOL softens harmful hard-carbon and keeps the inside of the engine cleaner. The car owner who has a VITAMETER after the war will save its cost many times over. Fleet operators will save much more per vehicle.

The VITAMETER is but one of many new or improved products that Thompson engineers have ready for postwar automotive, aircraft, railway, mining and industrial markets. Meanwhile, Production for Victory is commanding the energies of Thompson men and women in six cities.

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Manufacturers of Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial Parts and Accessories—General Offices: Cleveland—Plants in Ohio, Michigan, California and Canada

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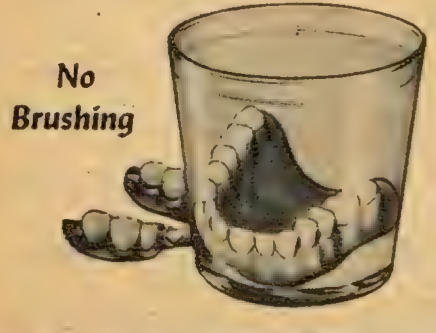
—ME? Denture Breath!
"YES—you're probably brushing your plate with makeshift cleansers—soak it in POLIDENT instead!"

Play Safe—Soak Dentures in Polident Daily
It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



How *YOU* can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

Besides, plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps can wear down fitting ridges. Then, your plate loosens!

With Polident, there's no brushing—so no danger! It's the new, safe way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free . . . just by easy, daily soaking. Helps keep your denture's original, natural look—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug stores, 30¢, 60¢.

NEW!
Another Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A PEARL DIVER

Continued from Page 31

and a knife to open them. The optimist will take along also a vial or small box to hold the pearls. It needn't be large.

Locating the mussels, or "clams" as they are called in the Middle West, isn't difficult, but it helps to know something of what they are and how they live.

There are about 500 different species in North America. Nearly all bear pearls of more or less value. They prefer clear streams with gravelly or sandy beds. Some are parasitic when young, living on the fins and gills of fish for several months after hatching from the eggs. Finally they drop to the bottom and live there the rest of their lives.

Their shapes vary greatly. The *Unio* family of clams, most commonly found in the Mississippi drainage, have names which describe their appearance, such as niggerheads, the blue points (the inside edge of the shell is tinged blue), the three ridges, the bullhead, sand shells, buckhorns, the butterfly (with yellow and black streaks in its shell), the pancake, and maple leaf. The three-ridges shells probably yield the most pearls. Gems from the butterfly shells are especially beautiful.

More common in the East are the thinner-shelled *Anodontas,* the fresh-water mussel of the Atlantic seaboard. The eastern *Unios* produce small but fine pearls; the *Anodontas'* pearls are less valuable.

ALL have one thing in common, and that characteristic will help locate them. They move (only when necessary) with a false foot. A part of the body is projected outside the shell, and with it they push themselves laboriously along the bottom, leaving a track much like that left by a stick dragged over the bed of a stream.

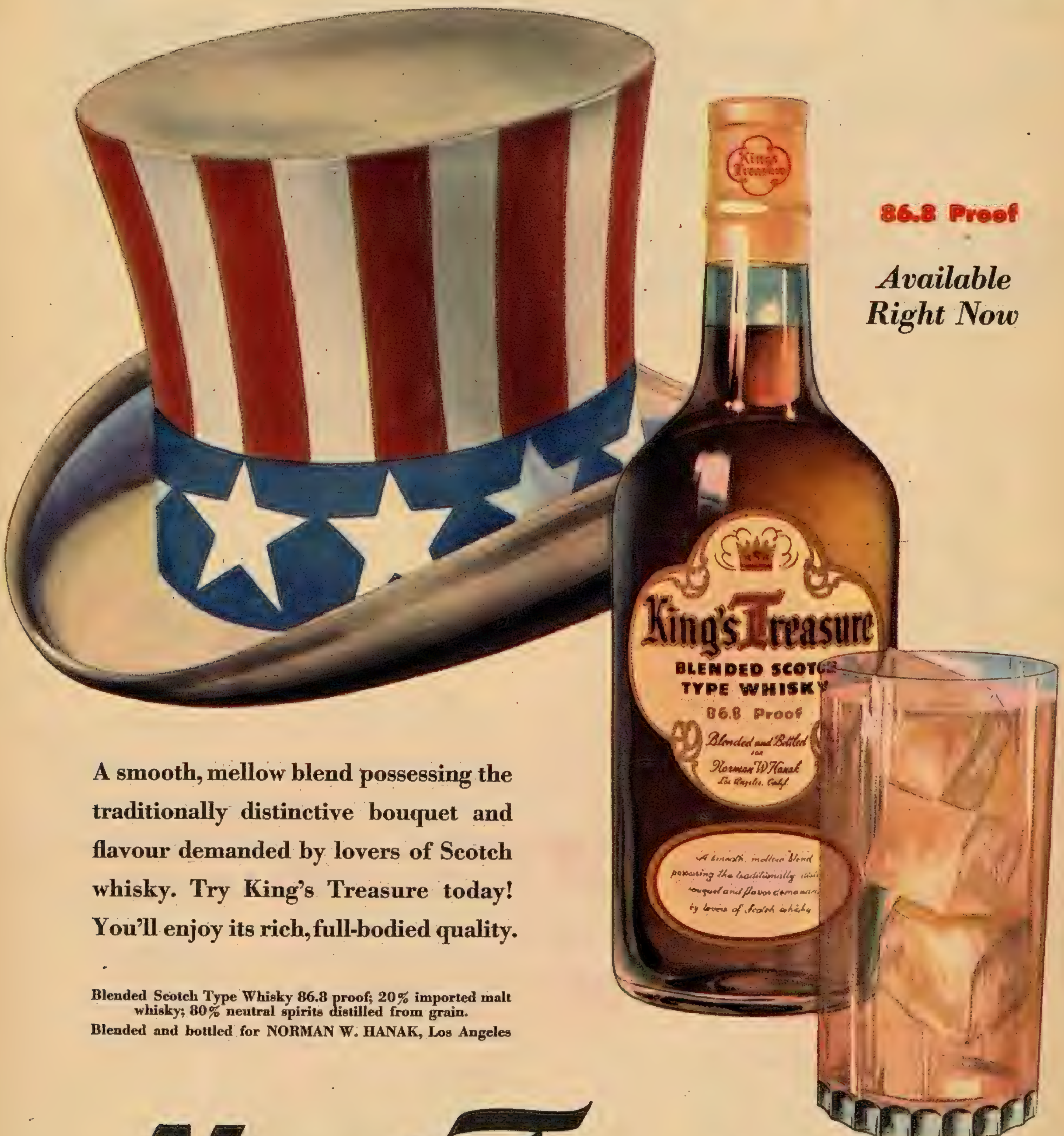
Look for that track. At one end of it there will be a mussel. However, the absence of a track doesn't mean that there are no mussels. Sometimes they remain stationary for days, their shells partly open in a sort of yawn, taking what food drifts in to them. Look for this opening. If you see something on the bottom that looks like a rock with a pronounced split in it, reach down and get it. In rocky streams, feel on the upstream side of boulders and in wedges formed by rocks; mussels sometimes take up permanent positions there and even become partly covered by moss, like a rock.

Frankly, gathering them is an eyestraining, backbreaking job. It's just as hard as panning gold and every bit as uncertain. You wade the creek, moving always upstream so you don't muddy the water ahead. You are bent over and peering down. It's like picking potatoes, only worse.

Opening mussels is no fun either, except for that constant exciting expectation of sudden riches. You insert a knife blade between the shells (exposing them to the sun relaxes their muscles and makes this easier), cut down to the hinges, and spread open the halves. The pearls, even if present, don't pop out. Sometimes you see the pearl at once, but usually you must search with your fingers every bit of the clamlike creature. Pearls may be in the hinges, under the fold that stretches out to the shell's lips, or even in the solid part of the body. I once opened a single shell which contained six tiny pearls, each in a different part of the mollusk. Like most hunters, I hope some day to find a pearl so large that I will feel it as soon as I open the mussel.

(Continued on page 83)

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BLENDED SCOTCH TYPE WHISKY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King's Treasure
BLENDED SCOTCH TYPE WHISKY
86.8 Proof
Blended and Bottled for Norman W. Hanak Los Angeles, Calif.
A smooth, mellow blend possessing the traditionally distinctive bouquet and flavor demanded by lovers of Scotch whisky

86.8 Proof

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Blended and bottled for NORMAN W. HANAK, Los Angeles

King's Treasure

FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Thrilling News to the HARD OF HEARING .... *from*

U. S. GOVERNMENT RESEARCH AND SCIENCE!

For the First Time

THE ACOUSTICON HEARING SYSTEM

A Great Revolutionary Development Based on The New ACOUSTICON with

"Hearing Lenses"

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT RECOGNIZED DEAFNESS AS A NATIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEM... and conducted an historic clinical study of deafness.

The Government's report revealed that loudness alone (uncontrolled amplification) was grossly inadequate and utterly unsatisfactory. What was basically needed was to raise hearing correction to the perfection of eyesight correction — for ears, like eyes, need different lenses for the many different kinds of hearing deficiency. To achieve this, great new engineering developments were required.

Under the pressure of wartime need for battle communication equipment, new discoveries were made. Literally, because pilots and gunners *had* to hear infallibly, Acousticon, the great new electronic hearing aid with its revolutionary "Hearing Lenses", was produced.

There is a complete *series* of new receivers, each so accurately controlled that they are really "Hearing Lenses". They *focus* sound for each of the many different kinds of hearing deficiency as optical lenses focus vision to correct different kinds of defective eyesight.

The "Hearing Lens" required by your hearing deficiency will bring you the joy of *clear conversation* as well as the beauty of music, for there are even Music Receivers to bring you again the rich thrilling sounds of melody.

But the Government, in its final report, called for even more than this. It called for a complete eight-point program which included all elements essential to scientifically correct the hearing and protect the health and happiness of the millions of hard of hearing.

Thus, from Government research, and Acousticon's 43 years of experience, the ACOUSTICON HEARING SYSTEM was born. It is a revolutionary concept in help to the hard of hearing for it is designed to meet, point by point, the recommendations laid down by U. S. Government experts.

So, if you have given up hope of ever again listening to the wonderful world of sound as you once knew it—if you are skeptical about hearing aids or discouraged with the one you are now using—here, ready for you is the pleasant hearing the Government sought for America's deafened millions.

THE EIGHT-POINT ACOUSTICON HEARING SYSTEM

based on U. S. Government

RESEARCH, FINDINGS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

1. NEW SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR TESTING — Acousticon's leadership in establishing the principle that there is no substitute for the human voice and the sounds that compose speech, has now been fully confirmed by acoustical and medical authorities.

2. ANALYTIC STANDARDIZED TESTING AND FITTING—This exclusive Acousticon procedure reveals the precise nature of each hearing deficiency and scientifically specifies the exact correction required.

3. "HEARING LENSES"—The "Hearing Lens" makes sound intelligible, supplies understanding, restores effortless communication with friends and relatives, so indispensable to human companionships.

4. PERIODIC RE-CHECK EXAMINATION — Your hearing deficiency changes. These gradual changes go unnoticed by you. Therefore, periodic re-checks are provided.

5. HEALTH PROTECTION—Cases requiring medical attention can *now* be referred to the physician instead of being fitted with a hearing aid.

6. MEDICAL SUPERVISION AND PARTICIPATION — Provisions have been made so YOUR physician or otologist can participate directly in and supervise the furnishing of accurate hearing correction.

7. HEARING EXERCISES—SPEECH EXERCISES — The Acousticon Hearing System provides Hearing Exercises, the new science developed by Acousticon after years of study. Through these exercises you are provided with the possibility of improving your hearing by *natural* means.

8. MODERATE COST—Acousticon has fully answered this Government demand with its three models that start at $79.50, a price which places the Acousticon Hearing System within everyone's reach. This includes every one of the services in the priceless Eight-Point System; a small superbly engineered instrument; your correct "Hearing Lens" and cord tinted to your complexion; custom ear mold or bone receiver. No extra charges.

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ACOUSTICON • America's First and Oldest Manufacturer of Electrical Hearing Aids

(Continued from page 80)

Sand or some other irritating object usually is responsible for the formation of the pearl. Unable to eject it, the mussel covers it over with nacre, layer upon layer, until the irritant is as smooth as the mussel's shell. Thus, in protecting its soft body, it forms the pearl.

There is no way to tell from the exterior whether a mussel contains a gem. However, most pearls are found in old mussels of irregular shape, with knobby bumps and evidence of parasite boring into the shell from the outside, because the mussel will cover up an irritating parasite as readily as a grain of sand. This is no fast rule; young healthy shells sometimes hold pearls.

Even the most casual hunter will find pearls, but they probably won't be of any great value. Fresh-water pearls vary much more than the salt-water variety. They are every bit as valuable, but hard to match because the same stream may produce them in pink, green, black, or lavender.

Furthermore, the shapes may vary from flat arrowheads to barrels, haystacks, petal, lily, leaf, and snail pearls—the names of which describe their appearance. Grotesque baroques often turn up and sometimes their freak shapes make them exceptionally valuable, as in the case of one formed like a human torso.

The petal, leaf, and arrowhead pearls are used to create floral and other designs in jewelry and have some value. The perfect pearl is rare, and the paragons or monsters, as the huge ones are known, are close relatives to hen's teeth in their scarcity.

ANYONE might find a young fortune, but the amateur is advised to remain an amateur rather than give up a job to seek pearls.

Don't try to sell any finds to small local jewelers. And don't strip any stream of all its mussels, but leave some seed stock.

Some states have laws limiting their size and the time of the year when they may be taken.

Where can you hunt them? Wherever there is a stream containing mussels, which is almost anywhere. The Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia has a beautiful collection taken from the Brandywine, only a short distance from the city where the pearls are now housed.

They might be found within a few miles of your home. A 103-grain round pearl was found in the Black River of Arkansas and eventually brought $25,000. A sixty-eight-grain one from the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi sold for $15,000.

The Notch Brook find was made within a relatively few miles of New York City.

Luck will play an important part in what you find. Persons walking along muddy river banks have found pearls there, washed up when the mussels lost them. They have been found in the viscera of chickens and ducks and in the stomachs of fishes. Thrifty farmers in Pennsylvania discovered one field because they wanted the mussel shells for hog scrapers to save buying metal ones.

Hogs figured in one of the strangest bits of luck—a quite literal case of casting pearls before swine. A Negro workman on a farm where mussels were fed to pigs was raking the pens one day when he saw a gleaming iridescent gem in the muck. He sold it for $2,000, and the dealer who bought it eventually got $5,000 for it.

Like gold, you see, pearls are where you find them.

THE END

You don't have to be an Athlete to have ATHLETE'S FOOT!

Barefoot boy, or ballroom belle—no one is safe from the intolerable itching and distress of Athlete's Foot. *Apply* ZEMACOL *for quick relief.* It covers moist, peeling, raw, between-toe cracks with an invisible, medicated film that *fights infection three ways:*

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ZEMACOL is *greaseless* and *invisible*— doesn't stain feet or stockings. Try it tonight—50¢ at all drug stores. Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

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With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades.

WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVE

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The young Gershwin (Robert Alda) enjoys coaching hopeful songstress Joan Leslie.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

(Warner Brothers)
Robert Alda, Alexis Smith, Joan Leslie

GEORGE GERSHWIN, according to all accounts, was a versatile, prolific, and sometimes insufferable young genius whose life was as colorful and confused as the interior of a kaleidoscope. Even his best friends have never been able to set down a clear picture of the man himself—and this movie biography doesn't even try. Strung on a hackneyed story-line, it falls back on an awesome quantity of authentic detail and finely recorded music to immortalize the Gershwin tradition.

The result is that this two-hour-and-nineteen-minute musical marathon can be appreciated much better for its separate items than as a whole. For human interest, there's a partly true story which in its early section (with Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary De Camp as Poppa and Momma Gershwin) is simpler and more genuine than the latter part. The grown-up George (played by young Italian-American Robert Alda, rocketing straight to stardom from night clubs and burlesque) is involved in too many fleeting sequences to convey much feeling or nostalgia. His fictional romances—with an ingénuish little musical-comedy performer (Joan Leslie) and a stiffly cultivated woman of the world (Alexis Smith)—are purely celluloid affairs. However, Herbert Rudley as brother Ira Gershwin, genial Charles Coburn, and Albert Basserman stand out as good supporting characters. Liveliest and most enjoyable of all is Oscar Levant, who plays himself, excels at the piano, takes nothing too seriously, and consistently steals the show with his dryly humorous asides.

The real burden of the picture, however, falls on the music itself—presented in such a lavish conglomeration that it often obscures its own effect. Gershwin addicts will be glad to hear the excellent renditions of the Rhapsody in Blue, the Concerto in F, a snatch of Porgy and Bess (with full operatic build-up), and a montage arrangement of An American in Paris, complete with the Eiffel Tower, boulevards, cafés, and all the trimmings.

There's also a dizzily shifting cavalcade of songs and musical-comedy bits designed to evoke nostalgic memories in those who can recall the early Scandals, the days when Al Jolson first sang Swanee, dancing Tom Patricola and his mandolin, and other Broadway high lights of a quarter century ago. Al Jolson appears in the identical make-up he wore back in 1918, Paul Whiteman duplicates the 1924 Aeolian Hall appearance that "made a lady out of jazz," Hazel Scott gets in a lick or two, and a swirling background of crowds, auditoriums, and broadcasting stations gives you little chance to realize that practically everything's here but George Gershwin.

A top hat is part of George's working costume while painting his famed self-portrait.

BY EVE STANLEY

BEDSIDE MANNER

(United Artists)
John Carroll, Ruth Hussey

A SHAPELY lady doctor's always good for light romantic comedy, and in this case, in spite of a flimsy little story, the fun is bright, wholesome, and enjoyable all the way through. Good direction (by producer Andrew Stone) and better-than-average dialogue, plus attractive settings and a jolly cast pull up the quality here and provide enough diverting side lights to make things seem timely and fresh.

Ruth Hussey as a glib, competent M. D. holds the wandering plot together by her smooth combination of savoir-faire and sartorial elegance. John Carroll, back from the Army, uses an engaging trick of underplaying the lovesick swain who tries to gain his ends by going psychopathic on the pretty visiting doctor. Charles Ruggles and Esther Dale maintain a medical practice hampered by some comic wartime situations, and three exuberant marines, aided by Ann Rutherford, contribute to the air of lighthearted nonsense.

One uproarious wooing scene is conducted in two cars lunging crazily along side by side, while Carroll intones the Hippocratic oath at fifty miles an hour. There's also a pleasantly farcical episode in which the doctor gets back at her recalcitrant patient by giving him The Works—complete with bee sting, steam cabinet, ice bath, and electric shock. Such a briskly salutary approach to romance seems quite a relief for a change.

SPECIAL MENTION

THE CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.

THE WAY AHEAD (Two Cities-20th Cent.-Fox). David Niven and all-English cast.

THE WONDER MAN (RKO). Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (20th Cent.-Fox). Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver.

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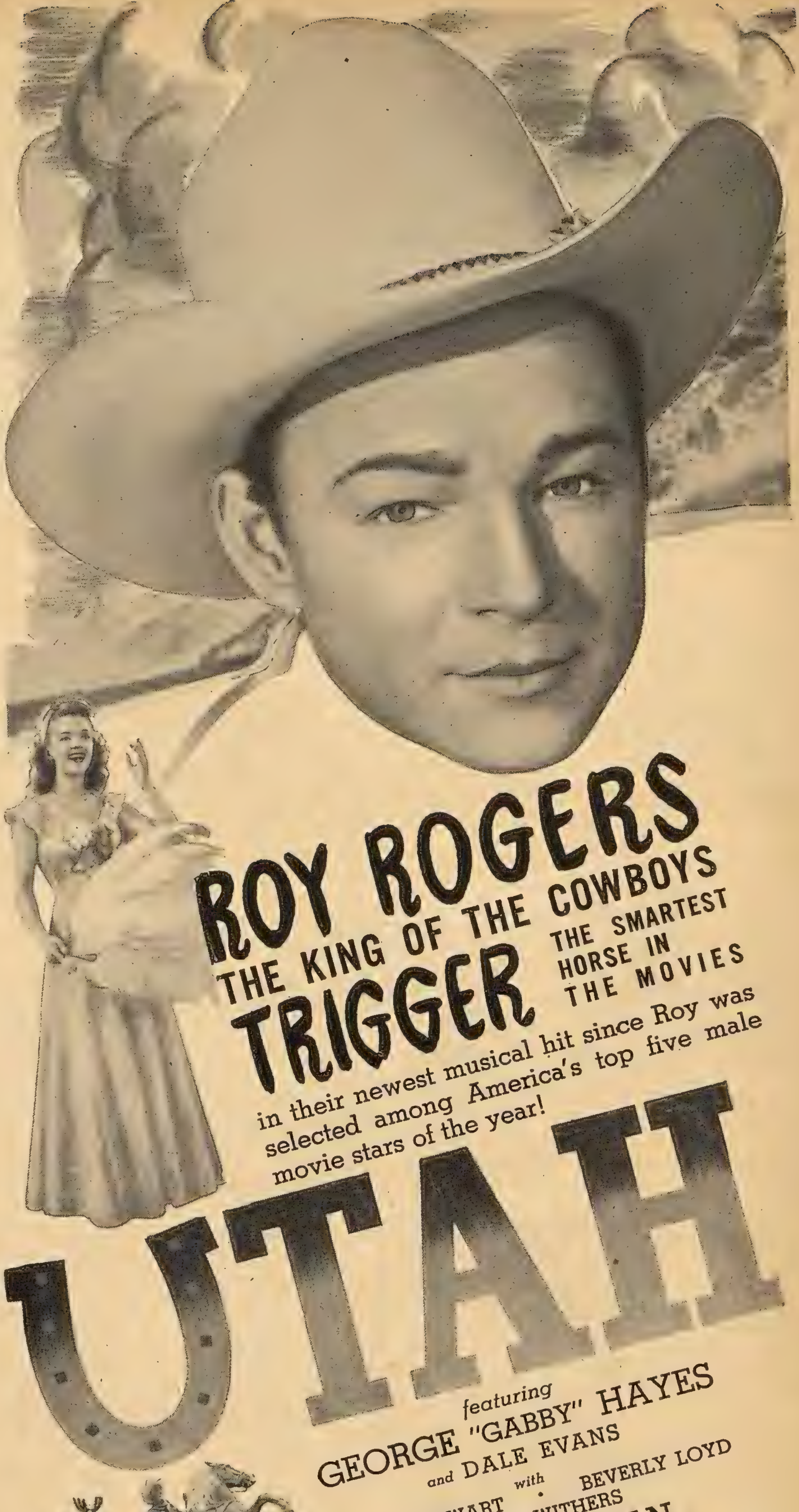
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THE KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in their newest musical hit since Roy was selected among America's top five male movie stars of the year!
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GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
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with
PEGGY STEWART • BEVERLY LOYD
GRANT WITHERS
and BOB NOLAN
and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS
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THE GAL FROM CAL.

Continued from Page 21

"I don't refuse to see his faults," she answered hotly, "but they are not the faults of one individual man; they are the faults of the human being. Of course he has made mistakes—but in spite of those who would have stopped him because of them, he has kept his sights on his goal."

"No man is indispensable," she told reporters, "but there is an indispensable philosophy—the oneness of the world—and he had it. It is up to us to carry it on."

She does speak her mind, though, on certain aspects of the present government. She admits that the administration should guard against dangerous overcentralization. She admits that there are good bureaucrats and bad bureaucrats in the governmental set-up; but she believes in bureaucrats. "How can we run a government for one hundred and thirty million people *without* bureaucrats?" she asks. "And, after all, what are bureaucrats but we the people? It is up to us to watch that power doesn't go to their heads."

Clare Boothe Luce made good newspaper copy recently when she said that no woman over forty has glamor. Maybe not. But Helen, forty-four (and looking thirty), still knocks them dead when she speaks in the House, her chestnut-brown hair smartly coiffed and her tailoring impeccable. You wouldn't believe she had risen at seven, pulled a household together, supervised the dressing, breakfasting, and getting-off-to-school of two children, and driven as fast as the D. C. law allows to her office.

Capital reporters like to write about her clothes (a national fashion group named her several months ago one of America's seven best-dressed women) and about her beauty and her imaginary feud with Clare Luce. This annoys her.

"Congresswomen's ideas should rate above their clothes and their looks," she says. "Why all this emphasis on the sexes anyway, in a serious thing like government?"

She and Clare don't call each other by their first names, don't visit each other in their offices; but they are good friends and have never clashed, personally or politically.

Recently one representative got all stirred up about the fact that a congressman is addressed as "the gentleman from ——," while a congresswoman is "the lady from ——." He moved substitution of "the *gentlewoman* from ——."

An earnest reporter immediately sought Helen's preference. "I don't in the least care what they call me," she replied. "They can say 'Hey, you!' if they want to."

George Dixon, Washington columnist, suggested more specific titles for the ladies, such as "the Dame from Maine" (Margaret Chase Smith), "the Lass from Mass." (Edith Nourse Rogers), etc. For Helen he cooked up "the Gal from Cal." That was all right by Helen, too.

The Gal from Cal. isn't too concerned about protocol in the capital, being opposed by nature to artificial social boundaries. Several times of late she has attended important functions at which she was not the ranking guest and therefore, by all Washington standards, could not possibly leave first. But she did leave first, letting protocol and society columnists fall where they might.

NOR is Helen any Mrs. Milquetoast about stepping on toes if she feels her point is important. Not long ago, at the extremely dignified Congressional Club, members and their wives were astonished to hear her caustic remarks about the fisticuffs between Representatives John Rankin of Mississippi and Frank Hook of Michigan. "That was inexcusable!" she said curtly. Afterward, one congressman's wife reprimanded her. "Mrs. Douglas, I think you make a better actress than diplomat. When you have been in Washington twenty-six years, you will know when to talk and when not to talk!"

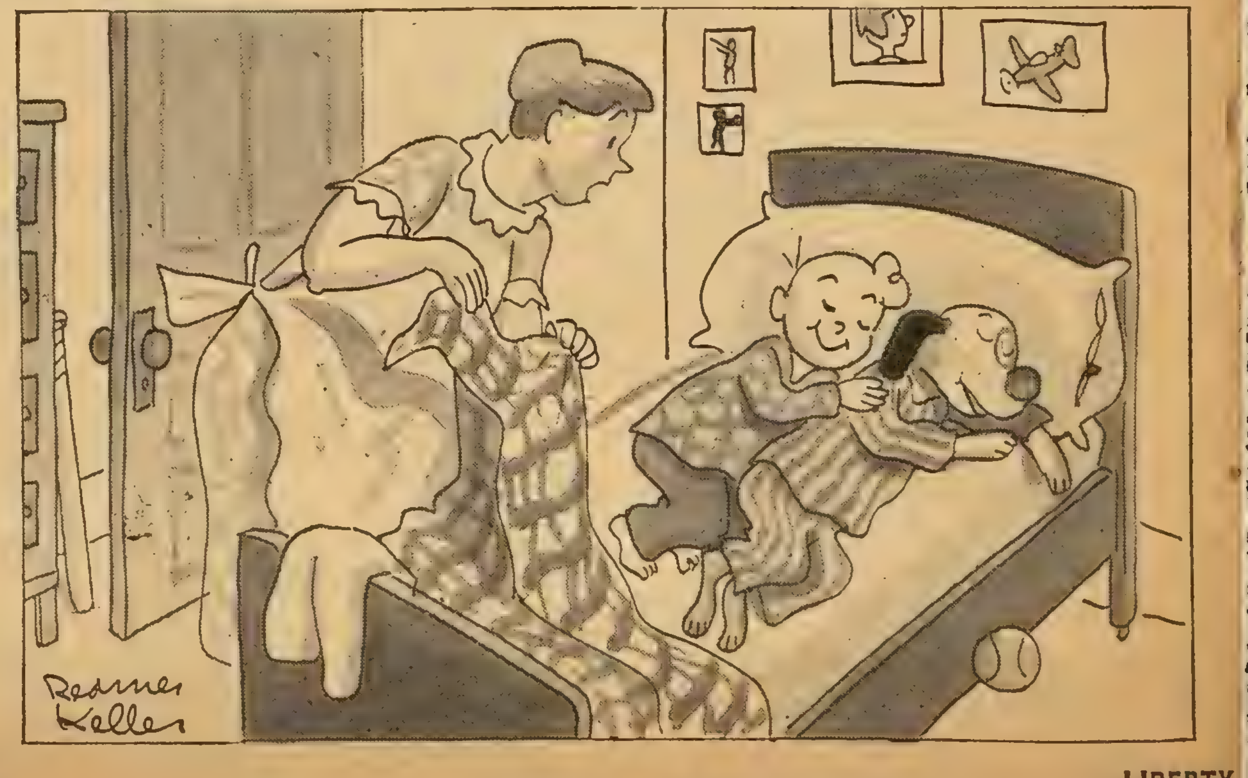
That was Helen's first experience in getting her ears pinned back in the capital. Up to then, chitchat columnists had dubbed her "The Hands" because hers are so beautifully formed. Now they call her "The Ears." She expects to have the ears pinned back many more times, and to have them burn as often; because when something strikes her as silly or unjustified in wartime, she doesn't pull any punches.

Meanwhile Helen can't forget that she is also "Mom" Douglas. Mary Helen and Peter see to that. Recently six-year-old Mary Helen put through a call to Mom's office. "I need pajamas something awful," she stated, "and be sure you don't order them over the telephone. Pick out some pretty ones *your very own self* and bring them home with you tonight."

Mom Douglas broke away early that afternoon and obeyed the mandate.

THE END

HARDTACK



THE AMERICAN MENACE

Continued from Page 17

capitals. At Leyte, protected only by carrier aircraft, we moved a big invasion force right under an awning of land-based Jap planes from more than 200 enemy airfields. We got our foot in the Philippine door, opened it, and fought our way inside.

The professionals rubbed their eyes in wonder. They watched Leyte for weeks to see if the Japs could erase the meaning of this achievement. We had pulled a fast one, but could we stay? Before we could spread anywhere else, what would the enemy's navy do to us? What would his carrier planes do to us?

Our answer was Mindoro. By moving there, we proved that we had become so well entrenched that we were getting ready for the kill at Manila. We were inching our fighter planes into range.

Two weeks later Luzon was invaded by troops from more than 800 ships. Carrier planes from Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet promptly swept up and down the China Sea as though it were a practice area in the Great Lakes. They pounded enemy planes, shipping, and harbor installations at Saigon, Hong Kong, Amoy, Swatow, Formosa, bobbing up some days close to 1,000 miles from where they were the day before.

Clearly here was a phenomenon to make anyone sit up and take notice — a new kind of military machine, a new kind of global power which apparently we could deliver anywhere.

SINCE this new machine of ours has triumphed over classic limitations of warfare, let's take a glance at these limitations. They represent the obstacles which another nation would have to surmount in order to checkmate and overcome us. Heretofore, these main limiting points always have prevented the realization of global power:

NAVAL

1. Cruising radius of a ship in terms of fuel carried.
2. Fighting radius of a ship in terms of ammunition carried.
3. Feeding radius of a ship in terms of rations carried.
4. Drinking radius of a ship in terms of water carried.
5. Maximum radius of a ship in terms of machinery fatigue.
6. Maximum radius of a ship in terms of human fatigue.
7. Distance to minor repairs, replacements, supplies, and ammunition.
8. Distance to major repairs and major replacements.
9. National capacity to add and replace with new units and new crews.

AIR

Identical with the above for both shore-based and carrier-based aircraft, with variations only in emphasis.

GROUND FORCES

10. Mobility by land.
11. Mobility by sea.
12. Accessibility of supply train to the expeditionary forces, by land, sea, and air.

COMBINED FORCES

13. Adequacy of total force, plus reserves.
14. Ability to deliver total force at objective.
15. Ability of total force to defeat all possible combinations, everywhere and anywhere.

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FOOT
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*Nationwide surveys

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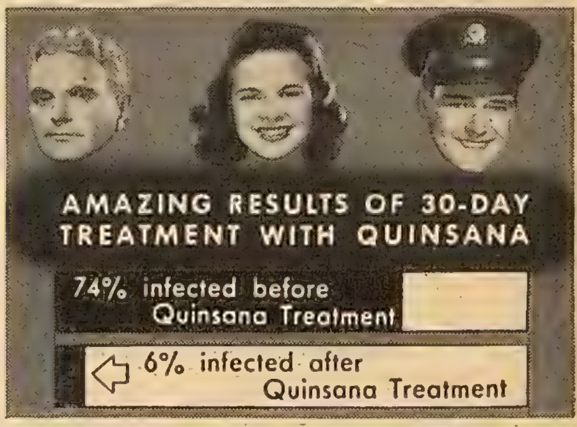
☐ Soft, soggy skin
☐ Itching

YOU PROBABLY HAVE Athlete's Foot or will get it unless you guard against it. Over 70% of adults are infected yearly.* The disease is worst in summer! Now *millions* are discovering new Quinsana treatment.



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Our forces have proved their ability to measure up to all these requirements except the last. This, we hope, will remain forever in doubt. However, of this much we are sure: At our present level of mobilization, we pose the certainty of defensive invulnerability against any nation or possible coalition. But the very speed with which we changed our own status in the last three years should teach us how quickly our relative position can change if we allow our power to deteriorate while others rise.

Typically Yankee are the achievements that changed us in three years from global pushover to global power. In fact, if we wake up one day to find ourselves invaded, the chances are that the invader will get here by Yankee inventions and will gain his beachhead victories by tricks cooked up in the land he has come to attack.

From the fifteen items listed it can be seen immediately that tricks of the sea and the beachhead have won our present leadership. Sharing the laurels is our record for production. And coming a close second are tricks of the earth-moving and road-building machines which have made it possible to exploit our landings speedily, keep supplies up to our assault waves, and make new air strips operational from four to twenty days after invasion. None of our achievements has the stature of a world-shaking secret weapon. On the contrary, what we have contrived is a bagful of a thousand little tricks. Most of them have to do with ships and the bringing of shipborne forces ashore. For it has been on the sea that we have had to learn to pack, wrap, and ship our combined forces.

GLANCE once more at the nine limiting factors on naval warfare. In respect to other nations our new 65,000-ship Navy has freed itself from them all. Only Nos. 5, 6, and 8—machinery fatigue, human fatigue, and the need to return to yards for major repairs—still impose a ceiling on our naval operations. Because of our numerical superiority in ships, this ceiling does not hamper us, and it is unforeseeable that we, or any other nation, will ever eliminate the three factors that still impose it. The ceiling can hamper us only if we lose our numerical superiority in ships, or if the quality of our Navy declines. The other limitations we have simply rubbed out, as follows:

Coal, as fuel, always cut down a ship's cruising radius. Coaling at sea was impractical and often perilous; coaling in harbors or anchorages meant a major delay. By 1918 much of our Navy had switched to oil-burning furnaces, but a vessel still had to find a quiet anchorage and rendezvous with a tanker, or seek an American fueling port. The change to oil added little to the cruising range of a task force made up of varied units. The big change came with the big fast tanker which follows the fighting ships and refuels them at sea while under way. The Navy has enough of these priceless vessels to keep her warships at sea for months at a time. Their achievements alone have upset the calculations of the Japanese. Perfection of long-range hose and pumping equipment is strictly a Yankee triumph.

Until World War II, loading ammunition at sea had never been considered a healthy practice in any navy. In recent years, furthermore, the job was complicated by the new hazards of handling heavy aerial bombs. When a warship had "shot herself out," she went to a base for more powder and shells. Special apparatus, Yankee-designed, now transfers all naval ammunition, including 1,000-pound bombs, from supply ship to fighting ship while both are under way at sea. American warships can shoot themselves out today. Tomorrow—or in a few hours—they can be reloaded and ready to fight again.

The problem of rations has been solved by fast fleet-following supply ships of the same kind as those which carry the Navy's ammunition.

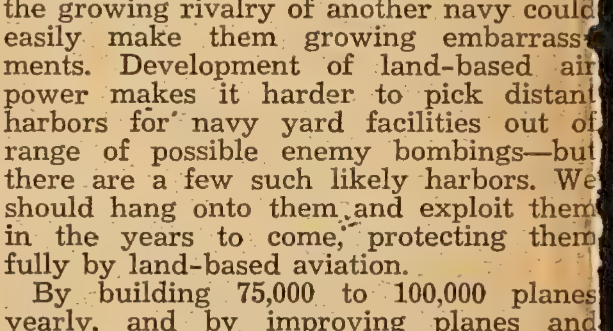
The water problem, which hounded all navies right up to World War I, has been solved by purifying plants installed on all our Navy's largest ships. They change salt water to fresh in such quantities that all hands may even enjoy daily showers.

The problem of minor repairs has been scratched off the list by special fast repair ships which stay with the fleet or within close striking distance. And American industry has kept ships and American manpower has kept bluejackets pouring into the service to triple its size since July, 1940, giving it eight task fleets totaling twenty-three battleships, 1,126 additional warships, and about 63,000 other vessels—an armada that no coalition of other navies would now care to challenge.

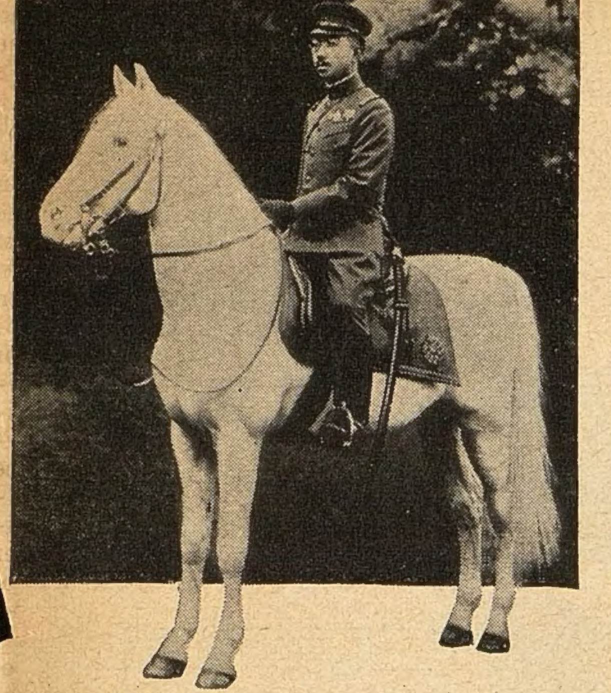
ALL that remain are the problems of fatigue, human and machine, whose limitations are being eased by new shipboard comforts for the men and by mechanical improvements in the engine room, and the necessity for badly damaged ships to return to navy yards for repairs. With our present numerical superiority in ships, none of these remaining problems could prevent our eight task fleets from operating for months, together or apart, on the opposite side of the world. Until others threaten to overtake our Navy's size and quality, the distances back to our own yards could never prevent us from exerting supremacy at sea and a constant menace as far inland as carrier aircraft can strike. This distance inland is constantly increasing. But although these back-to-the-navy-yard distances don't cramp our range right now, the growing rivalry of another navy could easily make them growing embarrassments. Development of land-based air power makes it harder to pick distant harbors for navy yard facilities out of range of possible enemy bombings—but there are a few such likely harbors. We should hang onto them and exploit them in the years to come, protecting them fully by land-based aviation.

By building 75,000 to 100,000 planes yearly, and by improving planes and motors, we have emerged suddenly as an air power. Our land-based aircraft, team-

THE HOME FRONT



"That ain't what's meant by crop-dusting!"



LET'S GET THE ADMIRAL HIS HORSE!

Official U. S. Navy Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap *now* in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacherous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

The best way for us at home to have a hand in this clean-up is to support the 7th War Loan.

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ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

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ing with the Navy and naval Air, could certainly defeat any present attempt at a seaborne invasion of the United States. On the other hand, as an offensive weapon from American bases, even our biggest bombers pose little threat to nations more than 2,000 miles away from us. Our own land-based aviation, like that of other nations, is still stymied by the old invasion problem of getting the toe hold, the first grip on the enemy's land.

Carrier aircraft have at last come to provide that missing toe hold—but, so far, only for us. No other nation has made a comparable investment in carrier aviation. No other nation would dare to put an expeditionary force to sea against a nation strong in carriers and land-based aircraft. Their only remaining course would be to pummel us with rocket bombs, then invade us by air. The very thought provokes a smile. Yet developments in aviation transport, gliders, rockets, and jet propulsion indicate that the air may yet be the medium that produces the second global power in the history of the world. In fact, much as we damn ourselves for having overrated aviation, it has won us our global power. Our enemies have been hit over the head by it once. Some won't wait for the second time.

Our mastery of the limitations on power is the pure magic of Yankee ingenuity. The services specified. The designers drew. American industry turned out the stuff—a bewildering array of highly specialized ships, vehicles, and weapons.

Along with our maritime and carrier-aircraft expansion, our unique development of landing craft has succeeded in smashing the most prohibitive of all the limitations—No. 14, the ability to deliver a total force at any objective. No other nation is within shouting distance here.

Our merchant marine — which has jumped from 11,600,000 tons to more than 51,000,000 tons, and from 16 per cent to more than half of all the world's tonnage—has served with our Navy and Air Force to solve the problems of mobility by sea, of keeping distant forces supplied. Railroad and motor transport have solved mobility by land.

WITH the object of defending ourselves, we have solved one problem after another until we have stumbled on a formula for conquering most of the world. But we are not the least interested in applying this formula to the whole world. Only in applying it to our enemies. They were interested in conquering the whole world, but their formulas didn't work—not even on their World War II enemies.

They did come very close, however. And now that the right formula has been found, it is going to be most fascinating to those who are more interested in war than we are or ever have been. They will note with satisfaction how fast we prepared and tested the formula. They will note that speed is its essence. They will rightly draw the inference that any nation which prepares the men and material and follows the formula can quickly whip any nation which knows the formula but hasn't assembled the men and material.

While we have both, other nations regard us as a rich ally, a poor and expensive target. With the formula but without the men or material, we become a poor ally but a rich target—indeed, the most luscious plum left to be plucked on the planet.

Our own performance in the last three years shows us and the world the pattern for successful conquest. It should amply notify us that the menace we have become may one day be the menace we will have to face.

THE END

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JUNE 30, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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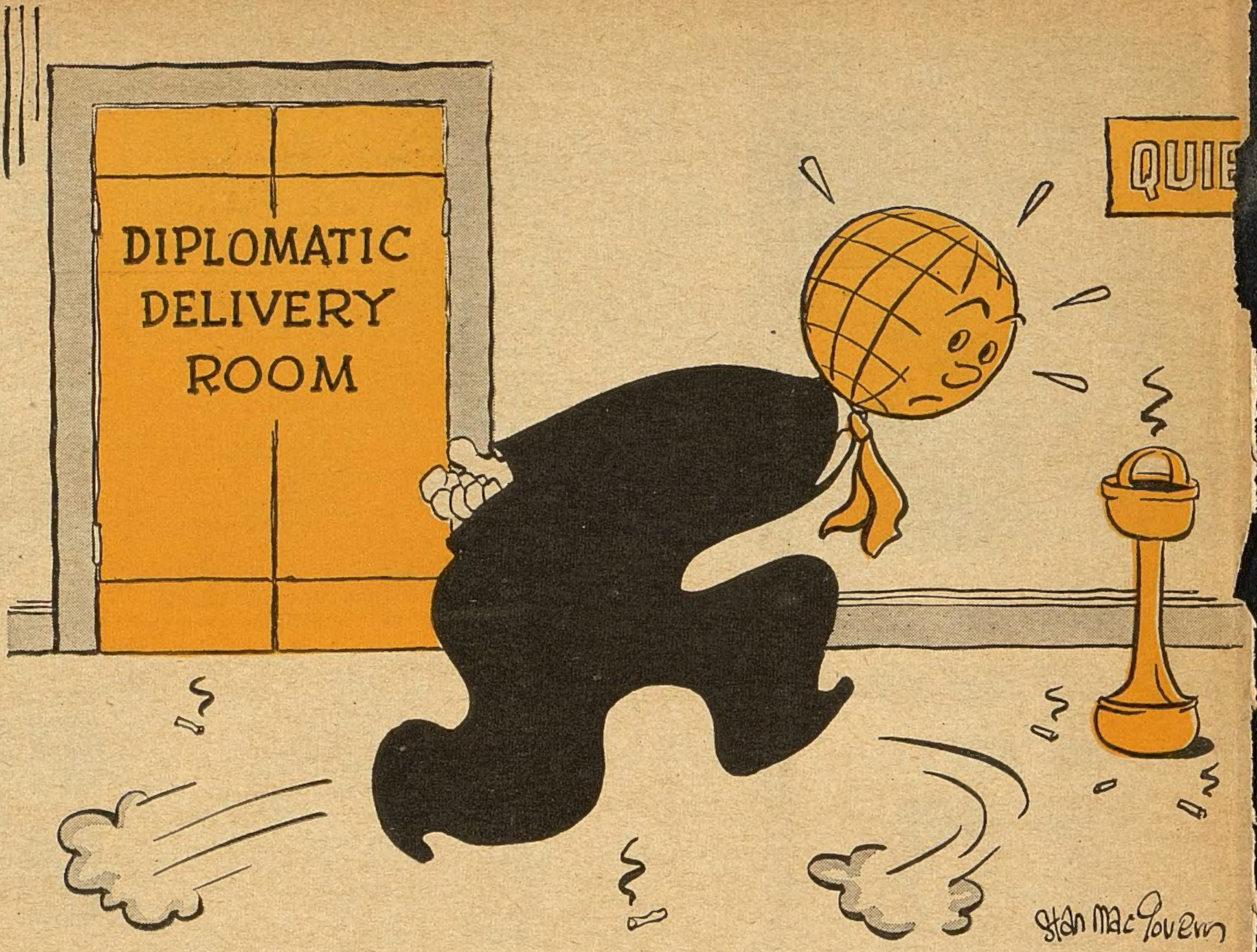


What kind of new world will it be?

ARE WE LOSING THE PEACE?

ONE of the four freedoms which decent people everywhere hoped to achieve through this war is Freedom from Fear so that they and their children could live out their lives without the awful threat of more war and destruction hanging over their heads.

Yet with V-E Day hardly past, with Hitler, the arch-proponent of fear, not yet beginning to simmer well in hell, the people of the United Nations look with growing dismay on the maneuverings of their diplomats. There is increasing fear that we will not be free from fear in the future.

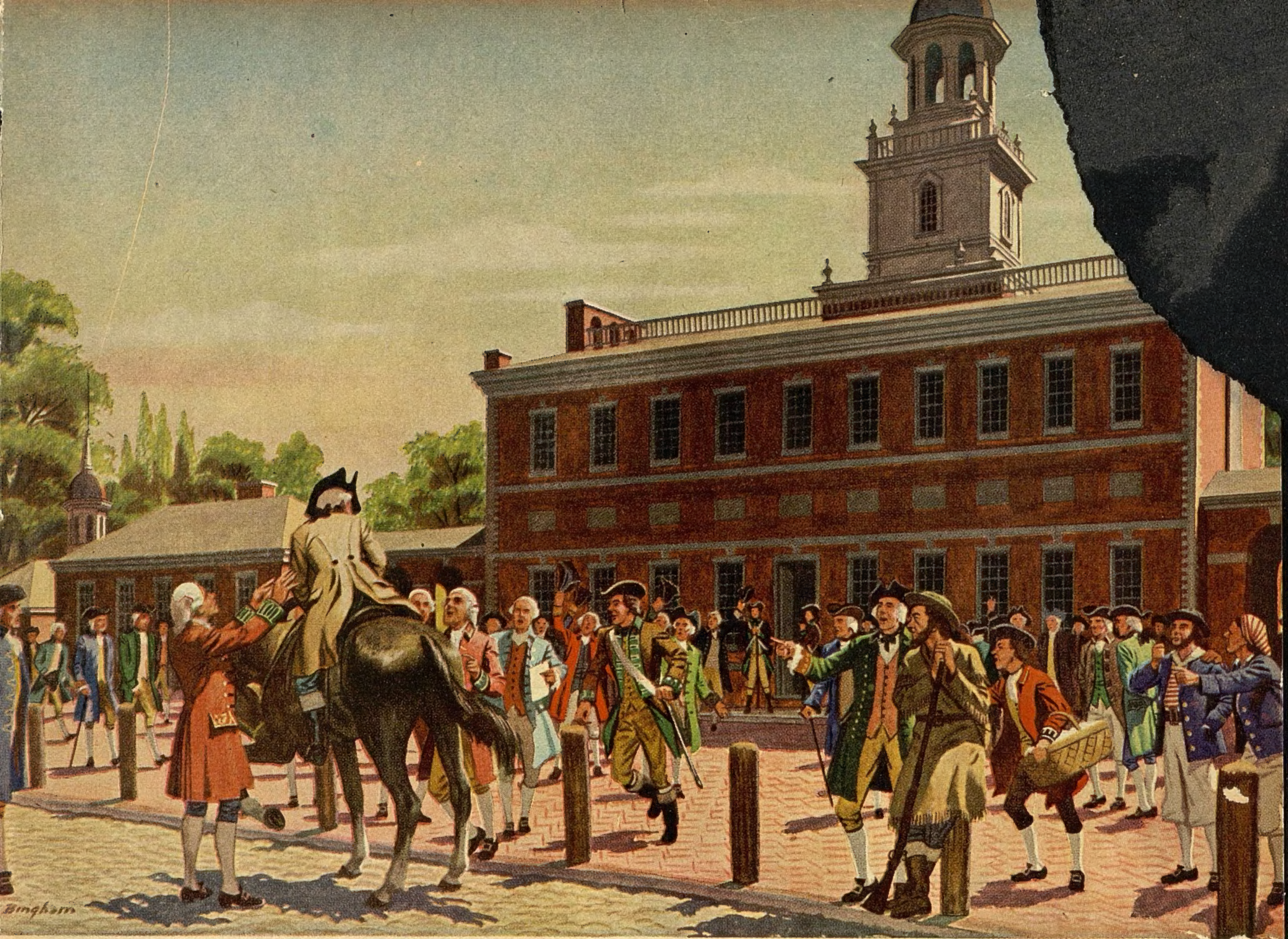
Why is this so? Why cannot those men who are supposed to speak for the people bring to reality the hopes and aspirations of the people? Certainly the plain folks of the United Nations have no desire to fight with each other for any conceivable purpose. It is fantastic to visualize a set of circumstances under which we or any of our allies would want to take up arms against brothers in arms with whom we have fought through to victory.

Why, then, is the same old diplomatic game of suspicion and mistrust going full blast? Why do statesmen demand alliances and regional agreements to safeguard their nations against wars which only they themselves can call into being? Why this rampant opportunism and greed for the spoils of victory? Are we forgetting the shining ideals for which the war was fought? Are they to be lost and submerged in a welter of "statecraft"? Do we intend to respect the right of nations to governments of their own choosing? Do we mean to acknowledge that colonial peoples some day are entitled to independence? Will we continue to play ball with Fascism if our short-term interests are served thereby? Will war criminals be punished promptly, or will each of the Big Three foster its own particular set of pet Germans and for what future purpose?

These questions, all of them products of so-called "diplomacy," trouble the peoples of the world. But the biggest question of all is how to make the people's representatives in diplomatic affairs reflect the people's will. How can the yearning for peace and tranquillity in the hearts of men and women everywhere, who have had their bellyful of war, be translated into the human, trusting world which all want? We pray God to guide us to the answer.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Caesar Rodney arriving at State House to cast deciding vote for Declaration of Independence — July 4 1776.*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

"I arrived in Congress (tho detained by Thunder and Rain) Time enough to give my Voice in the matter of Independence". . .

letter from Rodney to his brother, dated 4 July, 1776.

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